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- 1919 -



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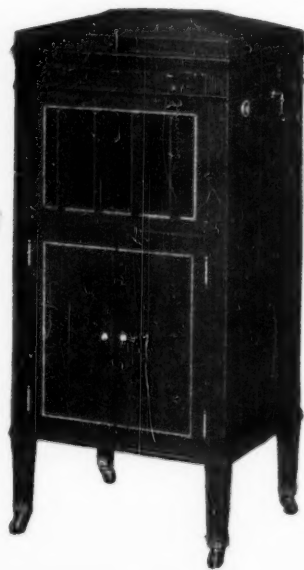
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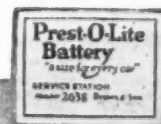
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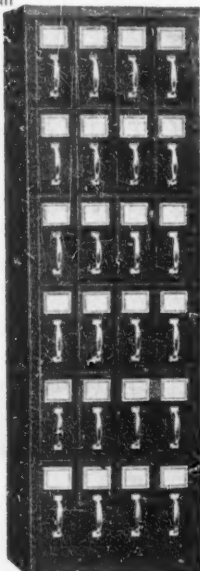


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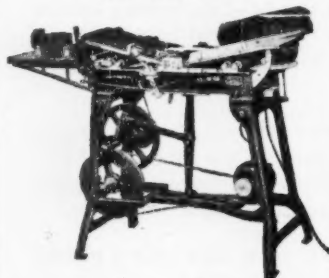
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The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet, and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help



FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years' active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges, preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers' College, Brown University and New York University. He holds the degree of A.B., A.M. and Ph.D. Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school text-books. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, Head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H.S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

you. "You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning, of course, that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined

that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law, of New York University, had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded, whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon every-

body to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now \$7,500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dullest season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

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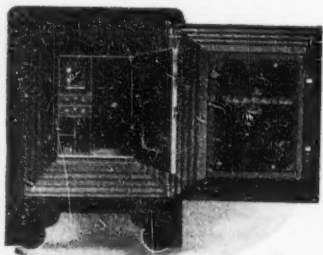
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JAS. H. WEBB,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Montreal, 9th December, 1918.

The BUSINESS OUTLOOK

Commerce • Finance • Insurance



Outlook is More Uncertain---Prices Seek New Levels

THE after-holiday season finds business, while still but little altered in the course of prosperity which it has been following, facing a period of uncertainty. The people are now provided with an opportunity of taking stock of the present and estimating the future and of judging how far the war-time momentum may carry them through the period of readjustment. The outlook is clouded. We have undoubtedly to adjust our affairs to a somewhat different basis. But there is no definition of just what that basis is or how it is to be reached. The answer is not at the back of the book because the book is only being written. The average citizen will do well to carry his umbrella even though gathering clouds may prove nothing more than a "black wind."

Prices have begun to seek new levels. The first evidences of this were seen in the steel markets and this was a logical development of the signing of the armistice. Steel more than any other commodity has been subject to the destructive machinery of war. Production has been enormously increased by all the countries taking part in the conflict—Britain, America, France and Germany in particular. There has been a sharp fall in consumption. Competition is already becoming keen for business. Echoes of this were heard at the Atlantic City convention of the United States Chambers of Commerce when it was stated that South American customers were informing United States producers that if deliveries were not made promptly orders would be cancelled in favor of British and European bidders; at the same time it was reported that American steel makers had been underbid on a big order for rails for Brazil. The Steel Kings of the States got together and decided that the Government minimum prices would have to come down. Since then the "roof has been off" the steel market.

Other commodities have not as yet been affected to the same extent as steel. With wool, cotton, foodstuffs, etc., the situation is different. The end of the war will not see such drastic readjustment of consumption as in the case with actual munitions. Further there will have to be a gradual replenishment of supplies to make up for the period when production was at low ebb or consumption increased owing to military activities. But until a definite basis in the relationship of supply and demand, of

production and consumption, has been reached there is bound to be more or less uncertainty. There is much talk of confidence, there does not appear to be any lack of optimism and the financial position is technically strong to all appearances, but while values are readjusting a certain amount of hesitancy must be expected; it is hardly to be avoided.

THE spirit of social unrest is also an important factor in the situation. Bolshevism—if the name applies to the agitation of the "Reds" in a democratic country—is not likely to gain any strong hold in Canada, but with thousands of highly-paid munitions workers seeking other employment and with other thousands of soldiers seeking a place in civilian life there are real problems to be solved. This situation is emphasized by the fact that some readjustment of wages—particularly to highly paid mechanics—is inevitable. To any general reduction of the return to workers, however, there is the challenge of labor that wages cannot be reduced until there is a corresponding lowering of the cost of living. Now as there is likely to be an overplus of labor before the world supplies of foodstuffs and other essentials are brought back to normal the natural tendency will be for wages to come down in advance of living expenses. It is here that the problem of the relations between capital and labor appears to hinge for the time being.

While then there are some big problems to be solved and while there is some wild socialistic talk there does not appear to be anything in the situation which cannot be intelligently worked out. The leaders of organized labor are showing an appreciation of the difficulties of the situation which is shared by the representatives of capital. There are indications also that manufacturers who have been making substantial profits under war conditions will be willing to make sacrifices during the period of readjustment rather than undermine the efficiency of their organizations. The main point is that if Canadian industry desires to hold a place in the world markets it will be in competition with other countries and the dominant factor will be price. Capital and labor must appreciate this work and work together for mutual advantage in economical production.

PEACE HATH ITS PROBLEMS



Harding in Brooklyn "Daily Eagle"
The groaning Board.



St. Louis "Republic"
That's some puzzle.

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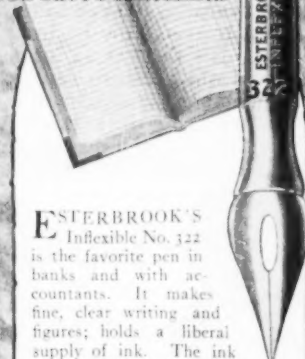
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The Place Advertising Will Take in World Politics After The War

THAT each nation should advertise to explain its aims and ideals to the other nations of the world is the contention of Bruce Barton in *Collier's*. Thus would the people of the world come to know each other and knowing would ultimately like each other.

He argues on the following lines:

Looking forward to the day when our fighting men will be coming home, again, I have been wondering what their attitude will be when they arrive. That it will be an attitude of interrogation I have no doubt. And the question which will come most frequently to their lips, in my opinion, will not be: "Why were you not with us over there?" That question they will be likely to leave for each man's conscience to raise and answer within himself. Rather they will ask: "What did you do while we were away? What plans have you made for this cleaner and finer world that we have brought back to you? What kind of a world is it to be anyway?"

It will, of course, be a different world from any of the worlds of the past, even as this war has been different from any other war. And the point of difference that strikes me first of all, because I am a writing and an advertising man, is this—that it will be a world in which, for the first time, the pen will be actually greater and more powerful than the sword.

Long ago the pen began to enjoy a kind of grudging recognition from the sword. Even Caesar knew the value of propaganda in breaking down the enemy morale. When his soldiers were engaged in blockading Pompey it was their pleasant custom to hurl taunting messages over the front-line trenches. "But Pompey took what care he could that the words should not reach his men, who were out of heart and despondent." But it remained for this war to give the pen its real chance: we have seen it accomplish victories which the sword alone would have been powerless to achieve. It was German propaganda, not German arms, that brought on the great disaster in Italy; it was the activities of the German advertising department that laid Russia prostrate. We Americans, who pride ourselves upon our leadership in advertising, were compelled to learn from our adversaries the importance of this weapon—as of most of the other weapons of warfare which were our original invention. But having been shown, we were quick to appreciate and employ. It is a fact which should make every advertising man feel proud that President Wilson was willing to delegate practically every other function of his governmental business except the advertising. His notes to Europe, which are our advertisements to the world, he kept securely in his own counsels, drafting the copy and revising the proofs with his own hand.

And those advertisements lifted the whole war—yes, and the thinking of mankind about the war and the conditions that are to follow it—on to a higher plane. By the selling force of that single campaign the intellectual and spiritual level of humanity has been permanently raised.

In an old and very wise book it is written: "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks." That was the old ideal of ending wars. As a matter of fact, each man usually did return to his own little farm—to his own isolated existence—and took up again the tasks of peace. And not until new misunderstandings had arisen, calling him into a new war, did he have any further dealings with either his former allies or his former adversaries. We shall go a step farther after this war: we shall beat some of our swords at least into electrotypes. The war has taught us the magnificent advantage of

knowing the English and the French and the Italians and the Japanese, and of having them know and understand us. It has forever broken down the old rail fence that ran around America, shutting us inside with our own individual plowshares. It has taught us the value of talking across that fence by the spoken word and the written message, and of visiting much in the plowed fields of our neighbors.

Surely no one of the Allied nations will be so blind as not to read the lesson of these last four years. Surely England must appreciate that she could not possibly do anything greater for the future of the British Empire than to maintain over here a stalwart bureau to advertise England to Americans. Italy must know that \$25,000,000 could not possibly be spent anywhere else so well as in constantly explaining Italy to America. And we, it is to be devoutly hoped, have learned our lesson just as well.

It would cost us a couple of billion dollars a month to have a war with Japan, to say nothing of the other losses that are too sacred to be computed. For two million dollars a month spent by ourselves in Japan and by Japan with us we could in ten years create a mutual respect and regard between the peoples of the two nations that would make a future war utterly unthinkable.

I would write it into peace terms—if I were President Wilson—something like this:

ARTICLE 114

WHEREAS, The pen has played an honorable part with the sword in winning victory and bringing peace; and,

WHEREAS, The permanence of that peace can only be secured by the extension of international understanding and regard; therefore be it

Resolved, That each nation attaching its signature to this treaty does by that signature pledge itself to the annual expenditure of at least 1 per cent. of its present war costs in international advertising, explaining to the rest of the world its own achievements and ideals; and seeking to eradicate from the character of its own people those characteristics which are a source of irritation to their neighbors.

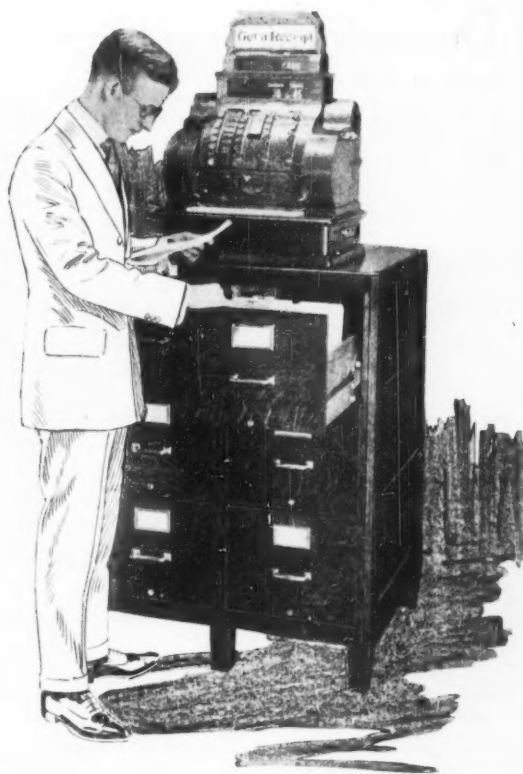
I should carry out the provisions of that treaty very liberally; I would by no means confine America's advertising to the printed word. I would send to each of the great countries of the world a hundred of our best young newspaper men to work in their newspaper offices, and bring back an equal number of their newspaper men to work for a year in ours, so that the editorial writers of the future, when they write of international relationships, will have some basis for their writing besides the encyclopedia. I would exchange clergymen and college professors and representatives of organized labor and of every other group which has in its power the shaping of public opinion.

In all these ways—plus the regular use of the printed word and the motion picture—I would make the people of the world to know each other, knowing that ultimately they would come to like each other.

It would have seemed impossible five years ago; to-day the war has taught us to forget that there is such a word as impossible. It has taught us to begin to think internationally. And we can be led a great distance along that road provided our rulers are wise enough to read the signs. Provided, in addition to beating our swords into plowshares, they beat a certain proportion of them into printing presses and motion-picture films and electrotypes.

"Allow me to congratulate you on the splendid magazine you publish. Each issue seems to surpass the previous one. You cater in its pages to a great diversity of tastes and interests, which I am sure is thoroughly appreciated by your readers."—Rev. L.T.H.

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The Conservation of Space in Your Office

With the cost of floor space, in metropolitan business districts ranging anywhere from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per square foot, the need for conservation is vital. No more must unwieldy and clumsy equipment be allowed to dig so deeply into the profit account—to contribute in such unjust proportion to "office overhead." Nor must those cumbersome and space-wasting old counters occupy valuable office space out of all proportion to the single purpose they serve.

Waste space or misused space piles up office overhead just as idle machinery or mismanagement piles up factory overhead.

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are, as the name implies, the approximate height of an ordinary counter, about forty-five inches. At the same time they function as cabinets for filing any and every kind of business record. They are double purpose sections—they serve all the purposes of a counter and a filing cabinet, with the added advantages of finer appearance, economy of floor space, and saving in first cost.

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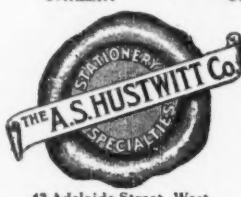
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The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor of *The Financial Post*

This is the idea of investments that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE desires to present: That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank; should carry endowment and life insurance; should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of, the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwise to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares in financial and industrial companies. MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE does not care to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of "The Financial Post" will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on new flotations. — THE EDITORS.

Bank Stocks and Victory Bonds Advance

THE outstanding feature of the investment market this past month has been the upward movement of bank stocks. During the period of the war practically every bank stock declined, partly in common with the universal downward trend of all securities, partly due to the enforced lower profits that the banks were showing through the need for their keeping a large portion of their liquid assets ready for Government requirements. During the year 1918 profits in most cases again passed the former figures, owing to the remarkable developments in the business of the banks, and they are now advancing to new high figures for the present year. Not only was the disposal of their surplus cash restricted during the war, but by an agreement with the Minister of Finance they were not allowed to extend at their pleasure into new territory. Since the armistice, the "lid" is off, and there was a wild rush the last couple of months as into new gold fields, and scores of new branches were opened up, especially in the West. Already the keenest of competition has developed among the various banks, and it is hinted that some rather warm interchanges have taken place between general managers at what they regarded as "invasions" of the ground they had held for years before. Indeed in one case I was chatting to the head of one bank when another high official came in to announce that such and such a bank was proposing to open up in a certain town in opposition. "Tell me—that if he does we will open up in some town where he has a branch." To me it was a delicious piece of human nature, almost unbelievable in bank men; that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin; that sort of square, face-to-face fight one loves, and I felt like patting that bank chief on the back—but didn't. Surely it strikes away the props from those who are always suspicious of the existence or creation of what they term a "Money Trust" in Canada. The reduction in the number of Canadian chartered banks to nineteen, two less than one year ago, has served only to intensify the competition for business, and for serving the commercial interests of the country, that exists among those that survive. It has, on the other hand, added strength to the banks not only to cover domestic demands, but to stretch out along international lines and open the way for the extension of Canadian trade in Europe, South America and the Orient. In England recent amalgamations have taken place among the bitterest of rivals, with little opposition even from the extreme radical sections, in order that there might be what has been termed "concentration of credit," and that the group of institutions might be the stronger to help in the development of export trade, retain for London the title and place as the world's financial centre, and provide credit as in the past for the greater part of the world's international trading.

As the banks are shaking free of wartime restrictions so the values of their securities are appreciating. Within a very few weeks, the selling price of one bank stock has gone up 17½ points,

another 25, another 10; another 13; and so on. And yet the present prices are far below pre-war levels. Twelve of the bank stocks have declined in the four years a total of 208 points, an average of a little over 17 points each, even allowing for the recent advances. As interest rates decline bank stocks will tend to advance; and this movement will be accelerated by the increases in the earnings which should be the experience of the most of the Canadian banks in the next few years. Another factor that will tend to strengthen the hold of a bank stock as an investment is the condition under which future increases in capital stock are likely to be made. In the case of one bank, the Royal, shareholders can take an allotment of the new stock at \$150 a share on the basis of one share for each seven they already hold, the present market price being \$64 a share above the issue price, and the President intimates that future issues will be equally advantageous. The Union Bank in a new \$3,000,000 issue does not hold out an equal bonus inducement, but the stock of this bank has risen in the past few months at a rapid rate. As in the case of the Royal, this bank is advancing into the foreign field of trade, and announces a subsidiary corporation designed primarily to develop trade with the far East, with offices in Yokohama, and other Eastern centres. Writing of the proven stability of the Canadian banking system, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor says: "The system as it stands is, without doubt, adequate to meet any possible demands arising during the reconstruction period and for years thereafter." Indeed the centralized, branch system of Canada is fast becoming the desire of many financiers of the United States, who recognize increasing elements of weakness in the de-centralized system of that country, with its five thousand and more separate institutions. The international aspect of Canadian banks holds forth infinite possibilities and will create a new interest among investors.

The other day I was talking to the head of a leading banking and brokerage house in Montreal about the listing of Victory bonds on the Exchange, where in the main they had met with strong support. He remarked: "One

Continued on page 80

The invitation given to readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE to avail themselves of any information at the disposal of the writer in regard to investments they have made, or are contemplating, is being acted upon. Before me from the same postal delivery are inquiries from a town in Ontario, and New York City, one dealing both with a department store stock and a coal mining proposition, the other with a gold mine. All inquiries are answered personally, and are treated as confidential. These should be addressed to the editor of this department of 128 Bleury Street, Montreal.

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Wholesale and retail merchants find it valuable because they are interested in market tendencies and market factors, not only as applied to their business, but also as applying to business in general. They need to know conditions local and remote. They need information to enable them to buy right and sell safely.

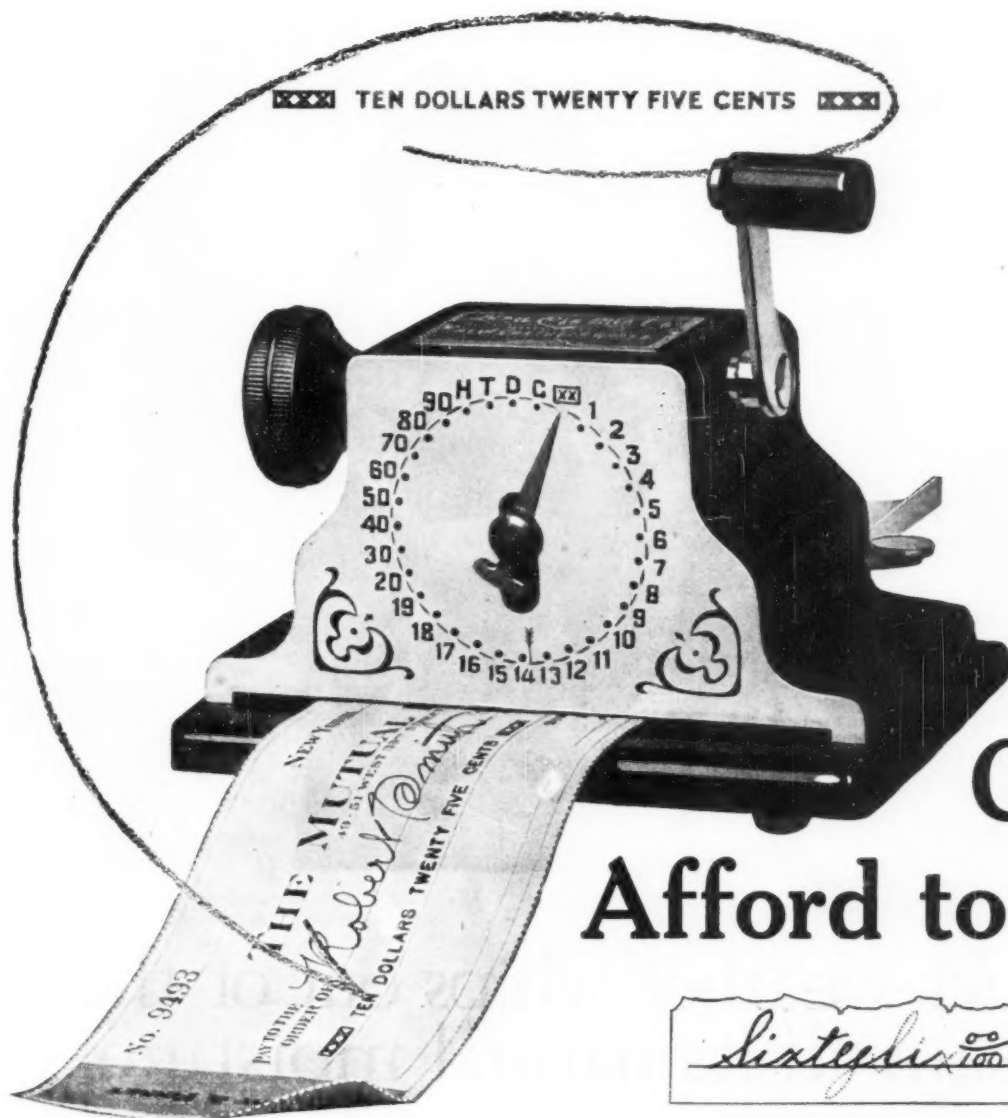
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M.M.

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Sixty-six \$66.00

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Could you afford to lose \$60—or \$50—even \$25?

Yet a loss like this may happen to you *any* time—if you still write your checks by hand, or depend on so-called "protectors" that afford no obstacle to the check-raiser. A few strokes of the pen or a little acid will change the average check to any amount the check-thief wants.

\$35

And it is not only the *professional* check-raiser you have to fear! "Trusted" bookkeepers—mail clerks—mail-box thieves—dishonest employees of the man to whom the check is sent—these are the dangerous factors. These are the ones who rob American business men of millions of dollars by raised checks each year.

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For the nightly cleansing,
use Pond's Cold Cream

As a protection to the skin, use Pond's
Vanishing Cream just before you go out

Cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture

YOU can keep your skin soft, smooth, pink-and-white the winter through, but you must guard it against the harsh winds which whip out of it all its elasticity. To make and keep your skin lovely you need two creams—one kind for protection and an entirely different kind for cleansing.

The reason your complexion suffers in winter is because the cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture.

With each exposure to the cold, the skin becomes tighter and rougher until it cracks and breaks. It loses its delicate color and takes on the unattractive redness of coarse, chapped skin.

How to protect your skin

Before going out protect your skin by an application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Use it on your hands and neck as well as your face. Compare the fresh, soft condition in which it keeps your face with the drawn, dry feeling that generally follows exposure to cold, windy weather.

Based on an ingredient which doctors have used for years for its softening, beautifying qualities, Pond's Vanishing Cream is of the utmost value in overcoming all dryness and restoring the normal pliancy to the skin.

It is absolutely free from greasiness. You can use it throughout the day, or you can put it on while dressing for the evening with the knowledge that not a bit of it will remain on the skin to make it shiny. It has a wonderfully beautifying effect, and as a base for powder is so effective that one powdering is sufficient for the whole evening. Try it the next time you want your skin to look its very best.

Famous women who use it

Many of the most famous women of the stage use Pond's Vanishing Cream constantly. Among them are Billie Burke, Constance Collier, Frances Starr, Martha Hedman, Elsie Janis, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Mabel Taliaferro, Marjorie Rambeau.



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild
Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I."



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild
Constance Collier, who was a particularly adorable Mary, Duchess of Towers, in "Peter Ibbetson," says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream feels so cooling and soothing to the skin. I never fail to use it after coming in from outdoors. Just one application is enough to do away with all roughness and windburn."

Your nightly cleansing needs a different cream

Without thorough cleansing from all the dust gathered during the day, the skin cannot be clear

and fine-textured. Pond's Cold Cream was prepared especially to give the skin a perfect cleansing.

Try it for your bedtime toilet tonight. You will revel in the sensation of grateful cleanliness it produces. For massage, you will find Pond's Cold Cream delightfully smooth and easy to work into the pores.

Only the very freshest, purest ingredients are used in the preparation of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream. They will not grow hair or down on the skin. Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store.

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Mail the coupon below for free sample tubes of each cream. For enough of each cream to last two weeks send 10c, or 5c if you want only one cream. Send for them today and give them a week's test. You will find that your complexion has become smoother, fresher, lovelier than ever in coloring. Address
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Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount to cover postage, packing, etc.:

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. Coats, Editor

Volume XXXII.

FEBRUARY, 1919

Number 2

WANTED—A NATIONAL POLICY

THREE things in my railroad experience come to my mind in these days when "reconstruction" policies are the talk of every smoking room.

The first of these is the story of a wealthy old lumberman who was seized with a fancy to build a line of railway through his timber limits. He was not—I may say at once—Mr. J. R. Booth. He declined to have an expert survey made by a railroad engineer, but built the road after his own fancy and with no particular destination in mind. His steel arrived finally in a blind valley from which there was no escape, and his railway died, like one of the Babes in the Wood. I may add that the old gentleman made a fortune, but not from his railroad. It failed because it had not been planned properly or rather because it had not been planned at all; and what makes one think of it now is the apparent lack of any plan—even a tentative plan—for the building of the Dominion of Canada. We are going somewhere—but where? Speech-makers assure us we have "a glorious destiny," but what is it? The country seems to be full of phrase-making and cloud-snatching, but to be devoid of *direction*!

Say, if you will, that nations are matters of growth, of evolution, of slow development. Point, if you like to the European nations, some (one of them at least) like bright diamonds coined by the terrific heat and pressure of European political history. But Canada, which was an arbitrary grouping of diversified and often hostile interests under the paper seals of Confederation, is essentially an artificially-created country—not a normal, unconscious growth or evolution. And Canada must be forwarded toward its destiny by the abnormal and conscious labors of real nation-builders.

But what is that Destiny? And how can we know that the things we do are the right things unless we know the object of our nation building? We lack a plan and to my mind we need one, badly.

What Are Our Peace Terms?

WE send a representative to a Peace Conference. At that Conference agreements are to be made which will profoundly affect the life and the prosperity of every nation. Yet does Canada's representative know what Canada wants at that Conference? Or, what is more important, what Canada NEEDS? If the whole world rose up and said to that representative—or to Mr. Rowell or any other Cabinet Minister to-day: "Canada! We've decided that you are to have first say about everything and first choice of the best things the world affords. You have this one opportunity. Choose now!"—could he answer?

Could you?

Or I?

Or the Lord's Day Alliance of Ontario? Or the Trades and Labor Congress? Or the Grain Growers' Grain Company? I think not.

Other nations would not be quite so embarrassed. Australia, for example, has a pretty clear and level head when it comes to saying what she wants from her neighbors. She has definite notions about the Japanese and Chinese. She has fairly clear ideas about the United States and about the British Empire. When Australia speaks she speaks at least like one with a mind of her own, a consciousness of her ultimate interests and a clear desire to stand by those interests.

Or Great Britain? She knows what she needs and what she must have. A guarantee among other things

By SIR GEORGE BURY

Formerly Vice-President of the C.P.R.



Sir George Bury

of certain raw materials to maintain her industries! Control, among other matters, of certain naval bases! Such and such privileges in the Far East and in the Balkans!

France knows. Knows where she wants to sell her wines and where she must get coal and iron! How she must foster her silk industry! And how maintain her position in Africa!

The United States has even an American dream of an American destiny. A bit pompous perhaps. A trifle grandiloquent—arbiter of the rights of the weak, protector of the western hemisphere! She may not be as greatly concerned about raw materials as the older nations, but she is not one whit less eager about markets for her exports.

So with Germany, and even Bulgaria and Serbia. They have a consciousness of their destiny and their needs. But we have no such consciousness in Canada.

THE second item out of railroad work that has, I think, some interest at this time is what we call on all the railways of North America: the Boomer.

The Boomer is a railroad man who won't stay with his road—an itinerant railroader. Some of the best engineers, yard-masters, firemen, mechanics and telegraph operators, are "boomers." They have to be the best because only good men could rely upon finding employment wherever they choose to work. For example, Mr. Boomer Engineer takes a fancy to Cali-

fornia, quits his job, gets a lift from one friendly conductor after another—the camaraderie of railroaddom is marvellous—till he reaches some California railroad

centre that suits his taste. He shows his union card, meets the foreman or superintendent, starts in and makes good!—the Boomer can usually make good.

But he will not stay long. Spring comes and some newspaper item makes him hungry to see the prairie again! Or to smell the Ontario northland. He quits and wanders north once more. Sometimes it is the poetic instinct of the wanderer that moves him. Sometimes it is debt—or domestic trouble—or melancholia. The Boomer is the hope and the despair of the railroad official.

And to my mind the Boomer—taking now the Boomer in any and all trades or walks of life—is the hope and the despair of Canada. If it were not for the wandering instinct, or for those other things which make men restless, Canada might never have had an immigrant. For that matter America might never have been discovered. If it were not for "boomers" in the trade of law, or medicine, or farming or butchering or paper-hanging, the prairie would never have flowered with sod huts, and Vancouver might never have had a Granville Street. The Boomer—I am still speaking in the wider sense of the word—gives to the place that knows him, things that the dull stay-at-home could never give it. The stupid man dare not be a Boomer. His hold on life is weak. He is not in demand. He finds his place and clutches it tight. It is the Boomer who dreams and dares and does!

But we must anchor the Boomer.

Consider the Canadian "Boomers" who heap up a few thousand dollars in the profession of law and then fly away to the south of England to spend it. Making their sons as nearly like Englishmen as they can. Sending them to English schools. Depriving the soil that really bore these sons of its first return—to wit, their labor and affection.

Consider the brilliant member of the British Government whose whole fortune was won in this country—employing his brains on behalf of another community when Canada is so much in need of statesmanship. One of the most terrible items of export from the Dominion of Canada, an item not recorded in the reports of the Department of Trade and Commerce, is the hundreds of Canadian young men, trained in Canadian Universities, aided by the Canadian tax-payer, who are now working in foreign countries.

We must anchor Canadians in Canada. If we did that I think you would see then more interest being taken in a "plan" for Canada's destiny. We must make men see that they are not living just for themselves, but for their children, and not for to-day only, but for generations. That is your good English family point of view—or Scotch, Irish, French or Italian for that matter. The man of the moment, however brilliant, is not so necessary as the citizen with a stake by which he intends to stand. We cannot evolve plans for Canada or a Canadian consciousness without anchoring the "Boomer."

PERHAPS in that connection the story of a certain district on the Canadian Pacific Railway may be of interest. It is a district of which I myself was once General Superintendent—one of the hardest, I should almost say, of any railroad district in North America.

Continued on page 70

More About GERMANY FROM WITHIN

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS



I had never seen a Bolshevik before, but I knew at sight that he must be one.

never done. Please God," concluded the good, old man, removing his hat a moment, "no German sailor now will ever have to go to sea."

TWO years ago as my readers will remember, but of course they don't, I made a secret visit to Germany during the height of the war. It was obviously quite impossible at that time to disclose the means whereby I made my way across the frontier, I therefore adopted the familiar literary device of professing to have been transported to Germany in a dream. In that state I was supposed to be conducted about the country by my friend Count Boob von Boobenstein, whom I had known years before as a waiter in Toronto, to see GERMANY FROM WITHIN, and to report upon it in the Allied press.

What I wrote attracted some attention. So the German Government feeling, perhaps, that the prestige of their own spy system was at stake, published a white paper, or a green paper, I forget which, in denial of all my adventures and disclosures. In this they proved (1) that all entry into Germany by dreams had been expressly forbidden of the High General Command; (2) that astral bodies were prohibited and (3) that nobody else but the Kaiser was allowed to have visions. They claimed therefore (1) that my article was a fabrication and (2) that for all they knew it was humorous. There the matter ended until it can be taken up at the General Peace Table.

But as soon as I heard that the People's Revolution had taken place in Berlin I determined to make a second visit.

THIS time I had no difficulty about the frontier whatever. I simply put on the costume of a British admiral and walked in.

"Three cheers for the British Navy," said the first official whom I met. He threw his hat in the air and the peasants standing about raised a cheer. It was my first view of the marvellous adaptability of this great people.

I noticed that many of them were wearing little buttons with pictures of Jellicoe and Beatty.

At my own request I was conducted at once to the nearest railway station.

"So your Excellency wishes to go to Berlin?" said the stationmaster.

"Yes," I replied, "I want to see something of the People's Revolution."

The stationmaster looked at his watch.

"That Revolution is over," he said.

"Too bad!" I exclaimed.

"Not at all. A much better one is in progress, quite the best Revolution that we have had. It is called—Johann, hand me that proclamation of yesterday—the Workmen and Soldiers' Revolution.

"What's it about?" I asked.

"The basis of it," said the stationmaster, "or what we Germans call the Fundamental Ground Foundation, is universal love. They hanged all the leaders of the Old Revolution yesterday."

"When can I get a train?" I inquired.

"Your Excellency shall have a special train at once. Sir," he continued with a sudden burst of feeling, while a tear swelled in his eye. "The sight of your uniform calls forth all our gratitude. My three sons enlisted in our German Navy. For four years they have been at Kiel, comfortably fed, playing dominoes. They are now at home all safe and happy. Had your brave navy relaxed its vigilance for a moment these boys might have had to go out on the sea, as they had

I N another moment I found myself face to face with the chief comrade of the Bolsheviks.

He gave a sudden start as he looked at me, but instantly collected himself.

He was sitting with his big boots up on the mahogany desk, a cigar at an edgewise angle in his mouth. His hair under his sheepskin cap was shaggy and his beard stubbly and unshaven. His dress was slovenly and there was a big knife in his belt. A revolver lay on the desk beside him. I had never seen a Bolshevik before but I knew at sight that he must be one.

"You say you were here in Berlin once before?" he questioned, and he added before I had time to answer: "When you speak don't call me 'Excellency' or 'Sereneity' or anything of that sort; just call me 'brother' or 'comrade.' This is the era of freedom. You're as good as I am, or nearly."

"Thank you," I said.

"Don't be so damn polite," he snarled. "No good comrade ever says thank you. So you were here in Berlin before?"

"Yes," I answered, "I was here in the interests of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, writing up *Germany from Within* in the middle of the war."

"The war, the war!" he murmured, in a sort of wail or whine. "Take notice, comrade, that I weep when I speak of it. If you write anything about me be sure to say that I cried when the war was mentioned. We Germans have been so misjudged. When I think of the de-astation of France and Belgium I weep."

He drew a greasy, red handkerchief from his pocket and began to sob. . . "and the loss of all the English merchant ships!"

"Oh, you needn't worry," I said, "It's all going to be paid for."

"Oh I hope so, I do hope so," said the Bolshevik chief. "What a regret it is to us Germans to think that unfortunately we are not able to help pay for it; but you English—you are so generous—how much we have admired your noble hearts—so kind, so generous to the vanquished. . ."

His voice had subsided into a sort of whine.

BUT at this moment there was a loud knocking at the door. The Bolshevik hastily wiped the tears from his face and put away his handkerchief.

"How do I look?" he asked, anxiously. "Not humane, I hope? Not soft?"

"Oh no," I said, "quite tough."

"That's good," he answered, "that's good. But am I tough enough?"

He hastily shoved his hands through his hair.

"Quick," he said, "hand me that piece of chewing tobacco. Now then. Come in!"



"I never see that uniform without it giving me the jumps," said Von Tirpitz.

The door swung open. A man in a costume, much like the leader's, swaggered into the room. He had a bundle of papers in his hands, and seemed to be some sort of military secretary.

"Ha! Comrade!" he said, with easy familiarity. "Here are the death warrants!" "Death warrants!" said the Bolshevik. "Of the leaders of the late Revolution? Excellent! And a good bundle of them! One moment while I sign them."

He began rapidly signing the warrants, one after the other.

"Comrade," said the secretary in a surly tone, "you are not chewing tobacco!"

"Yes, I am, yes, I am," said the leader. "Or, at least, I was just going to."

He bit a huge piece out of his plug with what seemed to me an evident distaste and began to chew furiously.

"It is well," said the other. "Remember, comrade, that you are watched. It was reported last night to the Executive Committee

of the Circle of the Brothers that you chewed no tobacco all day yesterday. Be warned, comrade. This is a free and independent republic. We will stand for no aristocratic nonsense. But whom have you here?" he added, breaking off in his speech, as if he noticed me for the first time. "What dog is this?"

"Hush," said the leader, "he is a representative of the Foreign press, a newspaper reporter."

"Your pardon," said the secretary. "I took you by your dress for a prince. A representative of the great and enlightened press of the Allies, I presume. How deeply we admire in Germany the press of England! Let me kiss you."

"Oh, don't trouble," I said. "It's not worth while."

"Say, at least, when you write to your paper, that I offered to kiss you, will you not?" Meantime, the leader had finished signing the papers. The secretary took them and swung on his heels with something between a military bow and a drunken swagger. "Remember, comrade," he said in a threatening tone as he passed out, "you are watched."

The Bolshevik leader looked after him with something of a shudder.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, "while I go and get rid of this tobacco."

HE got up from his chair and walked away towards the door of an inner room. As he did so, there struck me something strangely familiar in his gait and figure. Conceal it as he might, there was still the stiff wooden movement of a Prussian general beneath his assumed swagger. The poise of his head still seemed to suggest the pointed helmet of the Prussian. I could without effort imagine a military cloak about his shoulders instead of his Bolshevik sheepskin.

Then, all in a moment, as he re-entered the room, I recalled exactly who he was.

"My friend," I said, reaching out my hand, "pardon me for not knowing you at once. I recognize you now."

"Hush," said the Bolshevik. "Don't speak! I never saw you in my life."

"Nonsense," I said. "I knew you years ago in Canada when you were disguised as a waiter. And you it was who conducted me through Germany two years ago when I made my war visit. You are no more a Bolshevik than I am. You are General Count Boob von Boobenstein."

The general sank down in his chair, his face pale beneath his plaster of rouge.

"Hush!" he said. "If they learn it, it is death."

"My dear Boob," I said, "not a word shall pass my lips."

The general grasped my hand. "The true spirit," he said. "The true English comradeship; how deeply we admire it in Germany!"



It was merely a further proof of German adaptability.

"I am sure you do," I answered. "But tell me, what is the meaning of all this? Why are you a Bolshevik?"

"We all are," said the Count, dropping his assumed rough voice, and speaking in a tone of quiet melancholy. "It's the only thing to be. But come," he added, getting up from his chair, "I took you once through Berlin in war time. Let me take you out again and show you Berlin under the Bolsheviks."

"I shall be only too happy," I said.

"I shall leave my pistols and knives here," said Boobenstein, "and if you will excuse me I shall change my costume a little. To appear as I am would excite too much enthusiasm. I shall walk out with you in the simple costume of a gentleman. It's a risky thing to do in Berlin but I'll chance it."

THE Count retired and presently returned, dressed in the quiet bell-shaped purple coat, the simple scarlet tie, the pea-green hat and the white spats that mark the German gentleman all the world over.

"Bless me, Count," I said. "You look just like Bernstorff."

"Hush," said the Count. "Don't mention him. He's here in Berlin."

"What's he doing?" I asked.

"He's a Bolshevik; one of our leaders; he's just been elected president of the Scavengers' Union. They say he's the very man for it. But come along and, by the way, when we get into the street talk English and only English. There's getting to be a prejudice here against German."

We passed out of the door and through the spacious corridors and down the stairways of the great building. All about were little groups of ferocious looking men, dressed like stage Russians, all chewing tobacco and redolent of alcohol.

"Who are all these people?" I said to the Count in a low voice.

"Bolsheviks," he whispered. "At least they aren't really. You see that group in the corner?"

"The ones with the long knives?" I said.

"Yes. They are, or at least they were, the orchestra of the Berlin Opera. They are now the Bolshevik Music Commission. They are here this morning to see about getting their second violinist hanged."

"Why not the first?" I asked.

"They had him hanged yesterday. Both cases are quite clear. The men undoubtedly favored the war; one, at least, of them openly spoke disparagement of President Wilson. But come along. Let me show you our new city."

We stepped out upon the street.

How completely it was changed from the Berlin that I had known!

MY attention was at once arrested by the new and glaring signboards at the shops and hotels and the streamers with mottoes suspended across the street. I realized as I read them the marvelous adaptability of the German people and their magnanimity towards their enemies. Conspicuous in huge lettering was HOTEL PRESIDENT WILSON, and close beside it CABARET QUEEN MARY: ENGLISH DANCING. The street itself, which I remembered as the Kaiserstrasse, was now renamed on huge signboards THE AVENUE OF THE BRITISH NAVY. Not far off one noticed the RESTAURANT MARSHALL FOCH side by side with the ROOSEVELT SALOON and the BEER GARDEN GEORGE V.

But the change in the appearance and costume of the men who crowded the streets was even more notable. The uniforms and the pointed helmets of two years

ago had vanished utterly. The men that one saw retained indeed their German stoutness, their flabby faces and their big spectacles. But they were now dressed for the most part in the costume of the Russian moujik, while some of them appeared in American wideawakes and Kentucky frock coats, or in English stovepipe hats and morning coats. A few of the stouter were in Highland costume.

"You are amazed," said Boobenstein as we stood a moment, looking at the motley crowd.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"One moment," said the Count. "I will first summon a taxi. It will be more convenient, to talk as we ride."

He whistled and there presently came lumbering to our side an ancient and decrepit vehicle which would have excited my laughter but for the seriousness of the Count's face. The top of the conveyance had evidently long since been torn off leaving only the frame; the copper fastenings had been removed; the tires were gone; the doors were altogether missing.

"Our new 1919 model," said the Count. "Observe the absence of the old-fashioned rubber tires, still used by the less progressive peoples. Our chemists found that riding on rubber was bad for the eye-sight. Note, too, the time saved by not having any doors."

"Admirable," I said.

WE seated ourselves in the crazy conveyance, the Count whispered to the chauffeur an address which my ear failed to catch and we started off at a lumbering pace along the street.

"And now tell me, Mr. Boobenstein," I said, "what does it all mean, the foreign signs and the strange costumes?"

"My dear sir," he replied, "it is merely a further proof of our German adaptability. Having failed to conquer the world by war we now propose to conquer it by the arts of peace. Those people, for example, that you see in Scotch costumes are members of our Highland Mission about to start for Scotland to carry to the Scotch the good news that the war is a thing of the past, that the German people forgive all wrongs and are prepared to offer a line of manufactured goods as per catalogue sample."

"Wonderful," I said.

"Is it not?" said Von Boobenstein. "We call it the From Germany Out movement. It is being organized in great detail by our Step from Under Committee. They claim that already four million German voters are pledged to forget the war and to forgive the Allies. All that we now ask is to be able to put our hands upon the villains who made this war, no matter how humble their station may be, and execute them after a fair trial, or possibly before."

Continued on page 65



Lend Me Your TITLE

By ONOTO WANTANNA

Author of "Me," "Marion," "A Japanese Nightingale," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A few years ago a remarkable novel "Me" appeared anonymously, and much speculation followed as to the identity of the author. It is now possible to announce that it was the work of a well-known Canadian author, Onoto Wantanna. The story which follows is the first to appear in MACLEAN'S from the pen of this gifted writer.

I—PROPOSAL

"KITTY! Is it truly you?"

"Go on, Hawley, without me. —Er—
no—I'll finish another time. Kitty, do you know I—"

"Why haven't I been around lately? Well, I like that, after the message you sent me by your mother."

"What! You n— I knew — just fairly knew you weren't responsible for all that dashed snubbing. But when your mother said —"

"Yes, that's true. But let's forget it. The main thing is you're here — we're here — together! — Alone at last! The first time in centuries."

"Knew I was going to play to-day, and came on purpose! Listen to me, Kitty. I love you. I'm perfectly crazy about you. I —"

"I don't care who is watching us. It's none of their business."

"Let him keep his eye on his ball. There! Served him right. Do you see where it landed? But, Kitty, I'm proposing to you, and here you are up to your old tricks again — sidestepping the issue."

"Oh, hang it all, I'm not such a dashed golf enthusiast that I'm going to watch a ball in the middle of the only proposal I ever made in my life. Oh, Kitty, will you — What are you turning your head for?"

"Overlapping grip! Why, of course, anyone can do it. I'll show you — What did you pull your hands away like that for? One would think I had burned you. Anyhow, the overlapping grip isn't practical for such little hands as yours. It'll strain your wrists. Don't try it. But I'm not going to talk about overlapping grips. I don't care anything about them — or anything connected with them."

"Now, look here, Kitty, this is the first chance I've had to see you alone for ages. Listen to me like a good girl. Look at me like an angel."

"I don't think so. He tee-ed it up too high. He'll not make — but Kitty, for the love of Mike, turn your back on that blank tee. Look at me, won't you? Will you — Kitty! My God! You don't mean — n —"

II—REJECTION

"DICK, I'd love to marry you, indeed I would. Don't! Don't! — Richard Bradley, if you don't let go my — Now listen to me, and don't interrupt."

"I'm not a flirt, you know that as well as I do, and I'm giving you an answer right out of my heart."

"Well, if you won't hear me out, I'm going to finish the course. That's right. Now, keep there, and don't interrupt. Dick, I would marry you if I could. Oh, don't bounce up like that. Just see how you made that man pull, so his ball is away to that side. I wish this bench wasn't so near the tee."

"No — not the woods. I prefer to speak right here."

"I can't, Dick! I can't! I wish I could."

"Oh, there's a reason — a very big one indeed. I e—can hardly tell it to you, but when I do, even you, dear old Dick, will see that we aren't for each other."

"I'm n—not crying! Well, you may hold it then — under the clubs; but you're not to come an inch nearer. Oh Dick, you're so poor! Mother says we'd starve on your income, and just think what a large family we have, and the boys starting in to college and —"

"That's just it! You see, if I married you, you'd have to support us all—eight of us, besides Mamma."

"Rich? We? Oh Dick, so we seem, so we are in fact, but there's a horrible string to it all. That's why I can't marry you."

"No, I can't! I can't, I say. You promised not to interrupt. Do you remember Uncle Dan Fisher?"

"Yes, it's his money we're living on in such grand style."

"Y—yes — n—no — yes — at least, no, he didn't exactly leave us his money. Give me a chance to explain. Do you remember how perfectly crazy he always was on the subject of titles?"

"But it has got something to do with this—everything, in fact. Dick, I can't talk if you are going to put your arm there — Oh! Oh! Those horrid little caddies saw you. There, they've told that man. Kick his ball into the brook. He sent it over here on purpose. That woman with him comes here just to take her fat down. Isn't it absurd to wear a narrow skirt on the links! Keep still!"

"No, not here! I think you — er — sent it off there. It sliced off in that direction — just about five feet from where you drove."

"Not at all! — Did you see his face? She could have bitten me!"

"Yes, I'm coming to it. Where was I up to?"

"Yes, titles. Well, when Uncle Dan was a cattleman out West, the Englishman who was his partner and had roughed it with him and been through all sorts of hardships with Uncle Dan turned out after all to be a real 'ginoine' Lord! Uncle Dan went over with him to England to help him claim the title—and he got it too, after all sorts of legal trouble."

"Yes, yes, don't be so impatient, Dick. Well, from that time on Uncle Dan became simply crazy on the subject of titles, and indeed Mamma's almost as bad."

"Oh yes, they are good Canadians, but the Englishman proposed to Mamma before Papa did, and in Uncle Dan's case it was a monomania—an obsession with him. So much so that when he died, leaving an estate of ten million, he left it all to me —"

"Yes, indeed, I'm Uncle Dan's sole heiress, under certain conditions. Why Dick, how white you look. —Wh-why you've let go my hand."

"Did I? I th—thought I said not to, while those people were looking. Oh Dick, I can't marry you, I'll lose all the money if I do!"



"I'll make the best Japanese gent you ever capped eyes on."

"Oh! Oh! Glad! Prefer me penniless! But what of the others? Not only I — but my eight little brothers and sisters. And you wouldn't want to see all that money, that Uncle Dan worked so hard to make, go to found a home for Destitute and Indigent Men of Titles, would you?"

"Y—yes, that's exactly what he's done in his will. We're to have the income only till I reach the age of twenty-one, and then, unless I marry a man of title, it is all to revert to that horrid home for Destitute and Indigent Men of Title!"

"Your ten thousand? Oh Dicky, you are the loveliest, dearest, most generous boy on the face of the whole globe; but I couldn't — we couldn't do it. Don't you see, I've got to think of the others too, and of Mamma?"

"But I can't. I've given Mamma my word of honor. Yes, it's come to that — a matter of honor now."

"Oh, Dick, dear Dick, how can I?"

"Why, it's wicked to talk in that way."

"No, there is no hope. I — I'm sorry, Dick. Forgive me — I never thought you'd ever t—turn your back on me! Please — p—please sh—shake hands with me anyhow, j—just to show you don't h—hate me!"

"Yes, I know you don't."

"Yes, I agree with you. Let us go then. It's getting late anyhow. No, you drive first. I'm always nervous when anyone drives after me — Oh! wh—what a long, long drive! I—I—I'll be miles behind you, Dick. Please don't wait for me. I'd rather drive —"

"Oh, very well then. — There, I've sent it right into the bush."

"I don't want you to. I told you to drive first on purpose. I—I put my ball — th—there on purpose. Don't you understand? This is — good-bye! — Dick! Dick! Oh, he's running after his ball! Dick! — I—I am g—going after mine now. No one will see me there, and I've g—got to cry, or I shall — die!"

SATURDAY'S CHILD

By MARY E. LOWREY
ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

I AM beginning with Miss Fothergill because, while she is not the heroine, she happens to come first in the story.

Of all the girls in Dean College, Miss Fothergill possessed perhaps the largest proportion of what a well-known playwright describes as "that dem' charm." Tradition holds that she averaged two proposals a week during the academic year, but in matters of this sort tradition is usually inclined to be generous. Also that she had only to assume one of a dozen becoming attitudes and regard her victim with an indifferent yet somehow provocative eye and the mischief was done—*facilis descensus Avernus*. It is certain that any one of her affairs, successfully launched, proceeded to its climax with a speed and smoothness which caused girls whose gifts lay in other directions to regard her with a wonder that was little short of superstition. There were those who claimed that to accomplish all this Miss Fothergill depended solely upon her undeniable looks; being, in fact, so beautiful that she didn't find it necessary to be entertaining or sympathetic or even good-natured. But this scarcely seems likely, for certainly the average young man will not remain content indefinitely with the contemplation of his mistress' eyebrow, and plenty of average young men took a great deal of pleasure at various times in Miss Fothergill's society. No, it must have been something more,—an extraordinary *flair* for romantic entanglements; a sort of rare acquisitiveness where men were concerned that did not depend entirely on mere pulchritude. Take the case of Charles Clark Williams.

Charles fell into the basilisk toils one evening at the close of the Michaelmas term. It was on the night of the Senior Dance, and the night of the Senior Dance was the one night of the year when Dean College set itself resolutely to prove to the world that it was a democratic institution. Everyone came to the Senior Dance—the girls who came to college exclusively for the sake of education and the ones who came exclusively for the sake of co-education; the serious young men who usually spent their evenings reading Catullus in small back bedrooms, and the splendid idlers who never dreamt of reading Catullus until the second last week of the term. Everyone came and there was a great deal of crowding on staircases and jostling in corridors and confused conversation and good-natured discomfort.

CHARLES was a senior at this time; a large, pleasant young man of twenty-two, with the sort of manners that established him at once with older people and an air of engaging shyness that was nothing less than a social endowment. On this occasion someone, bent upon upholding the democratic tradition of Dean, had seized upon him early in the evening and had introduced him to a large number of the socially obscure girls who emerged from their academic retreat once only during the year and who persuaded themselves that they were quite content just to sit and look on. And Charles accepted this disposition of his evening with his usual amiability until, happening to glance across the room, he caught, for the flicker of an eyelid, the indifferent glance of Miss Fothergill, who had just come in.

The glance, while indifferent, held a hint of invitation, a faint significance. It was at once casual and compelling—an unreadable glance. Unreadable, that is, to Charles, who was only twenty-two, and had no means of knowing that behind it Miss Fothergill, quietly vigilant, had marked him for her own. Hastily rescuing his programme he made his way across the room and in five minutes had secured an introduction and the only remaining number on her card.

It was the fifth number, but when it came they did not dance. Under the staircase was a retreat, dimly lighted, lavishly cushioned, and thither Miss Fothergill led him in. And there she seated herself, crossed her silken ankles (this was in the remote period when the majority of girls went to parties unostentatiously shod in hsls), rested her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand and regarded him with an eye that was indifferent yet distinctly provocative.

Charles was enchanted. From the far-away world outside came the faint sweet stirrings of the orchestra, harp, violin and bassoon engaged in heavenly harmony; came also the hum of gay voices and the pleasant sliding of feet along the polished floor; came later—much later—"Ham" Allan, justly incensed, to claim Miss Fothergill.

"Two dances and an intermission!" said Ham indignantly, "I don't see what they see in you, Charlie."

HAM bore the lady away and Charles stepped blinking into the outer world. Not until then did it occur to him that he had in the meantime defrauded some other girl of a dance. On consulting his card he discovered the other girl to be a Mary Brown. And as he did not know Mary Brown, he had noted after her name, for her future identification: "Dark brown dress, beads."

He did now what a wiser man would not have done—set out conscientiously to "make things right" with Mary Brown. And he had no difficulty in finding her, for in all that gay assembly she was the only person wearing either a dark-brown dress or beads. She was discovered to be a quiet little thing of the type that is invariably described by other girls as "not pretty exactly" and she had a manner that was shyer than Charles' own.

The natural result of his making things right was that Mary Brown was strengthened in the conviction that had been growing upon her all evening: viz., that she was a social and sartorial impossibility, and that she had better go home and devote herself exclusively hereafter to the study of English and Political Economy (with Classic Option). She faced him, however, smiling brightly and steadily above the confusion of his apologies; and then went back to her boarding-house and cried herself to sleep.

THIS was the beginning of Charles' enslavement.

From that moment he had eyes for no other than Miss Fothergill. It was the real thing, he told himself. It was love at first sight; the passport to all the glory and romance that life would ever hold, absolutely non-transferrable and no stop-overs. But while pleasurable exciting it was not an entirely satisfactory affair. For, if he was unhappy when he was away from her, he was often acutely uncomfortable when he was with her. And this was because—curious affliction in a lover—he never could find anything to say to her.

I do not want you to think of Charles as a dull person. He was indeed more than ordinary full of enthusiasm and pleasant spirits. But in Miss Fothergill's presence he was no better than a pricked balloon. He was self-conscious and inarticulate. When he meant to be funny he was ponderous and when he meant to be serious he was sometimes rather funny. His mind worked backward or it did not work at all, and he could no more control its involuntary mechanism than he could the process of his own digestion.

Miss Fothergill in the meantime, while regarding him with a total lack of interest, did not altogether discourage him; for Charles was recognized as a "nice young man" and there are plenty of uses for nice young men besides marrying them. As for Charles, he had a romantic conviction that her indifference was no more than a high hedge that stood between the sleeping princess and the world; the enchanted princess who would wake some day to life and warmth with the releasing kiss. In pursuance of this theory, and in a spirit of pure investigation, he did kiss her one evening shortly after they became acquainted, and then stood back and watched expectantly to see her flush to life. But the experiment had proved disappointing after all; Miss Fothergill merely withdrawing herself at once and remarking dispassionately that of course if he were going to start that sort of thing...

WHEN he was away from her he got along on the whole very much better. For then his fancy transformed her into a being possessing the most extraordinary qualities of heart and imagination; a hypothetical lady whom he had evolved out of his own inner consciousness and to whom he wrote letters so unlike the Charles she knew that Miss Fothergill was



convinced that he had them out of a book. She did not understand him in the least, and he never succeeded in pleasing her. When his letters came they annoyed her because they were not like himself; and when he appeared himself she was frequently disappointed because he was not more like his letters.

Charles in the meantime continued to cling doggedly to the ideal he had created, and was constantly grieved and surprised because his Galatea refused to take on life. The affair was the most famous of the college year, and was spoken of long after they had both left Dean, which they did that spring; Charles graduating in June, and Miss Fothergill dropping out very quietly at the end for reasons best known to the examining board.

After that their paths began to diverge a little, Charles going on a newspaper which absorbed all his days and most of his nights, and Miss Fothergill travelling her tranquil way with an eye single to Society. He continued to see her as frequently as possible, but little by little he was finding the glory of his romance beginning to fade. And already he had begun, sub-consciously, to suspect the real reason that he could find so little to talk to her about. Namely, that Nature, that admirable fairy godmother, while endowing Miss Fothergill lavishly with beauty, had sought to balance matters by limiting her mind.

It never occurred to him to lay the heart more or less definitely rejected by Miss Fothergill at the feet of a less captious young woman. And this was partly because her indifference stirred some stubborn quality in his spirit, and partly because she had by this time become a habit with him. He argued that the affair, having proceeded so far, might well proceed a little farther. Crudely expressed, he had put a good deal of time on this girl, and it would be a pity to begin the expensive experiment over again.

It would seem, indeed, that romance was already dead in Charles' heart. He proposed to Miss Fothergill at frequent intervals (usually because he couldn't think of anything else to say to her), and Miss Fothergill, while placing no insurmountable barrier in the way of his declaring himself as often and as eloquently as he chose, always contrived, with a sort of masterly ambiguity, to cloud the issue so that the subject could be re-opened on a subsequent occasion. And while part of Charles rebelled against this humiliating state of affairs, part of him, of which he was only vaguely and fitfully aware as yet, drew a deep, quiet comfort from the fact that he was still his own man.

THIS was the situation one week of a flaming August, when, at the invitation of Miss Fothergill, he went to take his vacation at the Royal Pines, Sunset Harbor.

Sunset Harbor is the most exclusive resort in the northern lakes and Royal Pines its most expensive hotel. "Here," runs the prospectus, "you may find, on any summer day, one hundred and fifty happy people who, escaping from the blinding glare and breathless

heat of city life have found in this spot a place of refuge and enchantment."

Charles, setting forth to join himself to the hundred and fifty happy people, encountered at the station Ham Allan, who also wore a holiday air.

"Hello, Charlie," said Ham, "going to see Alice?"

It seemed that Charlie was. Was Ham?

"Uh-huh," said Ham, good-temperedly, "I'm going to marry Alice one of these days, Charlie. I'm getting tired of seeing you round."

They climbed aboard, found a seat and settled down together. And as the train swept them through the breathless country side toward Sunset Harbor, place of refuge and enchantment, they chatted in friendly fashion (for they were on excellent terms in spite of the long rivalry that existed between them) of many things; chiefly of the things that concerned Ham. Ham had acquired a large brokerage business and considerable success since leaving college and he thoroughly enjoyed talking about it.

"I always get what I go out after," he said contentedly. "Don't know how exactly. I'm like that, I guess."

There was a hearty egotism about Ham which no one ever thought of resenting. Charles listened interestedly and reflected in a detached and speculative manner that it was true; Ham always had acquired what he had gone out after. Only what he went out after was not invariably good for him. He had acquired all the best offices at college and had had to repeat his course. And since college he had acquired prosperity and was already beginning to exchange his ruddiness for floridity and his youth for girth. No doubt in the end he would acquire Miss Fothergill. . . . Being, nominally in love with Miss Fothergill himself Charles did not push the analogy any further (unless indeed, in that hidden and subconscious part of his being to which I have somewhere else referred), but sat and listened good-naturedly, throwing in a monosyllable now and again, but lazily content, for the most part, to let his companion bear both ends of the conversation.

Arriving about ten o'clock that night, they parted at the hotel desk.

"Well, good luck, Charlie," said Ham with a grin.

"Good luck," Charles answered heartily and followed the boy to his room.

If, after travelling one hundred and fifty miles to see the lady of your affections, you can go to bed without so much as a glimpse of her and sleep very comfortably almost half way round the clock; and if on getting up in the morning you are able to order a breakfast beginning with oatmeal porridge and two fried eggs and extending over practically the whole range of the menu, then you may be sure that there is something the matter somewhere, the measure of true love being the degree to which it affects one's sleep and digestion.

Something of the sort occurred to Charles the following morning. He was very late in getting down to breakfast, though five minutes in advance of Miss Fothergill. And having had himself directed to her table, had just got as far in his order as the oatmeal porridge and the two fried eggs when she appeared.

"Hello, Alice," he said, looking up from the menu and returning to it immediately.

"Hello, Charles," replied Miss Fothergill without warmth. "When did you get here?"

"Last night," answered Charles, and added merely as a matter of habit: "Thought I'd run up and see when you were going to marry me."

Miss Fothergill regarded him with a complete lack of interest.

"If you're going to start being silly the very first thing!" she said.

"All right, we won't mention it," said Charles amiably. "It just happened to occur to me."

Miss Fothergill was stirred by a faint sense of annoy-

ance. To tell the truth she sometimes thought that Charles bore his lot with a shade too much philosophy. She did not expect him to make a scene in a room full of strange people, but it seemed to her as though a little urgency at this point might not have gone beyond the limits of good taste. One expects the least impetuous of lovers to show signs of suppressed emotion at times, and Charles never did. He sat now quite unmoved, and his expression denoted nothing but a lively expectation of the oatmeal and the two fried eggs.

"I don't believe you're in love with me at all," she said with sudden sharpness.

Charles did not reply. It occurred to him at that moment that Miss Fothergill was not quite so beautiful as he had expected. He wondered whether it was because a little of the sharpness of her voice had crept into her eyes and about the corners of her mouth; or whether it was merely because she was wearing a hair net. He detested hair nets.

Very slowly, no larger at first than the palm of a man's hand, a doubt began to grow and spread across his mind.

MISS Fothergill divided her day meticulously into three parts. The mornings she devoted to Charles, the afternoons to Charles and Ham, and the evenings to Ham. And she introduced them both to a number of "awfully nice" girls of carefully reckoned attractive power.

Charles was made aware of this arrangement the morning after his arrival. After breakfast he and Miss Fothergill went sailing; and she was a very good sailor—much better than Charles, to whom she gave a great deal of very good advice, which he listened to politely and carefully avoided following. In the afternoon the three went round the golf course. But after dinner Miss Fothergill and Ham retired definitely to a far corner of the verandah and Charles was left to his own devices.

He wandered rather disconsolately down to the lake; wandered back to the hotel and into the big living-room, where he danced for awhile with two of the "nice girls" who happened to be there; wandered finally through one of the open French windows and down a path that wound away from the hotel through the thin starlit woods; a tiny path that did not appear to be going anywhere but kept on winding just the same.

It did go somewhere, however. Very abruptly he emerged at a little dock on the edge of the lake. And on the dock sat a girl in her bathing suit, washing her hair.

He had never seen a girl washing her hair before, and he stood and watched her interestedly. She

rubbed it vigorously with soap and presently she began to grope about for the towel which lay at the other side of the dock. And, just as Charles was preparing to withdraw, he was halted by an unexpected voice.

"Would you mind finding my towel for me?" said the voice, "My eyes are full of soap."

He advanced and handed her the towel, and she thanked him and dried her eyes. Then she stood up, flung back her hair, and tipping her palms together above her head, disappeared into the water with scarcely a splash.

She emerged a dozen feet away.

"Please come back," said Charles pleadingly. "You haven't had a chance to see whether you like me or not."

She faced him, treading water.

"I like you very much," she said politely. "I can see you quite nicely from here."

HE went and sat down on the edge of the dock, swinging his feet just above the level of the water.

"Do you always come here to swim?" he asked, "all by yourself, 'at the moth hour of eve?'"

"'At the moth hour of eve,'" she repeated after him. And she had the pleasantest voice he had ever listened to—a voice that lingered continually on the edge of laughter. "That is very pretty; isn't it? Is there more of it?"

It seemed that there was more of it. He had always been a little ashamed of his fancy for poetry, but here apparently was someone who would not think any the less of him for it.

"And the moth hour went from the fields,"

he quoted,

"And stars began to peep,
They slowly into millions grew,
The leaves stirred in the wind,
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind" . . .

She seemed to have forgotten him altogether. (But she hadn't, you may be sure). She lay floating quietly in the path of the moon, her eyes on the wide silent peace of the evening sky.

"Do you come here every night by yourself to swim by the light of the moon?" Charles went on patiently. "Please pay attention, the gentleman is asking you a question."

He could not see her face very clearly, but the faintly discernible curve of her cheek was reassuring.

"Every night," she answered dreamily, "'at the moth hour of eve.' And sometimes I float about on a strip of moonlight and watch the stars grow out of the sky—millions and millions of them—and sometimes I sit on the shore and improve my shining tail—you probably didn't observe that I have a tail; and sometimes strange young men come down and recite poetry to me—"

"You are trifling with me," said Charles with dignity, "when all I wanted to know was whether you are likely to be here every night at this time. Because if so," he went on, raising his voice as she began to move slowly downstream, "if so, I thought I might—"

"No," she said, looking back over her shoulder and shaking her head at him. "No, I think you'd better not."

"I'm coming back anyway," he replied, undiscouraged, "and if you aren't here to-morrow night I'll come the next night, and if you aren't here the next night I'll come the n—"

"Good-bye," she called softly. She had reached the bank a little farther down and she turned and waved a gay hand in farewell. The next moment she had vanished in the darkness.

Charles, twice abandoned, returned sadly to the hotel and went to bed.

IT must be admitted that Miss Fothergill's success with the admiring sex made her a little careless at times. And certainly her neglect of Charles at this time was a piece of gross mismanagement. The fact was that it

never occurred to her to look upon him as a likely subject for romance. She had known him so long that she had grown to regard him with the confidence that usually comes after a protracted and uneventful period of matrimony. Indeed it was this quality of premature

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... while regarding him with a total lack of interest did not altogether discourage him.

The CAMPAIGN AGAINST BRITAIN

PEACE was not one month old before many of us, who have given every moment of our time since the war began to combat and defeat German propaganda, became conscious of a subtle and subterranean influence running insidiously under cover of innuendo and rumor, like the red line of a prairie fire ready to fan to flame on the first whiff of wind.

You could hardly call it German propaganda. It wasn't—at least, not in the open, but only by indirection. You heard it everywhere and saw evidence of it everywhere. Sometimes it masqueraded under the German catch-phrase—"Freedom of the Seas." "Was England to be permitted to continue her tyranny over the seas?" "Were the United States to be bluffed out of building a navy one whit less powerful than England?" Or else a huge head-line in some pro-Irish daily insinuating that England's "dog-in-the-manger policy was starving Europe because she prevented the surplus wheat of Australia and India reaching the starved nations of Europe." (It was a representative of the Australian Government who drew my attention to this gross and mischievous misrepresentation.)

Now there is not a school child in any English-speaking nation who does not know that, since the war of 1812, the seas of the world have been as free as air to any ship, flying any flag, in any port, on any sea route. True, during this war, Great Britain established a blockade against Germany; and that blockade maintained by the British Navy really won the war. But, true also—and there isn't an American school boy who does not know it—that, during the Civil War, the North established a similar blockade against the South; and that blockade maintained by the North broke the power of the South.

Neither blockade has the slightest bearing on the Freedom of the Seas maintained by the British Navy for exactly a hundred years. Yet the phrase—Freedom of the Seas—invented by German propaganda during 1915, and put out in a book by an American professor paid by the Germans—is now being used as a red rag to inflame the Irish bull of hatred for the British.

The insidious campaign of lies could hardly be called German Propaganda; for the German paymasters were off the map. Yet it was distinctly anti-British; and it was anti-British at a stage in preparation for the Peace Conference, when if a wedge could be driven between the two great English-speaking races, all the good effects of victory in the war would be lost to the world.

Some Facts For Canadians

TO show you just exactly where all true Americans stand on this question, I purpose laying before Canadians some inside facts; and if after examining those facts and convincing themselves they are true, all Canadians—all Canadians without exception of a single political jingo—do not take the same stand with face of flint against any and all misunderstandings between the two great nations, then we may as well accept the inevitable that the good effects of the war will be lost to the world.

Within a few days of the evidence of this anti-British propaganda being under way, two very quiet luncheons were held in New York City, and in less than twenty minutes at one luncheon \$35,000 was subscribed towards the two British Empire days. This luncheon, as far as I know, was attended exclusively by Americans; bankers, big labor leaders, civic authorities, employers. The two British Empire days—let us acknowledge facts; not what we want to be facts—were not an enthusiastic success. They were flat and a bit lame. Why? Because they were not backed by Englishmen and Canadians with the same enthusiasm that they were backed by Americans; and while Americans will go a full half way in a festival of friend-

By AGNES C. LAUT

Author of "Lords of the North," "The Hudson Bay Co.," etc.

sayings of a Polish philosopher, whom the Germans claimed as a German, though he has put on record his hatred of all things German, especially all things Prussian. He said that dishonest

people had a crafty trick of stirring up mud puddles to conceal the snakes in the bottom of the pool. The philosopher was Nietzsche, who hated Prussianism as His Satanic Majesty is reputed to hate Holy Water.

Whence comes this sinister, dangerous, subtle anti-British propaganda?

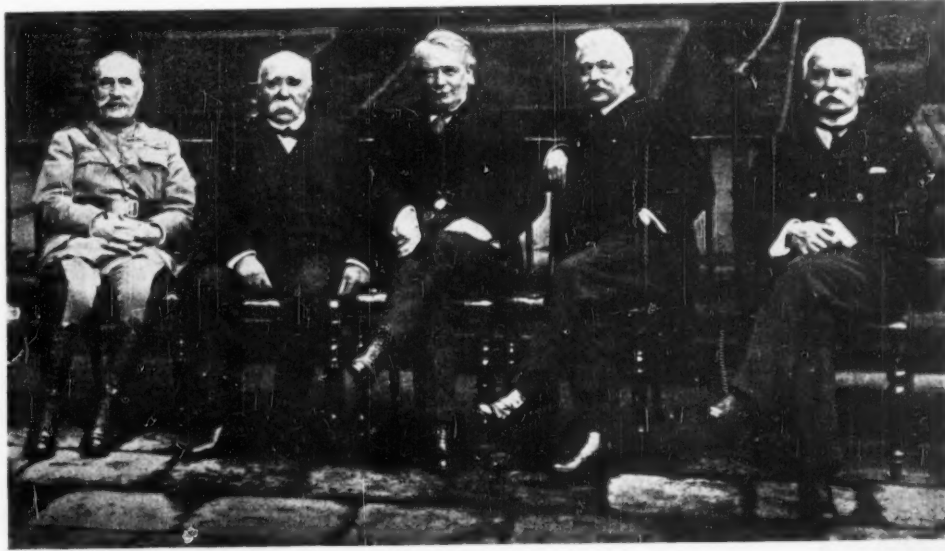
First, comes the Irish vote; and don't forget the late Mr. Parnell declared that the Irish-American politician was far more anti-British than the Irish-Irishman. He is anti-British for the most self-evident reasons. It elects him to power as a boss; and it provides him with an exhaustless purse of campaign funds that never reaches Ireland. When Jeremiah O'Leary, who is now under indictment by a Federal Grand Jury for his pro-German activities, was conducting a cam-

campaign early in 1915-16 against the Federal Reserve Banks to try to prevent the first big American Loan to the Allies, all under cover of the American Truth Society, I was asked by the Governor of one of the Federal Reserve Banks to drop casually into O'Leary's office and try to find his motive. O'Leary may have mistaken my name for German, as some other pro-Germans did on a very comical occasion, whereas the name is really a perversion of Loch—the people of the lakes in Scotland and Wales. Anyway, I found O'Leary in a Broadway office close to Veireck and Dernberg. There was, however, no visible connection; but when I asked O'Leary how the organization, established solely in the interests of Truth, then trying to prevent loans to the Allies, was financing itself, he opened his mouth and spread his feet wide apart and roared at me in the gentle accents of a bull, that it was solely sustained by voluntary contributions from loyal sons of Ireland; and he showed me a sheet of the contributions for that day, which totalled \$50. The fact that the most of subscriptions were in \$1 amounts identified the character of the poor gulls. The American Truth Society was doing a land boom business under the masquerade of anti-British.

The Case of Roger Casement

Or take the mass meetings to raise funds in the sacred name of the martyr, Sir Roger Casement. I knew exactly the brand of martyr Sir Roger Casement was. I knew why the Englishmen, who first signed a petition for the commutation of his sentence, afterwards withdrew their names from that petition. I was offered a *verbatim* reading of the documents, though I was warned I would need disinfection and fumigation after the reading. Mass meetings to collect funds in his name were coming on. I went to every single big editor of New York *likely to act* and begged them to expose the fake. They refused point blank, and for perfectly legitimate reasons. To make these charges without the documents to sustain them would only antagonize the Irish vote; and if the British Government would not give out the documents and stop the fake proceedings, why should American editors suffer loss for what the British Government would not do? I then prepared to issue an expurgated statement in a magazine, which I happened to be editing at the time, when the owner of that magazine, whose lawyer chanced to be the lawyer for certain Irish political leagues, came to me personally and asked the very same question—why should we do what the British Government was not doing? So the mass meetings for the martyr, Casement, went on. How much was raised in those meetings—I do not know. One Irish leader, furious at the dishonesty of the whole proceedings, told me not less than \$275,000. The thing finally reached the proportions of such a scandal that

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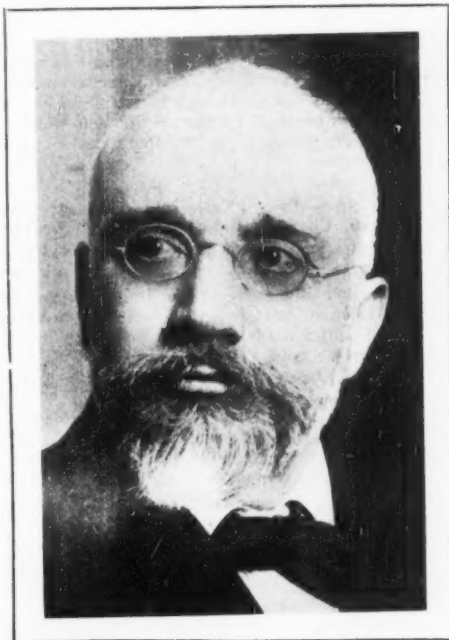


Prominent Peace Makers—Marshal Foch, Premier Clemenceau of France, David Lloyd George, Premier Orlando of Italy and Baron Sonnino, Italian Foreign Secretary.

ship, they can't go all the way. They particularly can't go all the way during a Peace Conference, when certain loud and strident voices in their own country are screeching to High Heaven an anti-British propaganda. Within less than twenty-four hours from one of these luncheons, I left for Canada to see if we could not arrange an interchange of representative Americans to speak in Canada and representative Canadians to speak in the United States, in order to maintain crystal clear good understanding between the two countries.

If German propaganda no longer has a royal paymaster, whence comes this sinister, dangerous, subtle anti-British propaganda? And what is its object? And what influences are secretly engineering it?

I cannot answer these questions definitely. That is—I cannot answer them with facts established with the certainty of evidence in a court of law; but I can trace the currents that are running counter to good relations between Great Britain and the United States; and you can trace those currents back up to their turgid head waters for yourself; and when you have reached those turgid pools, I want you to recall the



M. Venizelos, the Greek Statesman, who will be an important figure at the Peace Conference.

THE MINX GOES *to the* FRONT

A Story of the Reconquered Districts of France

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

Joint Authors of "The Lightning Conductor,"
"The Princess Passes," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT I



things are pretty hot where they are—good copy!" he explained. "There's room and to spare here, and lots of food. By Jove, maybe the ladies'll help me entertain our American chaps (half a dozen officers), who're coming from Compiègne to dine to-morrow evening! That would be great for me—and for them! You see, the call for our boys to go didn't come till the invitation had been accepted, so the only thing was to let the guests turn up, and me do my best. I got a bit of shrapnel in my leg the last time I had a stunt to do, and the doc. made me stay at home, so I was on hand all right as host, you see. And the château's a show place. Everyone who blows along wants to have a look round, and we couldn't let the Americans get away from us. They've gone to Roye and Nesle and Ham and Coucy-le-Château to-day. To-morrow they'll be at Noyon till it's time to come here; and the two nights they spend at Compiègne."

(No wonder we had not been able to find rooms in the hotel! But I didn't grudge them to our new Allies.)

"They'll go crazy to find ladies in the château to receive them," he went on. And Nancy, far from appearing to think that result deplorable, promptly accepted the invitation in Mother's name as well as her own.

"The boys" had taken the one big auto which the correspondents possessed, it seemed, but there was a little "sabot" that was used by the chef for marketing, and Mr. Hood would himself drive to the scene of the accident. He would rescue Mrs. Henry Wayne and Miss Whitley, and send later to Compiègne for the luggage. When the chauffeur had repaired our car, he could bring it to the château garage, and be ready to start out for our trip in the morning. But we must promise to return in time to grace the "party."

I rejoiced that there was no room for me in the "shoe." I preferred that it should be the brave war correspondent, rather than her son, who broke to Mrs. Henry Wayne the news that Nancy Mix had accepted an important invitation in her name.

There must have been something winning about the man, or something singularly tactful, for when Mother arrived, she was benign though moist. She had consented to "play hostess" for the officers, who would, she was convinced, prove to be members of her special American Public.

Her Sixth Step—Roye; Nesle; Ham; Jussy; Coucy-le-Château, Chauny; and the Castle of Dreams

AS with Silverhair in the House of the Three Bears, everything was to our liking in the castle of the absent correspondents, from the dinner to the beds. We started early next morning, with a rejuvenated car, and the adjurations of Ellery Hood to be back by seven p.m. Our guide had to be picked up at Noyon once more, but we went by a different way, and saw more trenches, more devastated villages and more ruined châteaux. The lately repaired road was crowded with artillery, coming to the "back of the front" for repairs, and "camouflaged" *camions* crowded with soldiers bound for a few days' repose.

After Noyon, the way had a sadness for which all we had read and all we had heard could not prepare our minds: the sadness of murdered trees.

Here and there we had seen them chopped down, brought to their knees, but not in legions; not wide orchards laid in waste, without the youngest sapling spared; not long lines of noble elms and poplars, which had shaded generations of travellers, hacked to pieces or blown to splinters with gunpowder. It was a



Deep in conversation with her was an American officer.

sight, especially in the sweet summer time, to wring the heart. My eyes were wet, and I heard myself utter low cries of agony and rage. I had not known that I loved trees so dearly, so intimately, but I felt as if I had been led past the bodies of fair young women and little children, struck to death on some fête day, when they had been dancing in gala dress.

If the retreating Germans had cut down trees to block the roads behind them, and so delay the enemy, it would not have been so bad. But not a tree was found lying across the road, said our guide. Many had not even fallen when the French and English came, but were hacked so cruelly that they would have crashed down in the first storm. The one great consolation was that the older trees, which once had made long, shady avenues, were used to mend the roads; and so the Allied troops passed on in pursuit of the enemy with a dash that would have been impossible had not the trees helped in death, as they had pleased in life.

BETWEEN the murdered orchards, surrounded by waste-land which had been meadows, lay vague traces of vanished farms and hamlets wiped out of existence. So we came to Roye, which was of immense impressiveness in ruin. Once it had been a rich little town of four thousand souls, trading in sugar and grain, proud of its fine old church, St. Pierre, whose 16th century glass archaeologists came from afar to see. Now, it is one of those many Pompeiis which Germany has given France. The windows of St. Pierre—the few that are left—are eyeless sockets, that stare as from a gigantic skull. We got out of the car, and climbed a hill of stone, which once had been the church walls. Sliding and stumbling we crawled over masses of débris towards the high altar which alone remained untouched by fire and bombs. Standing on that height, we could see the dismantled organ, which had been famous. All the brass and metal had been torn off when the treasures of the church were stolen. German mines had blown up half the streets. We saw old men and women wandering desolately, as if uncertain where their own houses had stood. Nesle, where next we arrived, was in the same tragic state. Germans had done particularly brilliant work in sapping and mining there! The church of Nesle was built in the 12th century, and many years had gone to its furnishing and decoration. A few hours, a few Germans, a few pounds of dynamite had reduced it to a heap of shattered stones, in the enlightened 20th century. But the great drama of Nesle had been enacted in the burial ground.

I EXPLAINED our plight, and that we had come to beg "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine. If this were a hospital, perhaps the médecin major. . . ."

"But no, Monsieur," answered the man in blue. "This is the château of the English and American newspaper correspondents for the French front. They live here, in the companionship of two French officers, and a few servants including myself. Alas, all are away to-day, at—but I must not mention the place! All, that is, except Monsieur Hood, who stays to entertain the visiting American officers when they arrive to-morrow."

"Hood!" echoed Nancy—which was intelligent of her, as he had pronounced it "Ood." "There's an American named Ellery Hood, who writes from France for the New York *Universe*. I've read his things."

"It is our Monsieur. He is Ellery 'Ood,'" said the soldier.

"And the American officers who're coming to visit to-morrow must be the lot we saw going into the Palace at Compiègne," Nancy added to me. Then, in her best French: "Will you tell Monsieur Ellery Hood that his compatriot, Miss Nancy Mix of Kentucky, and the son of the world-wide Mrs. Henry Wayne are calling upon him?"

As I wondered what Mother would think of the description, we were ushered in and shown into a pretty little reception room decorated with spoils of the chase. A minute later, and a tall, thin, brown young man in khaki bounded into the room, as excited as if we had been a battle to be reported. But it was not the world-wideness of Mrs. Henry Wayne which roused his emotion. It was the Kentuckiness of Miss Mix, and (when he had seen her in broad electric light) her Nanciness, which heated his blood.

He shook hands with her in a way to break her rings, with me to crack my finger-joints, and told us in good American that he hadn't been as pleased since he took mumps and had to miss school. Except from his brother correspondents, he hadn't heard the English language for months, and he was tired of their way of talking it. After this, for a few moments, there was a sort of firework competition of American slang; and out of it, on Hood's side, was forthcoming an invitation to dine and spend the night.

"The boys won't get back till day after to-morrow morning, even if they motor all to-morrow night, for

In old days (all days before the war are old) it was a peaceful resting place for the earthly remains of peace-loving people. There were charming trees, and flowers, and some fine old family vaults, as well as many humbler graves carpeted with grass pinks and "pansies for thought." But the Germans came, and opened the vaults. What was worth taking, they took. The bodies they flung on the ground. Other bodies they dug up, to make place for German dead; and at their leisure they carved elaborate yet unconsciously grotesque monuments for their fallen officers. Then, by and by, the British appeared, and drove the "Huns" out of Nesle. When they found the cemetery littered with skeletons of French men and women and children, the Tommies were enraged. They could not be content with respectfully re-burying the scattered bones. They avenged the desecration by smashing the pretentious German monuments. They chopped off stone and plaster heads of fiercely mustached colonels and majors, but they left the graves of simple soldiers intact. By and by a famous French statesman visited Nesle, and the cemetery whose tragic drama had set Paris talking. Seeing the havoc wrought upon German officers' tombs, he shook his head, doubting the righteousness of such revenge.

"I am not sure that any, wrong justified this," he said, "and I do not think our soft-hearted *poilus* could have done it. After all, friend or enemy, the dead are the dead!"

Then he was taken to a neighboring town, where the unearthed and despoiled French bodies still lay by their own grave-sides, or tumbled in heaps to make way for the Germans buried in their place. The blood of the statesman boiled in his veins at this sight. He saw red, and before the crimson cloud had time to fade, he had torn down thirty of the aggressors' tombstones with his own hands.

An old man walked with us through the graveyard, a very old man of Nesle. So long had he lived there, that when the houses of his native town were blown up or burnt down, still he could not tear himself away. He hid in the ruins. He dodged death a dozen times an hour during the days of destruction; he contrived to hide a gun and ammunition, "in case of the worst," when he would make the Boches pay high for his life if it came to the selling. Now, he haunts the ghost-town; a ghost among ghosts, the keys of his vanished house in his ragged pocket, waiting for "un de ces nobles américains" to adopt Nesle as they have adopted Noyon. Then the fallen stones will be removed from his cellar, and he will find the little bag of money he buried there—ah, no need yet to tell just where!

Meanwhile I saw Nancy Mix give him "something to go on with."

IN the historic little town of Ham, we lunched hastily in a hotel which the Germans had made their headquarters for months. The old landlady who had been forced to serve them served us, and poured out stories as she poured out wine. Oh yes, the Boches had made themselves comfortable at Ham! It was a pleasant place to stay, with the canal for their traffic, and the river Somme for their fishing. They boasted that when they chose to go, they would destroy the historic castle. At last the day came. If they were not precisely "anxious to go, the Allied armies were ready to make them." Notice was therefore given to the unfortunate town-dwellers: "Take two days' food and your families into the church. Stop there, on peril of your lives, till your monument historique has been

blown up and ceased to exist. When the moment comes for you to leave your houses, the signal will be given. Be ready!"

So the people were ready, having learned the horrible lesson that it was wise to obey without argument, without even a sign of grief. They were ready for days and nights, never daring to take off their clothes lest the summons should be given while they slept, according to German humor. But their masters had thought of something even funnier than rousing them in the small hours for a march to the church. This was, to forget the signal. At two o'clock one night the great château of Ham was blown up, with an explosion which seemed to rend the world. Houses of the town, cracked like eggshells, and many fell, burying whole families in this collapse.

WHEN we had listened for an hour to the landlady's tales, we were burning with interest to see what the Germans had left of the stout old castle, which centuries ago defied British onslaughts.

Never, at its best, could it have been more picturesque than now, and I told myself that more pilgrims will travel over land and sea to worship at the ruined shrine than ever came in the prime of its magnificence. Still the round tower or *donjon*, one hundred feet high and one hundred feet round, rears its majestic, pale rose bulk against the blue. The thick walls of the square built château (walls which, if they spoke, could tell tales of romantic or princely prisoners, from Jeanne d'Arc to Louis Napoleon) have fallen into astonishing picturesqueness of shape, as bits of broken glass in a kaleidoscope take new forms of surprising beauty. It seemed worth while to have journeyed

from England to France just to see how the proud old Château of Ham bears itself in adversity; and I wondered if Louis Napoleon (who escaped from its dungeons, dressed as a mason) would feel now that he had got poetical justice for his six years of imprisonment.

On from Ham we spun to Jussy, only three or four miles behind the first line of the front. It was what our lieutenant called a "quiet day," but now and then the roar of cannons from one side or the other shook the earth, and the low horizon was dull grey, with a brooding cloud of smoke. There was nothing left of Jussy but vague heaps of stone where streets had existed, and the astonishing remains of what a few weeks before had been a huge sugar distillery, among the most important of France. The evil magician of war had touched it with his fiery wand, and left a wild whirlpool of twisted girders rising high against the sky in iron waves, or writhing like rust-red snakes over a pile of blackened bricks and nameless rubbish. But, though Jussy the town had been blotted out with all its industries, an extraordinary armed camp had sprung up on the outskirts of its ruin. This was indeed "the Front!" Even the German trenches on the other side of Noyon, with their dugouts and cupolas, had not given me the thrill of war that this place gave. Wherever there were not piles of cannon balls, there were cannon. I longed to caress their backs as if they had been a pack of hounds gathered round me. There were queer little mushroom buildings, with high board walks leading to them—to avoid the hideous white mud only just dried by the summer sun. Overhead floated two or three giant *saucisses*, observing the enemy lines; and when Miss Mix inadvertently called them *saucissons*, our guide laughed as if there were no war, and she had uttered the record witticism of the world.

JUSSY, he warned us, was under bombardment when the Germans turned their thoughts that way, but no obus had come for some days. Coucy-le-Château was another affair; and even Chauny was somewhat dangerous. We must choose whether or no we cared to risk a shell on the road to Coucy, and to be chased out of Chauny by the Taubes that flew over each afternoon to "catch" the military automobiles. As for him, it was all in the day's work. Shell-shock had kept him at the "back of the front" for months, but he was himself again, and would soon be taking his regiment over the top on the *Chemin des Dames*. Yesterday he had brought the American officers—splendid fellows, *gentils garçons!*—within fifty yards of Coucy-le-Château. Perhaps he would bring someone else to-morrow. What, then, was our decision? If we preferred safety, he'd take us at once up to the observation summer house, built by Prince Eitel Fritz to gaze at St. Quentin and at Soissons. Then we could run back to Noyon on our way home.

"Where those American boys went we must go, or be cowards!" decided Nancy. "I'm not afraid! Are you?"

The challenge was to Mother. Even with the whole British and American Public urging her to live for them and future generations, Mrs. Henry Wayne could not confess herself less brave than a Miss Mix of Kentucky.

"We will go," she said. "That is, if Lord John's chauffeur consents to risk himself and his master's car."

Fawcett asked nothing better. It made him feel, he said, as if he'd his two feet again. So we dashed on, to meet any adventure that might be waiting.

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I caught her hands . . . "Nancy, dear Nancy . . ."

THE FARMER *in* POLITICS

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "Why Laurier Will Wait," "The Power of the West," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE



Prices are still soaring.

IS the farmer about to enter into his kingdom? Shall the hand that swings the cradle rule this Dominion? Is the horny-handed yeoman who earns his bread by the sweat of the hired man's brow about to make the Government bow the knee before him and manufacturers eat out of his hand? These are added entries to the long list of problems which politicians have to solve. They must be settled even before demobilization is accomplished or the foundations of reconstruction are laid. For, to work on the latter, the Union Government must live. And a mobilization of the farmer forces in the House of Commons for a frontal attack on the tariffs might so embarrass the powers that be that they would find it impossible to do anything except to get ready for a general election. That is, if the Laurier Opposition are prepared to throw in with the men from the farms and prairies who are demanding free trade in no undecided way. And in this connection it is always well to remember that the Laurier Opposition always did profess free trade, even when it practised high tariff.

Be that as it may, anyone with half an eye can see that this recent tour of the West by the Unionized Cabinet Ministers has thrown a farmer scare into a Government that has frequently been accused of being capitalistic in its tendencies. Some well-informed people even insist that a compromise has been reached between the powers at Ottawa and the farmers of the West; that the long waited for free agricultural implements are to come in over the border in return for the support that will enable Sir Robert Borden and his henchmen to continue the work of bringing home the boys, putting the war industries on a peace basis, and incidentally spending that \$686,000,000, minus commissions, that the Victory Loan brought into the Dominion treasury.

You may have noticed that a little over a month ago the apparently suspended animation of the Cabinet

came back with a rush. General Mewburn appeared in Toronto with a speech that told of Canada's great work in the war and even ventured on some hazy outlines of demobilization policy. Sir Thomas White also jumped into the spotlight with a fairly well camouflaged reconstruction statement; while Hon. Wesley Rowell, to make sure the plain people would not think he was sulking in his tent because he did not get to the Peace Conference, hopped down to his constituency and did a partial defence of the Murphy charges of last session. That was the beginning of a flood of publicity which would lead the public to believe that the Union Government is at last a well-oiled machine that hums with a new harmony, nor pauses to ask whether the sun or the street lamps furnish the light without. Also, about the same time, the cries that the next session would see the finish of Canada's great War Time Cabinet commenced to die away. And in their place came subdued whispers which gradually formulated as follows:

- (1) The War Times Election Act will not be repeated for the present at least.
- (2) The duty on farm implements will disappear in the first step towards bringing about a better feeling between the farmer and his ancient enemy, the manufacturer.
- (3) Some agreement has been reached to secure the farmer against any sudden shrinkage in the value of wheat.

Security for Another Session

THESE slight concessions will secure to the Union Government security through probably another session at the cost of silence. The Ginger group will howl their heads off at the raid on the first line of protective defences. But what matters a little noise? Said Ginger group will never vote Laurier into power, even if the latter could be persuaded to alienate the West by voting against something he has sometimes promised even if he fell short of ever giving. So you see that, even if Sir Wilfrid wanted to bring on an election this year—and his friends say he doesn't—he couldn't do it with any degree of safety.

So Sir Robert Borden is once more the favorite of a set of circumstances that promise to prolong his public career. Calder, Sifton and Carvell, who joined the Cabinet to escape the War Times Election Act, must stay with it, because



Is he about to make Governments bow the knee and manufacturers eat out of his hand?

mark! Its very size probably earned the respect of the Government, for it lay in Ottawa for about six months without being cashed and was then cancelled by the men who wrote it. How much that check accomplished in the way of turning the eyes of the politician to the West will probably never be known. But what everybody knows is that politicians respect people who have money and have a strong partiality to organizations that control votes. No one will doubt that, when the United Grain Growers demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt that they counted their money by millions and their votes by tens of thousands, the politicians took off their hats and stood to prayerful attention.

Indirect Control of the West

BUT mark you, those Western farmers have learned more of the ways of Big Business than the simple piling up of the profits on their wheat. They have kept their eyes open and among other things have seen that the big business man seldom lets his ambitions lead him into Parliament. He sends his attorney instead. Or, if his interests are large enough, he casts his bread upon the waters in the shape of contribu-



Sir Thomas leads them gently through the mazes of kindergarten financing.



They are all dressed up but have no place else to go.

tions to the campaign funds of one or both of the parties.

Of course an occasional misguided manufacturer or semi-capitalist wanders from the beaten path that leads to worldly wealth and is numbered among his country's statesmen. But he isn't what you would call a success. Sir Thomas White is probably the nearest thing to a prominent politician that financial Canada has furnished. But it is well to remember that Sir Thomas was a lawyer, and harbored a suspicion that he was an orator, before an accumulation of dollars and financial experience justified him in dallying with the nation's future. And even he does not inspire all factions in the House with confidence in his statesmanship. He knows probably from early experience the limitations of lawyers when it comes to questions of dollars. His lectures to his colleagues on the fundamental principles of finance are a source of constant joy to the press gallery. He starts in somewhere about "twice two are four" and leads them gently through the mazes of kindergarten banking. He knows that constant dropping will wear through the thickest ivory, so over and over again he repeats his most simple formula. He does it with the utmost good nature, emphasized by the most benign smiles. But it is feared that many of the members do not appreciate his condescension. In fact it is whispered that his figures figure as one of the most serious obstacles that lie between the greatest of our financial statesmen and the Premiership of what the rural member is prone to describe as "this fair Dominion."

Then there are others, like Frank McCrea of



Their president, R. H. Halbert, has a wonderful hold on his audience.

Sherbrooke, who wails about the way the poor paper manufacturer is being oppressed till his fellow members are tempted to bludgeon him into silence by putting a legislative crimp in the price of paper. But on the whole the manufacturer is content to keep on manufacturing and leave to the lawyer the making of the laws out of which he must make his living. And the financier keeps right on financing, keeping a separate column for the cost of the legislation he needs in his business.

So, profiting by the experience of those who have made a success of commercial politics, the Western farmers have not branched out into politics as a party. They have nominated no "farmers' candi-

dates." They have drawn up a platform, of course. It is essential that the folks at Ottawa should know what are the united wishes of these thousands of men and millions of money. But having made their platform, they stand back and say to the political parties:

"Here you are, gentlemen! Here is a nice place to stand while you ride to power. You can see the terms on which you can ride."

To be sure the scramble to make the Union Government has brought to

Parliament, and even into the Cabinet, some prominent members of the big farmers' union. Hon. T. A. Crerar is one. Probably no man is more responsible for the financial success of the Western farmer movement than the head of United Grain Growers' Limited. But it was as a Unionist and not as a farmer that he came to Ottawa. It is an open secret that he early discovered that his talent did not lie along political lines. No one ever tried harder than the Minister of Agriculture to master the Parliamentary game. He might have succeeded too if his colleagues had not kept him so busy ducking his head to keep it from being hit by the passing buck. He knows now that he is out of his element and will soon quit. If necessary he will go out on the crest of a wave of indignation raised by the continuation of high tariff. But he'll go anyway. He's had enough. And mark you, the tariff planks in the last Winnipeg platform of the Canadian Council of Agriculture are exactly the same now as they were when Mr. Crerar entered the Government. The only changes in the recent platform from its predecessor call for the repeal of the War Times Election Act and no increase in the centralization of Imperial control. In all other respects the text form remains as it was. In other words those same farmers knew what they wanted two years ago. They want those same things still. And if certain additions have been made it is probably just because further experience has taught those farmers that, when dealing with politicians, it is always better to have something you can throw off to help along the dieker.

The Movement in Ontario

SO much for the Western farmers. Recognizing the right of manufacturers to form the Canadian Manufacturers' Association you cannot deny them the privilege of getting together on a similar basis.

And the Canadian Council of Agriculture is to the farmer organizations just what the C.M.A. is to the manufacturers. But wait, you say, the United Farmers of Ontario are also affiliated with the C.C. of A. And you are right, even if you have to admit that the Ontario body is built on different lines and is viewed with a certain amount of suspicion by its Western sisters. The Westerners have business as their basis and are gaining strength because they demonstrated their building powers. The U.F. of O. are largely founded on discontent and are out with their axes to smash everything in sight. They do a little business in the way of buying binder twine and coal, but their weakness is best put in the words of an experienced Westerner: "They don't sell anything." Nor is it certain that they will develop along business lines. They are too busy assuring each other that the political salvation of the country is their special mission in life. Also their leaders have at least one eye always straying towards political preferment. Their president, R. H. Halbert, can talk farmer grievances with great fluency and he has a wonderful hold on his audiences. He went into the North Ontario Convention an outsider and comparative stranger and walked away with the Federal nomination for the constituency, though probably twenty-five per cent. of the delegates present wanted that nomination for their own individual selves. And in the December convention in Toronto he managed to do most of the talking himself, though nearly all the fifteen hundred delegates wanted to talk nearly all the time. Halbert doesn't look much. But his Irish voice carries high and far,



They are out with their axes to smash everything in sight.

and he has a peculiar kind of magnetism that appears to appeal to the farmer—and more especially the farmer with a grouch.

But right there lies the main weakness of the Ontario farmer movement. It is all or nearly all an appeal to the farmer with a grouch. And in these days of \$2.26 wheat and farmers' automobiles, the farmer with a grouch is not so numerous as he might otherwise be. The United Farmers of Ontario have 615 clubs and claim a total membership of 25,000. But remember that the total number of farmers in Ontario is between 175,000 and 200,000. Also bear in mind that of the 25,000 members of the farmers' clubs not all are prepared to get out and shout in order to advance the political fortunes of some of their leaders.

Furthermore, 10,000 of the U.F. of O. members have been added since the famous excursion to Ottawa last April. That excursion was made up of farmers whose sons had been promised exemption from Military Service by the Union Government, and who had later been called to the colors by Order-in-Council. They were a mad lot of farmers who swooped down on the capital that April day, and their tempers were not improved by having to sleep in chairs in hotel corridors that night. They didn't get much satisfaction from

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THE STRANGE ADVENTURE of the THUMB-TAP CLUE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Hand of Peril," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

I WAS being followed. Of that there was no longer a shadow of doubt. Move by move and turn by turn, for even longer than I had been openly aware of it, some one had been quietly shadowing me.

Now, if one thing more than another stirs the blood of the man who has occasion to walk by night, it is the discovery that his steps are being dogged. The thought of being watched, of having a possible enemy behind one, wakens a thrill that is ancestral.

So, instead of continuing my busily aimless circuit about that high-spiked iron fence which incloses Gramercy Park, I shot off at a tangent, continuing from its north-west corner in a straight line toward Fourth Avenue and Broadway.

I had thought myself alone in that midnight abode of quietness. Only the dread of a second sleepless night had kept me there, goading me on in my febrile revolutions until weariness should send me stumbling off my circuit like a six-day rider off his wheel.

Once I was in the house shadows where Twenty-first Street again begins I swung about and waited. I stood there, in a sort of quiet belligerency, watching the figure of the man who had been dogging my steps. I saw him turn southward in the square, as though my flight were a matter of indifference to him. Yet the sudden relieving thought that his movements might have been as aimless as my own was swallowed up by a second and more interesting discovery.

It was the discovery that the man whom I had accepted as following me was in turn being followed by yet another man.

I waited until this strange pair had made a full circuit of the iron-fenced inclosure. Then I turned back into the square, walking southward until I came opposite my own house door. The second man must have seen me as I did so. Apparently suspicious of possible espionage, he loitered with assumed carelessness at the Park's southern corner. The first man, the slighter and younger-looking figure of the two, kept on his unheeding way, as though he were the ghostlike competitor in some endless nightmare of a Marathon.

MY contemplation of him was interrupted by the advent of a fourth figure, a figure which seemed to bring something sane and reassuring to a situation that was momentarily growing more ridiculous. For the newcomer was McCooey, the patrolman. He swung around to me without speaking, like a ferry swinging into its slip. Then he stood looking impassively up at the impassive November stars.

"Yuh're out late," he finally commented, with that careless ponderosity which is the step-child of unquestioned authority.

"McCooey," I said, "there's a night prowler going around this park of yours. He's doing it for about the one hundred and tenth time. And I wish you'd find out what in heaven he means by it."

"Been disturbin' yuh?" casually asked the law incarnate. Yet he put the question as an indulgent physician might to a patient. McCooey was of that

I sat there blinking up at her, for it was Mary Lockwood herself.

type which it is both a joy and a temptation to mystify.

"He's assaulted my curiosity," I solemnly complained.

"D' yuh mean he's been interferin' wid yuh?" demanded my literal friend.

"I mean he's invaded my peace of mind."

"Then I'll see what he's after," was the other's answer. And a moment later he was swinging negligently out across the pavement at a line which would converge with the path of the nervously pacing stranger. I could see the two round the corner almost together. I could see McCooey draw nearer and nearer. I could even see that he had turned and spoken to the night walker as they went down the square together past the lights of the Players.

I could see that this night walker showed neither resentment nor alarm at being so accosted. And I could also see that the meeting of the two was a source of much mystification to the third man, the man who still kept a discreet watch from the street corner on my right.



McCooey swung back to where I stood. He swung back resentfully, like a retriever who had been sent on a blind trail.

"What's he after, anyway?" I irritably inquired.

"He says he's after sleep!" "After what?" I demanded.

McCooey blinked up at a sky suddenly reddened by an East River gas flare. Then he took a deep and disinterested breath.

"He says he's after sleep," repeated the patrolman. "Unless he gets her, says he, he's goin' to walk into the East River."

"What's the matter with the man, anyway?" I asked, for that confession had brought the pacing stranger into something very close and kindred to me.

"'Tis nothin' much," was the big man's answer. "Like as not he's been overeatin' and havin' a bad night or two."

And with that my friend the patrolman, turning on his heel, pursued his way through the quiet canyons of the streets where a thousand happy sleepers knew nothing of his coming, saw nothing of his going.

I stood there, looking after him as he went. Then I crossed to the north-west corner of the iron-fenced inclosure and waited for that youth whom the arm of wakefulness was swinging about like a stone in a sling.

I deliberately blocked his way as he tried to edge irritably about me.

"Pardon me," I began. He looked up, like a somnambulist suddenly awakened. "Pardon me, but I think I ought to warn you that you are being followed."

"Am I?"

"Yes; and I think you ought to know it."

"Oh, I know it," was his apathetic response. "I'm even beginning to get used to it."

HE stepped back and leaned against the iron fence. His face, under the street lamps, was a very unhappy looking one. It carried a woe-be-gone impassivity, the impassivity which implied he was so submerged in misery that no further blow could be of consequence to him.

And yet, beyond the fixed pallor of that face there was something appealing, some trace of finer things, some touch which told me that he and the nocturnal underworld had nothing in common.

"But are you getting used to the other thing?" I asked.

"What other thing?" was his slow inquiry. I could see the twin fires of some dull fever burning in the depths of his cavernous eyes.

"Going without sleep," I answered. For the second time he stared at me.

"But I'm going to sleep," he answered. "I've got to!"

"We all have to," I platitudinously remarked. "But there are times when we all don't."

He laughed a curious little mirthless laugh.

"Are you ever troubled that way?" he asked.

We stood there facing each other, like two kindred ghosts communing amid the quietness of a catacomb. Then I laughed, not so bitterly, I hope, as he had done.

"I've walked this square," I told him, "a thousand times to your one."

"I've been doing it here for the last three hours," he quietly confessed.

"And it's done you up," I rejoiced. "And what we both need is a quiet smoke and an hour or two with our feet up on something."

"That's very good of you," he had the grace to admit, as his gaze followed mine toward the house door. "But there are a number of things I've got to think out."

He was a decent sort. There was no doubt of that. But it was equally plain that he was in a bad way about something or other.

"Let's think it out together!" I had the boldness to suggest.

HE laughed mirthlessly, though he was already moving southward along the square with me as he began to speak again.

"There is something I've got to think out alone," he told me. He spoke, this time, without resentment, and I was glad of it. That unhappy-eyed youth had in some way got a grip, if not on my affection, at least on my interest. And in our infirmity we had a bond of sympathy. We were like two refugees pursued by the same bloodhounds and seeking the same trails of escape. I felt that I was violating no principle of reticence in taking him by the arm.

"But why can't you slip in to my digs," I suggested, "for a smoke and a drop of Bristol Milk?"

I was actually wheedling and coaxing him as a stubborn child is coaxed.

"Milk!" he murmured. "I never drink milk."

"But, my dear man, Bristol Milk isn't the kind that comes from cows. It's seventy-year old sherry that's been sent on a sea-voyage to Australia and back. It's something that's oil to the throat and music to the senses!"

He looked at me as though the whole width of a Hudson River flowed between us.

"That sounds appealing," he acknowledged. "But I'm in a mess that even Bristol Milk won't wash me out of."

"Well, if it's that bad, it's worth forgetting for an hour or two!" I announced. He laughed again, relaxing. I took a firmer and more fraternal grip on his arm.

And side by side we went up the steps and through the door into the quietness of that sober-fronted house which I still called by the empty name of home.

In five minutes I had a hickory log ablaze in the fireplace, the library chairs drawn up, and Criswell, my captive, with his hat and coat off. At his side stood a plate of biscuits and a glass of Bristol Milk. But he seemed to find more consolation in sitting back and peering at the play of the flames. His face was a very tired one. The skin was clammy and dead-looking; and yet from the depths of that fatigue flared the familiar ironic white lights of wakefulness. I think I knew about how he felt.

We sat there without speaking, yet not unconscious of a silent communion of thought. I knew, however, that Bristol Milk was not in the habit of leaving a man long tongue-tied. So I turned to refill his glass. I had noticed that his hands were shaky, just as I had noticed the tell-tale twitch to one of his eyelids. But when his uncontrolled fingers accidentally knocked the glass from the edge of the table it gave me a bit of a start.

He sat there looking studiously down at the scattered pieces of crystal.

"It's hell!" he suddenly burst out.

"What is?" I inquired.

"Being in this sort of shape!" was his vehement response. I did not permit myself to look at him. Sympathy was not the sort of thing he needed. Seventy-year old sherry, I felt, was more to the purpose.

"Especially when we haven't any excuse for it," I lazily commented, passing him a second glass, filling it, and turning to watch the fire.

"Warming stuff, that Bristol Milk," he said with a catch of the breath that was too short to be called a sigh. Then, laughing and wiping the sweat from his forehead, he went on with an incoherence that approached that of childhood.

"I've got an excuse."

I waited for a moment or two.

"What is it?"

"That man you saw trailing me around the square, for one thing."

"Even that isn't altogether an excuse," I maintained. "But it's what he stands for," protested my visitor. He sat staring into the fire for a minute or two. I sat beside him, again conscious of some inarticulate and evasive companionship.

"How did it begin?" I finally asked.

He took a deep breath. Then he closed his eyes. And when he spoke he did so without opening them.

"I don't think I could explain," was his listless answer.

"Make a try at it," I urged. "Let's ventilate the thing, canalize it. Let's throw a little light and order into it."

HE moved his head up and down, slowly, as though he had some vague comprehension of the psychology of confession, some knowledge of the advantages of "exteriorizing" secret offences. Then he sat very still and tense.

"But there's no way of ventilating this. There's no way of knocking a window in it. It's—it's only a blank wall."

"Why a blank wall?" I inquired.

He turned and looked past me, with unseeing eyes.

"Because I can't remember," he said in a voice which made it seem that he was speaking more to himself than to me. He looked about him, with a helplessness that was pitiful. "I can't remember!" he repeated, with the forlornness of a frightened child.

"That's exactly what I wanted to get at," I cried, with a pretense at confident and careless intimacy. "So let's clear away in front of the blank wall. Let's at least try a kick or two at it."

"It's no use," he complained.

"Well, let's try," I persisted, with forced cheerfulness. "Let's get at the beginning of things."

"How far back do you want me to go?" he finally asked. He spoke with the weary listlessness of a patient confronted by an unwelcome practitioner.

"Let's begin right at the first," I blithely suggested. He sat looking at his shaking fingers for a moment or two.

"There's really nothing much to begin at," he tried to explain. "These things don't seem to begin in a minute, or an hour, or a day."

"Of course not," I assented as I waited for him to go on.

"The thing I noticed at the time, about the only thing I even thought of, was that my memory seemed to have a blind spot—a blind spot the same as an eye has."

"Ill?" I asked. "Or overworking?"

"I guess I'd been pounding away pretty hard, I know I had. You see, I wanted to make good in that office. So I must have been biting off more than I could chew."

"What office?" I asked as he came to a stop. He looked up at me with a stare of dazed perplexity.

"Didn't I tell you that?" he asked, massaging his frontal bone with the ends of his unsteady fingers. "Why, I mean John Lockwood's office."

"John Lockwood?" I repeated, with a sudden tightening of the nerves. "Do you mean the railway-investment man, the man who made so many millions up along the North-west coast?"

THE youth in the chair nodded. And I made an effort to control my feelings, for John Lockwood, I knew only too well, was the father of Mary Lockwood. He too had exploited the Frozen North, but had exploited it in a manner very different to mine.

"Go on," I said, after quite a long pause.

"Lockwood brought me down from the Canadian Northern offices in Winnipeg. He said he'd give me a chance in the East—the chance of my life."

"What, were you in his office?"

"I suppose you'd call it private secretary. But I don't think he knew what I was myself."

"And he let you overwork yourself?"

"No, I can't say that. It wasn't his fault. You see, his work this summer kept him out at the Coast a good deal of the time. He had an English mining engineer named Carlton looking over some British Columbia interests."

"And you carried on the office work while Lockwood was out West?"

"I did what I could to keep my end of the thing going. But, you see, it was all so new to me. I hadn't got deep enough into the work to organize it the way I wanted to. There were a lot of little things that couldn't be organized."

"Why not?"

"Well, this man Carlton, for instance, had Lockwood's office look after his English mail. It had to be sent on from whatever point he reported from."

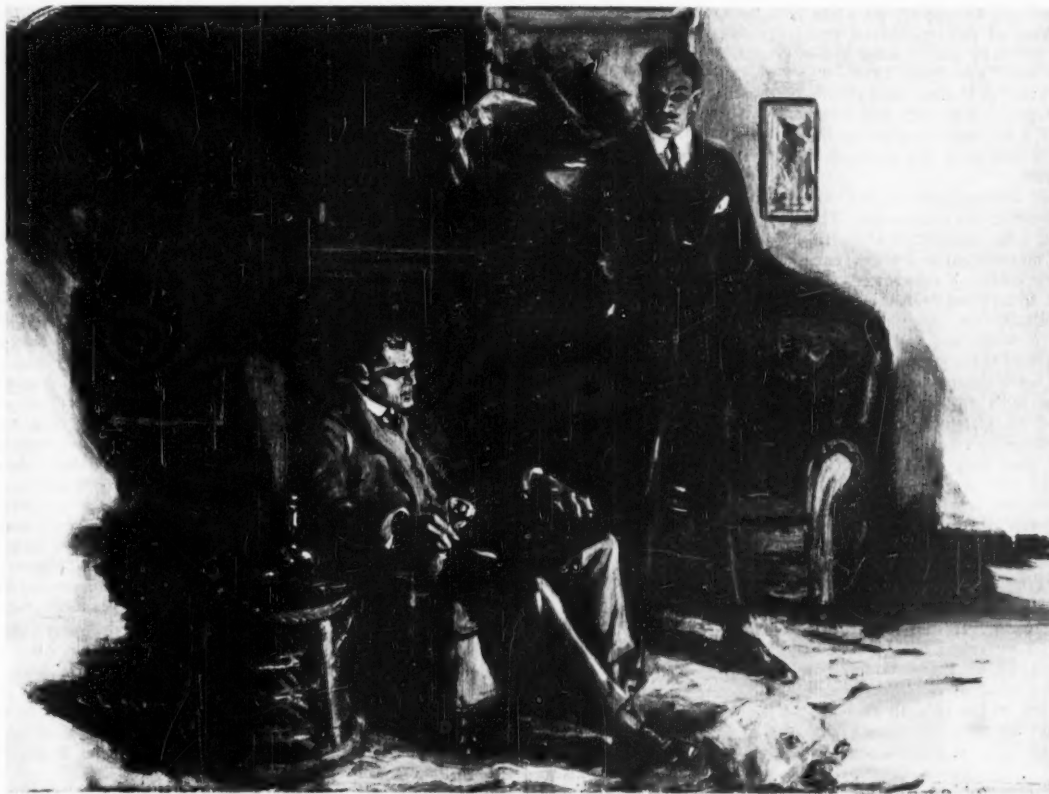
"Well?"

"When Lockwood was away from the office he deputized me to look after this mail, sign for the registered letters, re-direct telegrams, see that everything went through to the right point. It was quite a heavy mail. Carlton, I guess, was a man of importance, and beside that he was investing for friends at home. Looking after it, of course, was simple enough, but—"

"Wait!" I interrupted. "Has this mail anything to do with our blank wall?"

He looked at me as though he had seen me for the first time, as though all that while he had been merely thinking aloud.

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He seemed to find more consolation in sitting back and peering at the play of the flames.

THE VEINS *of the* GREAT WAR GOD

By Corporal Herbert Forder

ONE of the most remarkable features of this war is the record of The Canadian Railroad Troops.

You can imagine the Frankenstein of War not unlike a monstrous human being. The brain is General Head Quarters, the heart is G.H.Q. Railroad Troops; the arteries and veins are the endless lines of track supplemented by the roads department and the mechanical transport which take the place of capillaries, or smaller veins on the surface of the war god; the stomach, liver and kidneys are the Army Service Corps producing and distributing nourishment; the battlers are the blood corpuscles fighting along the veins and arteries; the lungs are the Red Cross, the Army Medical Corps, the hospitals, convalescent homes and rest camps, cleansing and renewing the blood; the nerves are the engineers with their wires, telephones and wireless, overhead, along the tracks and underground. The morale of the army is its soul or spirit, dependent upon its General Condition of Health. Keep that in mind and you will see the importance of the work of the Railroad Troops. When the body is attacking or being attacked the outcome hangs in no small degree upon the unbroken transportation of nourishment to every part and more particularly to the part in danger.

The Imperial War Office, in one of its flashes of perception or intuition, gave the building and maintenance of these arteries and veins to the Canadian Railroad Troops, now numbering fourteen battalions under the headquarters command of Brigadier-General J. W. Stewart, C.M.G.

THE first battalion to carry on this work was the Canadian Overseas Railroad Company, all skilled railroad men with high rates of pay, recruited from Canadian railways. This company put in some splendid work at Dickeybush in April and May, 1916. The units and details were recruited in Canada and shipped to the Canadian Railroad Depot in England, where they were drilled and trained till a battalion was formed, or they were sent as drafts to augment the strength of battalions already in France.

These troops were armed and equipped in the same manner as their military cousins, the Engineers. They carry the Webb equipment, rifle, bayonet, ammunition and gas mask. Their own mechanical and mule transport are responsible for their tools. A square red patch with a square hole planted square between the shoulders of the tunic is their distinctive badge; the same being the cause of many a witty remark and much profane comment on the part of these strenuous troops.

At the beginning they were composed of specially recruited officers and men with railroad experience. Later the ranks were filled up with Canadian casualties. Quite a number of these recruits wore the blue shoulder straps indicating that they were men of the first contingent. Sometimes they wore two, three and even four gold stripes, speaking worlds of praise for our modern surgery and hospital system, while bearing mute witness to the stamina and spirit of these peerless soldiers.

As far as possible the Officers were selected from men with railroading careers behind them. Advancement by merit was often rapid. In the 5th, for instance, was a young officer, Lieutenant L—, a Canadian, whose home is in Puyallap, on Puget Sound. He came from Canada with the rank of corporal and reverted to the ranks according to the rule on arrival in France. He was made full corporal two weeks later, a sergeant in six weeks, and in three months was sent up for his Commission.

Another lieutenant, an experienced railroad man, was found digging a latrine in the honorable capacity of a sapper. A general, walking over the job, re-

cognized him, came over, shook hands, and sent him up for his Commission on the spot.

There were more promotions from the ranks in the Canadian Railroad Troops than in any other branch of the service. This was one of the secrets of their wonderful efficiency, for they fulfilled the Napoleonic maxim and "make them out of mud."

AT time of writing (shortly before the armistice was signed) they had laid something over 2,000 miles of track, almost equally divided between standard and narrow gauge.

The standard gauge branched everywhere from the main French lines, alleviating congestion which had become chronic, releasing the central arteries of traffic for the business which is keeping France the least injured of the Allies outside her frightful battle grounds, maintaining the farms, the mines, the credit and the industry of La Belle France.

From these tracks, immediately behind the lines, stretched out a veritable cob-web of narrow gauge, feeding the guns, the troops, the trenches, and carrying the wherewithal to every sector of this complicated war machine.

The power on the narrow gauge was mostly petrol motor, aided by a number of dinky locomotives of about 15 tons. The cars on the light track were nearly all open, while the ammunition trucks were of special build with a sunken hold in the centre.

When the Canadian Railroad Troops were at work on standard gauge lines they were similar to any civilian gang at work. But when laying narrow gauge, sometimes right across No Man's Land, and often under fire, they were armed and ready with a machine gun squad for each company, stretcher bearers and a Red Cross sergeant.

This was the most dangerous kind of work, for the enemy guns were promptly trained on any spot where rail-laying activities were noted. It was particularly dangerous when an advance had been made and our lines of steel had to be extended over the conquered territory; for, then, the enemy strove furiously to hamper "consolidation" and rained shells on us.

Consolidating an Advance

TO illustrate what happened when it was necessary to build in the wake of an advancing army I shall tell of the events under the German guns at the first battle of Cambrai.

The astonishing victory of General Byng on November 20th, 1917, gave the army under his command a vast amount of shattered terrain, from Bullecourt to Villars, twenty-six miles across.

Over this ground the cobweb of steel was immediately spun. The night we started work was bitterly

cold and frosty. The hoar frost hung like a mantle of crisp wool over every living and inanimate object. The

Fifth C.R.T. had the job and D Co., in advance on twenty little cars, dropped off at midnight about a mile from the slag heap at Hermes. The chug-chugging of the petrol motors ceased—only the bellow of the big guns near at hand made the night hideous.

A momentary chaos was reduced to a semblance of order as the C.R.T. moved from the steep embankment under a multitude of burdens—stores, canteen and quartermaster's tools, tents, grub, a blacksmith's shop, an orderly room, officers' tents, field kitchens, and blankets. Tent floors wriggled in grotesque contortions through the black drop curtain of the night. Dawn broke upon a camp in the being—the tents standing above circular holes, making a three-foot shelter with a surrounding bank to afford some protection from shrapnel.

The men secured a breakfast of hot tea, bacon, bread and butter, jam and hard tack, and, as they ate,

they took a keen first survey of their new location. Just above them on the ridge was a cemetery buried in foliage. A large brown cross and the eternal figure of "The Man of Sorrows" dominated the view. Behind them were rolling ridges of red soil, ploughed, harrowed and hacked by shell-fire. On the far horizon to the right was Bourlon Wood, a sepia blanket laid over the loins of a white horse. To the centre was Fontaine Noyelles with its red roofs and one tapering grey spire, then L'Escout straggling between its rows of poplars.

Their speculations were broken by the ascending scream of a high velocity shell.

"Krrup!" came the report—a geyser of earth rose and fell two hundred yards away. Fritz was seeking that big gun battery beyond the last ridge. Again, and once more came the scream and the thud of shells. The Hun was distributing his punches like a drunken man in a bar-room.

"Brraap!" and up went a section of the mule transport.

"Brraap!" A hut held by an Imperial Labor Battalion was demolished and scattered like chaff on the storm wind.

"Stretcher bearers on the double!" came the cry.

So D Co. gobbled its last morsel of bacon, tipped up the final drain of tea, and silently and sadly proceeded to move camp. Once more the circus act was repeated. A thousand pieces of material were hauled across the ridges and along the hollows on the stalwart shoulders of grunting and cussing sappers.

Three times that day they moved to escape destruction. By nightfall they had made a fairly safe pitch near a disused trench line and several old German dug-outs. In the meantime, of course, nothing had been done in the matter of tracklaying. But the following morning reveille sounded at six-thirty, and at seven, with dawn breaking clear, they were off to lay the first mile of the narrow gauge.

D Co. was split up into its component Platoons, Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16. Sixteen was put at grading, Fifteen at laying out ties, rails, bolts and spikes, Fourteen at bolting and spiking. Thirteen, "the mechanical gang," were put at cutting rails, laying frogs, points and switches.

The ground was good just here, despite the enemy bombardment. The surveyors had done their work well. We decided that D Co. could lay a mile of track per day. A Co., coming along behind, would unload ballast and attend to the lifting and lining of the track. B and C Cos. were working on another three miles across the Demicourt Road.

THE morning was a clear, sparkling blue and the enemy's observation balloons seemed quite near. The sappers bent to their task, however, and paid no



A pile of wreckage behind the line—work for the Canadian Railroad Troops.

attention. Snatches of song drifted by on the morning breeze and spike mauls rang lustily against the steel. The songs they sang were not the songs you have heard at home. They were all comic with a queer and tantalizing twist—railroad songs that helped along the work and that had something of the swing of the deep-sea "chanties."

Here is a verse and chorus for sample, led by Corporal D—, the comedian and football centre of D. Co.:

*"One day our Uncle Sammy, he had a war with Spain,
Not all the boys in blue were in the battle slain,
They were not killed by bullets. Oh! not by any means,
For most of them that died, were killed by Pork and Beans."*

Chorus—

*Stung right! Stung right! S-T-U-N-G.
Stung right! Stung right! Easy mark was me,
Oh! when the war is over and once again I'm free,
There'll be no more "Trips around the world" for me.*

That was the metal of their morale. After four years of war they were laughing at the worst Fritz could do—and many of them were twice and thrice wounded veterans.

In the meantime the enemy observation balloons above L'Escaut had given the tip to the batteries in Bourlon Wood. "Brraap," "Brraap," "Brraap!" big stuff came reaching out for the track. A pelting shower of earth, stones, and shrapnel fell among the men at work. Platoon by platoon they "downed tools," and ducked for the Imperial advanced trenches.

No one was caught that time.

The cooks made tea in the trenches, and the men ate their lunch of bully beef, cheese, bread and butter and jam. After half an hour of this Fritz turned his attention to the Howitzer batteries in the sunken road, so D Co. sallied out and to work again.

By five o'clock the first mile was down. All the guns had gone to supper. The little cars were humming down the track and the tired troops sprang aboard and off they went for "home."

Repairing a Blow-out

BUT the day was not over yet. Half a mile towards Hermes they met a "blow-out." A high velocity shell from the northern sector of the German lines had tossed the track into a junk pile.

The tired troops looked at the mess with disgust. "Well, guess we're in for it," said a sergeant. "One platoon can attend to this job though."

The choice fell on No. Thirteen. "Might of known it!" growled the men, as they unloaded their tools again. "Always unlucky! Let's have our number changed."

The other three platoons went on. The men of Thirteen started to work with a will. Broken rails were unbolted, the spikes drawn, and the twisted mess flung over the embankment. The shell hole was next blocked and filled with dirt from outside the ditch. Spare ballast was scraped up and new ties were inserted. Mauls and wrenches were then applied to the task of tightening up. Rails had been carried from up the track—and in a jiffy the track was repaired. Three rails in twenty-three minutes, gauged, lined and ballasted! Thirteen followed their comrades with the knowledge of a job well done.

It was a happy crowd that swarmed round the hot mulligan dices that night—a gang of big school boys, ages running from nineteen to fifty-seven, tired but happy and hungry as wolves in view of a solid meal. To make things complete the orderly corporal arrived with arms full of mail. The great big event in every Tommy's life was the mail—parcels with toothsome candies, fruit cakes, cigarettes, books, tobacco, socks, handkerchiefs, letters from mother, father, sweetheart, wife and dear sweet bairns.

Shells, wounds, cold, hunger, hardship, the grisly paw of Death ever near, the fretful sergeant and the haughty officer, and a month's pay lost on the Crown and Anchor board—all were forgotten. The man

who received a letter or a parcel hurried away, a glad light in his eyes, a warm glow in his heart, for he has come to "the end of a perfect day."

BUT this was not the end, not on this particular night. The "Last Post" had just blown and the boys were all beneath the blankets and a rosy glow worm in the dark was the cigarette of each tired and contented sapper. Suddenly overhead sounded the unmistakable organ hum of a big Fritz plane.

"All lights out" was given by three blasts on the sergeant-major's whistle. The droning of the motors came very near and the troops held themselves still in breathless suspense, for this was not the first time they had met hell from German aircraft. The sound died away. Fritz was climbing the air lanes above Lillers. Then out of the vast and silent sky came "brraap" and bellow upon bellow of aerial torpedo.

The men rushed from their tents in their night clothes. Half a mile away the station at Lillers was ablaze. Petrol tanks were flaming into the dark in vast flashes of flame and smoke. Ammunition of every calibre was exploding. The warehouse was on fire. "Fall in" sounded. The C.R.T. sprang into their clothes. Tools were snatched up and off they went. When they reached *la gare*, or the station, they saw thousands of French civilians leaving their little homes and flying to the open fields or the nearest dugout. Old women, old men, young women and children in every article of night attire were scurrying away from the dreaded air raid. Wherever possible the sappers helped them along and told them "Fritz part tout-de-suite" and, as though supporting their strenuous western optimism, the anti-aircraft opened a terrific barrage. The big "blopping" of the Archies was broken by the racket of the machine guns.

The station was like a scene from Dante's "Inferno"—only more so. Grotesque mushrooms of black smoke blotted out the moon and stars. Red, purple and yellow flames played in fantastic wreaths along the avenues of hell. Little figures rushed hither and yon like manikins in torment. And every minute a hot shell exploded with a dull, far-off roar amid the conflagration.

Two petrol tanks had been destroyed and an ammunition train blown up. A Red Cross clearing station had been struck, and the huge warehouse levelled with the tracks.

Everywhere writhing blue and gold snakes of petrol marked the path of danger. As they died out and flickered into blackness, the sappers rushed in regardless of the hot shells ready to blow up at every point any second, and began to clear away the mounds of smoking debris. This was part of their work.

A hospital siding, with two rails blown clear away, was repaired. The crater was filled in, new steel laid on new ties and the whole line spiked and bolted up in half an hour. The men toiled like ruddy fiends in the afterglow of Hades. A Red Cross train from the main track was shunted into the new siding. It contained the bodies of two Red Cross nurses with their delicate white hands folded meekly over their courageous hearts in death.

The men of the C.R.T. by this time had reached the

wreckage of the ammunition train. It looked as though some monstrous upheaval of Nature had tossed it into a forest of twisted girders, hanging shreds of timbers and the burnt skeletons of wagons, tipped in weird gestures of destruction. The sappers tackled it with a cheer. From the south side a wrecking crew of French engineers were removing the large pieces with a powerful wrecking crane and windlass. The worst of the junk was heaped about a vast crater made in the centre of the main line by an aerial torpedo.

Dawn broke with the work still being carried on. Carloads of ballast were shot into the cavity. As the grade was made level the new steel was laid, and the wrecking train moved up and hauled away the awful junk piles. In the meanwhile a company of C.R.T.'s had rolled all the hot shells off the track. And as they toiled at this dangerous task, protecting their hands with wet mitts and gunny sacks, they kidded one another along.

"Look out there, Bill. That blinking nine point two is going up!"

"Aw! Quit yer kidding. I don't want a Blighty now. I'm due fer a Paris leave." And the lad would go on, rolling the hot shell down the track.

"I wonder some guy wouldn't come round with a drink of rum—Gee! I'm all in," says one.

"All you need is something to warm your cold feet," replies his pal, in spite of the obvious fact that both their boots are burning on the hot track.

"Hell! I wonder them French Polies don't come through with a bottle of Vin Blink?" queries another.

"Close it, you dud!" says the next one. "You make a noise like a lamb."

By nine a.m. the great northern road was clear. The new rails were fast and straight. The immense traffic of the Chemin de Fer du Nord rolled on toward the battle lines and tired Canadian Railroad Troops sought their blankets for a game of "shut eye" till two o'clock p.m., when the work up under the guns would begin again.

AND so the days and months went by. First it was a case of laying narrow gauge right up under the guns with every kind of shell plopping around. Then, if they were lucky, it was standard gauge away back—which meant Y.M.C.A. concerts and lectures, sports, baseball and football, maybe some boxing, and all "the mental and moral pabulum" which has built our splendid morale.

Filling a Gap in the Line

No one has heard the history of the C.R.T. when the German advance last spring swept through the Lys salient. The Portuguese Division retreated after four days and nights of gas shelling when human flesh and blood could stand no more. Merville and its three all-important bridges over the canal were left undefended. Into this breach the general in command plunged three companies of the 11th C.R.T., the only available troops during those momentous hours. This was a strategic point of the utmost importance for, if it fell, Lillers would be in danger and the whole British line from Arras to the sea threatened by a flanking and rear attack. These troops held the bridges with machine guns, bombers and riflemen till the Jocks and the Australians came up on either flank of the retreating Portuguese.

A little later when the line was bending at La Bassee, Bethune, Locon, three battalions of the C.R.T., the third, the fifth and the seventh, were held in reserve, thus releasing Imperial battalions for the front lines. The fourth and the sixth fought hand to hand battles with the Hun in the Cambrai salient, November, 1917. The first day the sixth lost their field kitchens, their equipment and their tools. The second day they went after Fritz and took some of his field kitchens before Bourlon Wood. The scrap the sixth put up was largely instrumental in checking the German waves before Marcoing and Gouzeaucourt. And again the sixth was caught in Velu wood during the spring advance this year, and again they fought their way clear of the surrounding Huns.

The C.R.T. are the "handy"
Continued on page 54



Laying steel behind the British lines.



THE ANGLICIZATION of KATRINA

By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDE MACLAREN

*Here is an instance new to me
Of the triumphs of modern surgery.*

KATRINA VON SCHULTZ was young and fair
As a lotus-bud, with plaits of hair
That shone on her brow like a coronet,
And eyes that made a man forget
That Gossip had called her affianced wife
Of a Prussian who gave his luckless life
In the cause of the Kaiser at Vimy Ridge—
A point to mention and eke abridge;
For in Germany parents arrange these matches,
And daughters are loot that the bridegroom snatches.

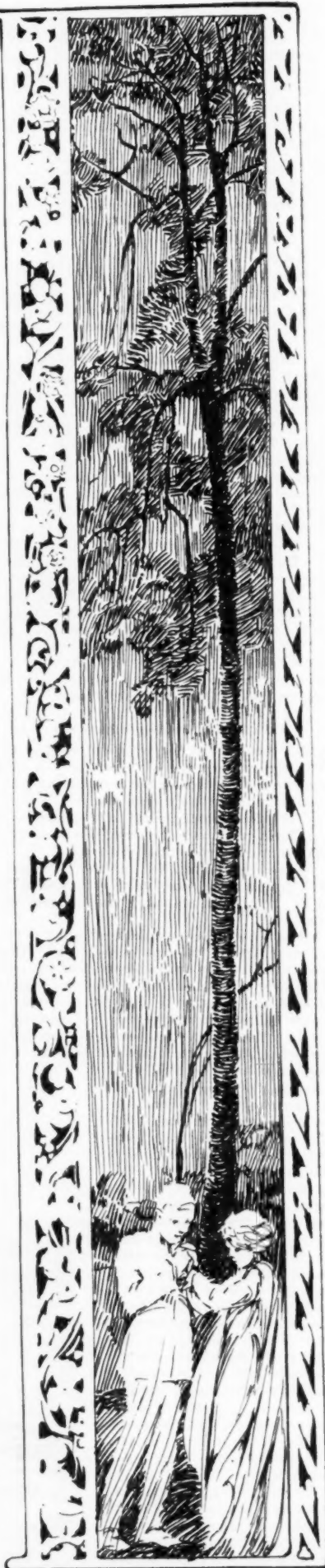
POOR foundling, she lay abed at the Base
And turned on the pillow her angel face;
Till they heard Hugh Blake of the staff aver:
"You could light your pipe at the eyes of her!"
"She is white as a lily," said Captain Bell,
With his stethoscope on her breast that fell
And rose just visibly. "She will die—
Unless"—and he snatched at a straw—"we try
A blood-transfusion. Who here will spare
A quart for love of a lady fair?"
He glanced the semi-circle round.
"Let me." Young Blake with blush profound
Spoke eagerly. And the patient's eyes
Made quest of the group in sick surmise,
Till they rested with lustrous ray on Hugh,
To dim with mist and shine anew.

THE room was set where Death and Life
Contend above the surgeon's knife.
One limp white arm like drooping May,
And a brown, rope-veined from the tourniquet,
Were joined, while orders sharp and plain
Rang out where the doctors worked amain,
Drew off and drained each red syringe,
And made ado in the noiseless fringe
Of nurses pledged to the ruddy cross;
Till Hugh grew faint from his precious loss,
And the young man erst of the blushing face
Lay dark as an olive for his grace.
But the lady was borne to her snowy rest
A rose, where a lily had lately pressed.

THE balcony jutted, suffused in sun,
Where Katrina mused on a Past undone
And a Present all so wildly sweet
That it damned the past as counterfeit.
"Yet quest of poor Heine brought me here—
And Hugh is my foe!" But a traitor tear
Dropped all unbidden—a gracious sign
Of the passion men have called divine.

ONE path of the Hospital's spacious lawn
Leads on to a grove star-gimiled-upon
By night, and in this dim retreat
The lips of lovers raptured meet.
Hugh Blake led fair Katrina there
And watched the moonbeams gild her hair
And blanch her face to a cameo
Most perfect. He trembled and whispered low:
"Dear Katherine, am I overbold
To love your graces manifold?"
Wherewith he raised and kissed her hand
With the ardor Woman could ne'er withstand.
But the maiden sighed and looked away—
"I am Bavarian!" sought to say.
But said it all so brokenly,
That Hugh laughed gallantly, "Marry me—
You who are beautiful, wise and good,
And Anglicized by your lover's blood!"
Whereat, sweet captive of his charm,
She yielded herself to the girdling arm.

*So this is the tale that I had first-hand
Of Bell safe back in his native land.*



THE THREE SAPPHIRES

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Moonwa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR HEMING



LORD VICTOR, who had sprung to his feet with a gasping cry at the girl's appearance, stood limp with apprehension, his mind, so much of a boy's mind, casting about futilely for some plan to help her, for there was dread in her face, and, like a boy's mind, his found the solution of the difficulty in a trick, just such a trick as a schoolboy would pitch upon. The whole process of its evolution had taken but two seconds, so it really was an inspiration. He darted toward the horse, crying banteringly: "I say! Introduce me, old top." Then his foot caught in a visionary root, and he plunged, his small, bare head all but burying itself in Swinton's stomach.

The gray stallion leaped from the rake of a spur, his thundering gallop all but drowning the blasphemous reproach that issued from Swinton's lips, as, in a fury of sudden passion, he took a deliberate swing at the young nobleman's nose.

Finnerty unostentatiously crowded his bulk between the two, saying, with an inward laugh: "You're a dangerous man; you've winded the captain, and you've frightened that horse into a runaway. He may break the girl's neck."

They were a curious trio, each one holding a motive that the other two had not attained to, each one now dubious of the other's full intent, and yet no one wishing to clear the air by questions or recriminations—not just yet, anyway.

"What the devil did the girl bolt for?" Swinton asked angrily.

"The horse bolted," Finnerty answered, lying in an Irishman's good cause—a woman.

"You clumsy young ass!" Swinton hurled at Gilfain. "I wanted to——" Then the hot flush of temper, so rare with him, was checked by his mastering passion—secretiveness.

Lord Victor laughed. "My dear and austere mentor, I apologize. In my hurry to forestall you with the young lady whom you have ridden forth so many mornings to meet I bally well stumped your wicket, I'm afraid—and my own, too, for we're both bowled."

Finnerty philosophically drew his leather cheroot case and proffered it to Swinton, saying: "Take a weed!"

THE captain complied, lighting it in an abstraction of remastery. He had made the astounding discovery that Marie was the young lady from whose evil influence Lord Victor presumably had been removed by sending him to Darpoore, and, as an enlargement of this disturbing knowledge, was the now hammering conviction that she had brought the stolen papers to be delivered to traitorous Prince Ananda.

At that instant of his mental sequence the captain all but burned his nose, paralyzed by a flashing thought.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "It is these papers that she seeks up this way; the somebody who is coming overland is bringing them for fear the authorities might have caught her on the steamer routes."

Then in relief to this came the remembrance that so far she had not met the same one, for she traveled alone. But now that she—as he read in her eyes—had recognized him—her very wild plunge to escape proved it—his chance of discovering anything would be practically nil; he would possibly receive the same hushing treatment that had been meted out to Perreira, the half-caste.

"Shall we go back now?" Lord Victor was asking. "It's rather tame to-day; I'm not half fed up on tiger fights and elephant combats."

"Presently," Swinton answered, sitting down to still more methodically correlate the points of this newer vision. He could not confide any part of his discovery to Finnerty with Lord Victor present; he would decide later on whether he should, indeed, mention it at all. At first flush he had thought of galloping after the girl, but even if he had succeeded in overtaking her what could he do? If he searched her and found nothing, he would have ruined everything; probably Finnerty would have ranged up with the girl against this proceeding.

Further vibration of this human triangle, the three men of divers intent, was switched to startled expectancy by the clang of something upon the plateau—an iron-shod staff striking a stone or the impact of a horse's hoof. This was followed by silence. Finnerty stepped gently across to his horse, unslung from the saddle his 10-bore, and slipped two cartridges into it as he returned to stand leisurely against a tree trunk, an

SYNOPSIS.—Lord Victor Gilfain and Captain Swinton, presumably his guide but in reality Captain Herbert of the secret service, visit Rajah Darpoore, who is suspected by the British authorities. Herbert finds that the Rajah is plotting to collect three sacred sapphires, in order that he may use to his advantage a Hindu superstition that the holder of the jewels is the true Buddha and will rule all India. One of the sapphires that has been found around the neck of a wandering elephant is stolen by Darpoore from Major Finnerty, keeper of the elephant keddah. A second has been set for the Rajah by a jewelry firm but is stolen by natives from a Bengali intrusted with its delivery, Baboo Dass. A third is in the possession of Captain Swinton himself. A native is found murdered in front of the compound where Gilfain and Swinton are quartered and no motive can be found for the deed. Later an effort is made to kill Swinton. A cheetah suddenly springs from the side of the road as he passes in a dog cart, but he escapes. That night the third sapphire is stolen by a native from the hills. Swinton and Finnerty receive word that the Rajah is to meet a woman at night who is supposed to be a German agent interested in running guns into India. They go to the rendezvous and find the woman there—with Lord Victor instead! Swinton gets home before Lord Victor and feigns ignorance of the other's doings. Next day Swinton, Finnerty and Lord Victor set out to track the black leopard which has escaped from the Rajah's zoo. They kill the leopard and on the way back recover Finnerty's elephant with one of the sapphires. Next day they follow some hoof-prints into the hills and come face to face with the woman of the rendezvous.

uplifted finger commanding silence. They could now hear the shuffling, muffled noises which emanate from people who travel a jungle trail no matter how cautiously they move, and something in the multiplicity of sounds intimated that several units composed the approaching caravan.

TWO Naga spearmen first appeared around the turn, their eager, searching eyes showing they were on the alert for something. The threatening maw of the 10-bore caused them to stand stock-still, their jungle cunning teaching them the value of implicit obedience. They made no outcry. In four seconds the shaggy head of a pony came in to view, and then his body, bearing in the saddle a sahib, and behind could be seen native carriers. The man on horseback reined up; then he laughed—a cynical, unmusical sneer it was. He touched the spur to his pony's flank, brushed by the Naga spearmen, and, eying the 10-bore quizzically, asked: "Well, my dear boy, what's the idea?"

Finnerty lowered the gun, answering: "Nothing; preparedness, that's all. Thought it might be a war party of Naga head-hunters when I saw those two spearmen."

The horseman slipped from his saddle and stood holding the rein; a lithe, sinewy, leanfaced man of forty-five years, his sharp gray eyes, a little too close set, holding a vulpine weariness.

Swinton had noticed his easy pose in the saddle, suggesting polo command, and now the two or three quick, precise steps forward spoke: "Service."

To Finnerty the cynical, drawing voice rang familiar; it had a curious, metallic, high-pitched crispness that the drawl failed to smother, but the man's face, caked with the drifting hill dust that sweat had matrixed, was like a mask. Finnerty proffered a cheroot, which the stranger accepted eagerly, saying: "Fancy my beggars bagged mine. I've had only some native mixture to puff from a crude clay pipe I made and baked in a fire."

"Come from Tibet way?" the major queried.

"No; been up country buying cotton for Chittagong people, and got raided by dacoits; had to work out this way."

This story, even fantastic and sudden-built as it sounded, might have passed ordinarily as just the rightful duplicity of a man not called upon to confide the reasons of his exploration trip to any one, had not the one word "Chittagong" burned like acid.

Swinton felt that the stranger's eyes were searching him, though his words were for Finnerty. Both knew the speaker was lying. His whole get-up was not the easy, indifferent, restful apparel of a man who had been some long time in the jungle. He wore brown leather riding boots instead of perhaps canvas shoes; his limbs were incased in cord breeches that spoke of a late Bond Street origin; a stock that had once been white held a horseshoe pin studded with moonstones, its lower ends passing beneath a gaudily checked vest. This very get-up dinned familiarity into the major's mind; he struggled with memory, mentally asking, "Where have I seen this chap?" The tawny mustache, bristling in pointed smoothness, had a rakish familiarity, and yet the echoes came from far back on the

path of life, as elusively haunting as a dream recalled in the morning.

ABSTRACTEDLY, as they talked, the stranger shifted his riding whip to his teeth, and, reaching down with the liberated hand, gave a slight tug at his boot strap, and that instant Finnerty knew his man. It was almost a gasping cry of recognition: "Captain Foley—by all the powers!"

The stranger's face blanched, and Swinton sprang to his feet, galvanized by a tremendous revelation.

An amused cackle came from beneath the tawny mustache, followed by an even-worded drawl: "You Johnnies are certainly out for a fine draw this morning; my name happens to be Blake-Hume—Charles Blake-Hume."

Finnerty grinned. "The same old delightfully humorous Pat Foley that I knew in the Tenth Hussars at Umballa, when I was a griffin fresh out; even in the choice of a new name you're aristocratic—'Blake-Hume!' My dear boy, you could no more shed yourself than you could that desire for a fancy vest and the moonstone pin that you wore in a devilry of revolt against the idea that moonstones were unlucky."

Swinton was now convinced that Finnerty had made no mistake; he could see it in a sudden narrowing of the foxy eyes, and, taking a step closer to their visitor, he said: "Captain Foley, your daughter Marie has just passed down the trail."

This simple assertion had the comparative effect of a hand grenade dropped midway between Finnerty and the stranger; possibly the major was the more astounded one of the two.

"What, in the name of Heaven, are you saying, man?" he cried, though he still kept his steadfast blue eyes held on Captain Foley, for something in the latter's attitude suggested danger.

"Simply this," Swinton answered; "Captain Foley is the father of the girl known here as Marie Boelke, and it was she who stole a state paper from the possession of Earl Craig."

"Candor seems to be a jewel above price in the jungles this morning, so my compliments to you, my dear Captain Herbert, government policeman," Foley snarled.

Stung by the gratuitous sneer, Finnerty said with feeling: "Perhaps 'Mad' Foley"—he dropped the captain, knowing that Foley had been cast from the service—"you also recognize me, but for certain pieces of silver you would deny it. Do you remember the time I saved you a jolly good hiding that was fair coming to you for one of your crazy tricks?"

"Perfectly, my dear Finnerty; you were known to the mess as the 'Ulster Babe'; it was just a humor of mine now to play you a little, and as for the 'bobby' here, one could never mistake those bits of blue china that have been dubbed the 'farthing eyes.' Indeed I know you both quite well."

SWINTON, less edged than Finnerty, now tendered some cynical coin in payment: "Perhaps you know this young gentleman also; I think he has cause for remembering you."

"Good morning, Lord Victor! You are in pleasant

company," and Captain Foley let his irritating cackle escape. He gathered the bridle rein in his left hand, grasping the mane at his pony's wither, and turned the stirrup outward to receive his foot as preparation for a leisurely lift to the saddle.

In answer to a hand signal, Finnerty lifted his 10-bore to cover Captain Foley as Swinton said: "Just a moment, Mister Foley; there are certain formalities imposed upon suspected persons crossing the Nepal border, which include perhaps a search. We want the papers your daughter stole from Earl Craig under your influence, and for which you were paid German gold."

"The bobby is devilish considerate, Lord Gilly, in not naming you as the careless one, isn't he? Charming diffident sort of chap to put the onus on the venerable early. The old gent would be tremendously shocked to know he was accused of flirting with a young girl, don't you think?"

"I do think something, which is that you're no end of a bounder to bring your daughter's name into your floozy talk," Lord Victor retorted angrily.

"Tell your coolies to open up everything," and Swinton's opaque eyes held Foley's shifty ones menacingly. "As to yourself, strip!"

"The coolies are at his majesty's service, Mister Bobby; as for myself I'll see you damned first. I am in independent territory; Maharajah Darpore is, like myself, not a vassal of Johnnie Bull. If you put a hand on me I'll blink those farthing eyes of yours, Mister Bloody Bobby."

NEXT instant the speaker sprawled on his back, both shoulders to the earthen mat, as Finnerty threw a quick wrestler's hold across his neck. The big Irishman's blood had been heated by the very words that had roused Lord Victor's anger. Besides, this was the easier way; they had no time for international equity. Swinton quickly searched the prostrate man. His boots were pulled off, the insoles ripped out—even a knife blade inserted between the two laps of the outer soles, practically wrecking them. A Webley revolver that hung from a belt Foley wore was emptied of its shells; even its barrel was prodded for a hidden roll of thin paper. The search of the packs was most thorough, and fully devoid of results.

Foley laughed cynically when the two searchers stood empty-handed, discomfiture patent in their faces.

"You turned the paper over to your daughter," Swinton accused in an unusually verbal mood.

"According to your own statement, my dear government spy, you had the young lady in your hands here; did you find this apocryphal document?"

Swinton's eyes met Finnerty's which were saying quite plainly: "The girl has beaten us out!" There also lingered in the Irishman's eyes, Swinton fancied, a pathetic look of regret that now there could be no doubt about her mission; he even heard a deep-drawn breath, such as a game better takes when he has lost heavily.

"A devilish nice mess you have made of your life and your daughter's, Captain Foley," Lord Victor suddenly ejaculated. "You were a 'king's bad bargain' in the army, and you're a man's bad bargain out of it."

Foley stared; then he sneered: "The young cock must be cutting his spurs. Rather tallish order from a waster, Lord Gilly." He turned to Captain Swinton. "Now that you have performed your police duties I have a bottle of Scotch, which no doubt you observed among my traps, and if you gentlemen have no objection to joining me we'll drink a toast. 'Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again.'"



The gray stallion leaped from the rake of a spur and was off in a thundering gallop.

"I don't drink with the king's enemies!" Swinton clipped the words with a sound as if coins dropped.

"Nor I—with thieves," added Lord Victor.

"I'm sorry for you, my boy," the major said solemnly. "I'm ashamed to refuse to drink with an Irishman, but I'm fed up on traitors."

SWINTON drew the major to one side. When they had finished a discussion as to whether there was any benefit in detaining Foley or not, which was settled in the negative, Foley asked, a sneer curling the tawny mustache: "Well, you pair of bobbies, do I pass?"

"You may go—to hell!" Finnerty added the warm destination in bitterness of soul over his shattered dream.

The coolies had repacked their burdens; the two Naga spearmen at a command trotted down the path; Foley swung into the saddle, and with a mocking, "Au revoir, Lord Gilly, Mister Bobby, and my dear Ulster Babe," was gone.

"Dished" Finnerty exclaimed bitterly.

"The girl—we are outwitted by a woman!" Swinton admitted despondently.

"You two Johnnies have thrown up your tails," Lord Victor objected. "If the girl has the document you're so cocksure of, it's something to know that it's in Darpore. That's what I call a deuced good clew."

"My dear boy," Finnerty said, under evident control, "you're as innocent as a babe. You don't happen to know that there's a mutiny near ripe in Darpore, and it just needed a torch, such as this document, to set the whole state in a blaze."

Swinton, galvanized out of his habitual control, added fiercely: "And, you young ass! You knew who the girl was; we saw you at Jadoo Pool—we saved your life. If I'd known that it was Marie Foley I'd have dogged every footstep she took—"

"But you knew when you had her here," Lord Victor objected, momentarily forgetting his part in that episode.

"Yes, by Heaven, I did, and I can thank your sprawling interference for her escape! Why didn't you tell us that it was the girl who had stolen these state papers?"

"I've got a floaty idea that this lack of mutual confidence originated with your honorable self, Captain—Captain Herbert, as I now learn your name is. Do you think the earl would have countenanced my accepting the hospitality of a prince accompanied by a government spy?"

"You've answered your own question, Lord Victor," Swinton said quietly. "Earl Craig belongs to the old school, the Exeter Hall crowd who believe the Oriental is an Occidental—India for the Indians is their motto—and that the Hun is a civilized gentleman, not, as some of us know him, a rapacious brute who seeks to dominate the world. It is that cabal, the Haldane tribe, in psychic affinity with the soulless Hun, that makes it possible for this cuckoo creature, Boelke, to plant his eggs of sedition in the Darpore nest. Earl Craig would not have been a party to my way of unmasking or clearing the Darpores, father and son; he'd call it un-English. But I may say I did not come out here to watch you; there was no suspicion that you would come in contact with the stolen paper. My mission was concerned with some arms that are headed for India. I hope you see why it was thought advisable to keep you in ignorance of my status."

LORD VICTOR did not assimilate this rapidly worded statement as quick-

ly as it was offered. He pondered a little, and then said: "I did not know that Marie Foley was here, and she got no end of a surprise when I turned up. It was all a bally fluke her arranging to meet me; she funked it when that gold cigarette case was handed her by Prince Ananda with the information that I had found it. She thought I had recognized it, which I hadn't; at least it dangled in my memory, but I hadn't connected it with her. She rode down the hill, and when she saw me coming along dropped a note so that I saw it fall—devilish clever, I call it—making an appointment at Jadoo Pool, and there she made me promise not to denounce her."

"Somewhat easy, I fancy," Swinton said sarcastically; "threw the glamor of love over you."

"You dear old bachelor! You have very visionary ideas of that matter. She doesn't care two straws for me. It was purely a matter of 'on honor' business, because she gave me her solemn word that she hadn't stolen the document, and that she hadn't brought it out to Darpore. As to the 'grand passion,' I have a floaty idea that the handsome major, with his trick of life-saving, has taken Marie's fancy."

Finnerty blushed, but Swinton said gloomily: "You see the result of believing her. She was just too fiendishly cunning; she hadn't the paper, but knew that her traitor father was bringing it and that she, comparatively immune from search, could safely carry it to the last lap of its journey. She knew that we were liable to intercept the father and very probably search him."

"Looks like it," Finnerty commended. "I didn't know that Foley had a daughter; I heard he'd been cashiered."

"He raced himself out of the army—gambled too heavily," Swinton explained; "then, it being the only thing he cared for, went at it professionally till he raced himself out of England. After that he drifted to Austria and married a Viennese, reported to be of noble family. Whether it was a chance to plant a spy in England or that the woman really fell in love with him I don't know. Marie, of course, is the daughter, and between them the Foleys stole that document through a chance that came because of Lord Victor's fancy for the girl."

Swinton had spoken without any feeling in his voice—automatically, like a witness giving evidence. Giffain seemed to understand this, for he made no comment. But Finnerty said lugubriously: "Devilish nasty mess, and we've been dished." He picked up the 10-bore, and, going over to his horse, strapped it under his saddle flap, saying: "We'd better jog back."

CHAPTER XX.

TWO legs of the mental triangle somewhat folded together as it dribbled down the forest path, Finnerty and Swinton riding in the lead and Lord Victor, with the depressing conviction that he had muddled things, behind.

"It's pretty well cleared up," Swinton remarked in a tone that just reached Finnerty.

"And looks rather bad for us being able to handle the situation without telegraphing headquarters," the major answered despondently.

"Small chance for that," and Swinton laughed in bitterness. "Our new Nana Sahib, Ananda, will have the wires cut or the operator under control; we'll get no word out of here until the thing has happened."

Finnerty also realized how completely they had been blanked. "By heavens, we've got to spike the guns ourselves! We'd better be killed in the attempt than be censured by Government," he declared.

"I think so. They've left it to us so far, and the blame is really on our shoulders, old man."

"We'll never get the paper," Finnerty said with conviction.

"I agree with you in that, but we've got to get the machine guns and their ammunition; without them they'd be an unarmed rabble, and no great harm could be done before a regiment from Dumdum or Lucknow could be thrown in here. It's a crazy scheme of Ananda's, anyway, but the Mad Mullah in the Sudan cost many a British life because he was held too lightly at first and got guns."

Finnerty had been restlessly eyeing the trail they traveled. Now he worded the reason, which he had carried unplaced in words before: "Going and

coming I've been looking for tracks left by that party of gun runners the Banjara told about, but I've seen none. This path that the girl followed is not the main trail leading up through Safed Jan Pass, and those accursed Huns, with their usual German thoroughness, built that drawbridge at the old temple so that Foley could slip in without a chance of being met. The whole thing is as clear as mud; he was to wait there till the girl came for the document. When we get lower down we'll cut across the jungle to the regular trail—it's an old elephant highway—and check up."

"We've got to get into that underground fort," Swinton said with solemn determination in his voice. "Jadoo Cave has got something to do with the entrance."

A discerning thought struck Finnerty. "The minute we show up we'll be surrounded by spies. They're in my bungalow all the time; we'll not get a chance."

There was a warning cough from behind, and then Lord Victor, urging his horse closer, said: "Don't bar me, you fellows, from anything that's on; I don't want to be 'sent to Coventry.' If it's a question of fight, for God's sake give me a gun. I'd rather have you damn me like a bargee than be left out. I can't bally well plan anything—I'm not up to it—but I'm an Englishman."

"My dear boy," Finnerty answered, "we know that. If we'd taken you in at the start we'd have given you a better chance, but we all make blunders."

It was about four o'clock when Finnerty, halting, said: "I know where I'm at now; the other trail lies due west, and if we keep our faces full on Old Sol we'll make it."

Through the jungle without a path their progress was slow. At times they were turned into big detours by interlaced walls of running elephant creeper and vast hedges of the *sahbar kirat*, the "have-patience plant" that, with its hooked spikes, was like a fence of barbed wire. Their minds, tortured by the impending calamity, were oblivious to the clamor of

the jungle. A bear that had climbed a dead tree inhabited by bees scuttled down to the ground, an animated beehive, his face glued with honey, his paws dripping with it, and his thick fur palpitating with the beat of a million tiny wings. He humped away in a shuffling lope, unmolested; not even a laugh followed his grotesque form.

It was five o'clock when they struck the Safed Jan Trail and swung southward. Finnerty's eyes taking up the reading of its page. Ah! he cried suddenly, and, pulling his horse to a standstill, he dropped to the ground.

In the new partnership he turned rather to Lord Victor, saying: "We've been told that machine guns and ammunition have been run into Darpore over the same Chittagong route we think Mad Foley used, only they've come along this trail from the pass." He dipped his thumb into one of the numerous deep heel prints, adding: "See! The carriers were heavy loaded and there were many."

From the varied weathering of the tracks it was apparent that carriers had passed at different intervals of time.

The major remounted, and they had ridden half an hour when his horse pricked his ears and the muscles of his neck quivered in an action of discovery. Finnerty slipped his 10-bore from its holding straps, passed his bridle rein to Swinton, and, dropping to the ground, went stealthily around a bend in the path. He saw nothing—no entrapping armed natives—but a voice came to him from its unseen owner, saying softly: "Salaam! I am the herdsman, and am here for speech with the sahib."

"All right. Come forth!" the major answered.

From a thick screen of brush the Banjara stepped out, saying: "My brother is beyond on the trail, and from his perch in a tree he has given the call of a bird that I might know it was the keddah sahib that passed; he will soon be here."

Finnerty called, and Swinton and Lord Victor came forward. Presently the fellow arrived, and,

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FINAL DAYS in FRANCE



SOME SIGNS ON A STREET CORNER
LIEVIN'

Drawn for MACLEAN'S

By

HERBERT W. COOPER



LIEVIN' CHURCH
KNOWN AS 'NA POO CORNER'

WILD MINERS I HAVE MET

By E. WARD SMITH

First City Clerk, Treasurer, Assessor and Tax Collector of Dawson City

THE first time I saw George Carmack, the discoverer of the great gold fields, was one snapping cold day in January. I was a comparative newcomer then but I knew all about the great Carmack even to the exact value of the gold that he had so far taken out of his rich claims on Bonanza. Such things were common camp knowledge. Consequently I was much interested in the man himself.

My first view was rather disappointing for he was not in any sense picturesque. He was a stolid, big fellow, muffled up in furs and striding along with head bent forward. The man I was with at the time knew Carmack quite well, so he hailed him and then introduced me.

"Howdy?" said Carmack, with a friendly smile. "New comer? Well—hope you strike it. Course you can't all expect to strike it as rich as some of us that got in early. We kind of hogged the richest bits."

He was very affable. His sudden riches had not gone to his head nor, as I learned later, had it altered his way of living to any extent. George Carmack did not strew his money up and down the Bright White Way of Dawson. He was a primitive fellow and the life he had learned in his long, lonely prospecting years was the life he continued to live. As far as I know, he kept his wealth. How he employed it I never learned.

Carmack was a native of Southern California. Perhaps it was the pent-up instincts of his frontier ancestors that started him after gold. Certain it is, however, that he shouldered his prospector's pack when a mere lad. For years he wandered back and forth from Dyea to Behring Sea, seeking to discover the secret that the silent, frozen north was hiding from man. During all that time he was accompanied by two Siwash Indians, Skookum Jim and Takish Charlie.

On August 17, 1896, Carmack was fishing for grayling, a species of salmon, along a claim that he had staked about twelve miles from the mouth of Bonanza Creek. He was never able to explain why he went to Bonanza, for it seemed the most unlikely place in the world to find gold. A few prospectors had wandered along it on the way to more promising fields. So great was the surprise caused by the discovery of gold there that a bard of the Yukon—this was before the time of Robert W. Service—wrote a verse that I often heard sung around Dawson:

George Carmack on Bonanza Creek, went out to look for gold.
I wonder why, I wonder why?
Old timers said it was no use, the water was too cold.
I wonder why, I wonder why?
They said that he might search the creek until the world did end
And not enough of gold he'd find a postage stamp to send;
He said the willows on the creek the other way should bend.
I wonder why, I wonder why?

Well, there was George Carmack on this warm August day fishing for grayling in Bonanza Creek. It so happened that his eye caught a glint of yellow where the sun reflected on bedrock on the opposite side of the creek. He went over and there it was—gold! The exposed vein was under a big birch tree which, I believe, stands to this day and is shown visitors.

Carmack hallooed to Skookum Jim and Takish Charlie to come across and bring a pick and shovel. When they joined him, he set to work and loosened up a panful of gravel. Coarse colors were found and the three men washed out enough gold in half an hour to fill a shotgun cartridge full.

The Biggest Stampede on Record

CARMACK staked off a claim which he named Discovery, starting at the birch tree. Skookum Jim located a claim above and Takish Charlie below. They then traveled in to Forty Mile to record their claims. The two Indians were as mum as oysters and, after the business of recording had been finished, they moped



A typical claim, from a photograph taken in 1905.

around as though nothing had occurred. But Carmack could not stand the strain and, after a drink or two, he let the word out. Gold had been found, pay dust in great quantities!

Old timers say that the stampede that followed was about the wildest on record. The merchants of Forty Mile tried to discourage it, but everyone knew that the tongue of George Carmack spoke nothing but the truth and they let out for Bonanza as fast as their legs would carry them.

One of the things that sticks in my memory about Carmack was the way he stood by his two Indian partners. It was seldom that an Indian was able to keep a rich claim, for there were always plenty of wily white men to "do" them on technicalities. But Carmack stood like a bulwark against the squabbling mob who would have deprived Skookum Jim and Takish Charlie of their rights. As a result both Jim and Charlie worked their claims and took fortunes out of them. It was estimated that Carmack took at least two and a half millions out of Discovery. A pay streak fully one hundred feet wide and from four to five feet deep would show, at a low estimate of fifty cents per pan, a total of two and a half millions. It was known that Carmack's claim yielded sometimes as much as a hundred dollars to the pan!

NEXT let me introduce a miner who was unquestionably one of the characters of the Yukon—Jerome Chute of the firm of Chute and Wills.

Before I was appointed to my municipal post I was in charge of the Dawson office of Chute and Wills, so I came very closely in touch with this good-hearted and ill-fated fellow. In fact, I was engaged by Chute soon after I arrived in Dawson.

He was a rather handsome man with a black eye and coal black hair. At that time he was piling up a tremendous fortune from some rich claims on Gold Run Creek, over the Divide, and he just naturally liked to talk about it. He was an American with a nasal drawl.

"Smith," he said to me, "I've moved up to the creeks. I built me a place up there—cost over \$30,000 but it's worth every cent of it—so I don't need my place here. You better take it."

So I moved in. It was a comfortable cabin, built by Chute in the days when places costing \$30,000 were beyond him, and I made it my home during the first five years of my stay in Dawson. Once I was inclined to regret my occupancy. It was in the following spring and I was clearing up the yard to get ready

for gardening. A piece of wood stuck up from the ground and, in loosening the earth around it with my spade, I cut through the top of a box of dynamite that

Chute had buried there and forgotten about. If it had not been for the fact that the sticks of dynamite within were still frozen, I would not be writing these chronicles.

One Wash-up Brought \$885,000

THE spring wash-up was always the great event of the year. Soon after the dynamite incident, Chute breezed into Dawson and into the office with the information that the wash-up was going to be a record-breaker.

"Say, Smith," he said. "It's going to take a mighty lot of sacks to hold all the yellow stuff I've got up there. When you come back after lunch, will you bring the gold sacks I left up in the wood-shed at the cabin?"

I did so and Chute and his partner, Doc Wills, an easy-going big fellow who left things pretty well in the hands of the impulsive Chute, counted them over.

"Doc, there's only seventy here," said Chute. "We'll sure need some more."

"How much will one hold, Jerome?" I asked.

"Oh, them sacks don't hold much," he said. "Only about ten thousand dollars' worth."

I did some rapid calculating. "Look here," I said. "Do you mean to say that you'll have more gold than you can put in that pile of sacks there?"

"I reckon so," said Chute.

One day early in June I heard the buzz of many voices and a loud 'whoa!' in Chute's familiar twang. Going out I found that he had driven up with four horses attached to a big wagon loaded with well-filled sacks. The street was lined with people and, sitting up there on the box, Chute was the happiest man in creation. He was fairly boiling over with the triumph of the occasion.

"Wall, got a little over two ton on," he called to me. "It was a purty hard pull over these here damn roads but I got here. We'll take this load down to the bank and put 'er in."

He turned the horses and drove off for the bank and I followed in company with half the population of Dawson, more or less. It took a lot of time to complete the weighing in but it was finally announced that the wash-up had brought in a total of a little over \$885,000.

His \$30,000 Boarding-House

THE first chance that presented itself I went up to the claims on Gold Run to look over the ground. The firm had secured some extremely fine properties and they had large gangs of men engaged in working them. The thirty thousand dollar place that Chute had built I found to be sort of hotel and boarding-house on one of the claims. The sum specified had covered the construction only. An additional fourteen thousand had been expended in furnishings. Chute had sent down to Vancouver and Seattle for brass beds, expensive rugs, mahogany chairs, grandfather clocks and all the trappings of luxury. His guests were his own miners! I saw rough old sourdoughs tramping with their shoe-packs over Jerome's costly carpets and emptying their pipes on his mahogany tables. He served meals as elaborate as could be obtained anywhere the world over.

He greeted me with warmth. "Glad to see you," he declared, shaking me by the hand. I could see that he wanted to observe the effect all this magnificence would have on me, for he took me around and showed me everything—the marble wash-basins, the silver and ivory knives and forks, the onyx tables and so on.

"This is wonderful," I told him. "I can hardly believe it's possible."

His face lighted up like a boy's. "I reckon there aint anything to beat this anywhere," he declared. "The best ain't too good for my men."

Shortly after he retailed a characteristic piece of information.

"Wal, the boys took a chunk of taller (tallow) out a me last night," he said. "We had a game of draw."

He seemed anxious to talk about it, in fact he was always glad to boast of the sums he lost, so I asked:

"How much, Jerome?"

"Oh, nigh on \$12,000, I guess. But the old man can stand it. If the bank don't bust up on me, I'll put a kink in them fellows yet."

I found that he played draw poker every night and anyone who cared to could sit in. The parties were made up for the most part of his own miners, some of them gamblers of wide experience. Chute was almost an infant in their hands. He would sit there, boasting and heaping up his bets, with the roof off, as they say, proud of his ability to lose in big sums. There was always a gleam of satisfaction in his eye when he recounted his gambling exploits, starting with the familiar: "Wal, the boys took a chunk of taller out a me!"

HIS employees were not content to ease him of his wealth in this way, however. One day I received an anonymous note at the office in Dawson which read:

I'm honest, but I want you to know that some here don't wait for pay day to collect. They are robbing Jerome Chute right and left.

I went right up to Gold Run and told Chute about it. He pooh-poohed the whole thing.

"Nothing to it, nothing to it!" he said. "These here sons a guns can't put anything over on me. I aint being robbed. I'll tell you that. Why say, they can't fool a business man. You know, Smith, I'm a purty strict employer. I get all my help for five fifty a day, where they pay six fifty all other places. They can't rob me!"

"But, Jerome—" I began.

"It's just some trouble-maker," he said, patting me on the back. "Run back to the office, Smith. I'm watching things up here."

Long after this, long after Jerome had gone from the Yukon, I heard from one of his employees how systematic the "looting" had been. This man waxed quite reminiscent on the score.

"You know the old boss wouldn't ever pay us as much as the other mine owners," he said. "Why, doggone, we were ready to work for him for nothing. We made a heap more than our wages on what we could pick up. There was always a man on the watch for the boss and he passed the signal back so things would be shipshape. Me? I got a five-pound lard pail full of nuggets, one way and another."

The chief fault with Jerome Chute, however, was his desire to do things in a big way. He was always sinking money into improvements—extravagant schemes that held no promise of return. It was no use pointing out to him that any of these pet ideas were wrong. "Wal now, look here," he would say in his penetrating twang, "I know all about this. You got to put money in to get it out. You leave this to me, son, leave it to me."

Once he ordered three huge hoisting appliances such as the French use in the coal mines—ordered them in France at a cost of \$60,000 a piece. And remember,

that was not the laid-down price. He had to pay for the shipping of them across seas and up into the Yukon; so they cost him a pretty penny. One of them was erected on Gold Run and it was then discovered that the machine was built for handling dry coal and not wet gravel. It went to pieces in less than a week and the other two were never even erected.

In Jerome's big day of prosperity he took a trip to Ottawa with another Yukoner. During his stay of two months in Ottawa he drew on the Dawson Bank for \$75,000. No doubt mostly lost in draw.

The Failure of Jerome Chute

THE firm of Chute and Wills had about five years of great prosperity; and then things started to get bad. The improvements began to outpace the profits and finally the affairs of the firm got into the hands of the bank. Ultimately the whole property was lost and Jerome Chute went down the river looking for fresh camps and new claims.

On a trip out some years later I fell into conversation on the boat with a wealthy American who informed me that he owned a number of good claims on the American side. They had never yielded him anything, however, and he had just been up to investigate.

"You see," he explained, "I put them into the hands of an experienced man up there. He was to handle them and take a percentage of the profits. Well, sir, he was a man of big ideas, of vision you might say. But he spent so much for this and that and putting in machinery and building dams and one thing and another that every dashed cent was used up. There never were any profits though he dug up a fortune out of the ground all right. I've had to take them away from him."

"Very similar to the case of a man I worked for on the Canadian side," I said. "He was a fellow citizen of yours—Jerome Chute."

"By Crickey!" cried the owner. "That's the man I had working for me!"

The last heard of Jerome Chute was in the lower country. One night some men from Dawson, who had been out on a stampede, put up at a roadhouse. In one corner of the bar, a shabby looking old miner sat huddled up, nursing a pair of sore feet and muttering to himself. The old fellow, they found, had been out on the stampede and had been disappointed. He was on his way back.

It was Jerome Chute. And, as he sat there, a broken, lonely figure, they heard him muttering to himself: "Sarves ye' right, ye old fool! Didn't know enough to hang on to it when you had it. Sarves ye right!"

The Fortune of Belinda Mulrooney

AND now for Belinda Mulrooney—brave, cheerful, capable Belinda, with the map of Ireland on her face and the grit of her Celtic ancestors in her honest



George Carmack, the discoverer of the gold fields.

heart! To my mind she was the most interesting character in the Yukon.

Miss Mulrooney was a stewardess on a steamer plying on the north Atlantic coast in 1895 and the tales she heard from miners, coming and going, decided her to try her fortune in the gold country. So she resigned her position and started for the magic north. She fitted out in Seattle in March 1896 and travelled alone to Dyea. Here she cast in her lot with a party of mining men and got as far as Lake Bennett where she joined some Seattle merchants. They secured a large scow and made the trip down the river to Dawson. On the way she kept the party supplied with fish and game, being an expert with both rod and gun.

At Henderson Creek, Belinda made her first try at fortune by staking claim No. 22 below; some time after, this developed into a very valuable property. In the early part of June she arrived in Klondyke City with a 2,000-pound outfit and one twenty-five cent piece, the last of her money.

"Here's for luck!" said Belinda and gave the quarter a toss far out into the water of the Yukon.

But it soon developed that, in coming to Dawson, she had not left everything to chance. Her outfit contained a supply of merchandise that was almost invaluable—silks, linen and such like. Most of her stock she was able to sell at a profit of at least a thousand per cent.

With the capital thus obtained, she opened a restaurant. It was a big success, for Belinda knew how to serve meals and, still more important, she knew how to charge. Her meals, I think, cost \$4.50 except during the panic seasons and then of course, they went up. This venture netted her so well that she built a two-storey log hotel at the forks of El Dorado and Bonanza and named the place, which grew up around, Grand Forks. Here she did a thriving business. All the time, of course, she was taking a hand in the mining business. She picked up claims here and there. She acquired claim No. 27 below Discovery on Dominion Creek and an interest in No. 50 above on Bonanza, both of which were valuable properties.

Her Broad Ambitions

THE first time I ever saw Belinda Mulrooney was one winter day when she had come in from Grand Forks in a basket sleigh, drawn by her faithful dog, Nero. He was a magnificent animal, a St. Bernard, and the largest dog in the Yukon. He took his mistress wherever she went, dragging the sleigh along with a noble ease and making the eighteen mile trip to Dawson always in less than three hours. She had come in on this occasion to close up a deal by which she was securing the Fairview Hotel in Dawson from Alex. McDonald. It was quite a pretentious place and the fact that she was able to buy it in demonstrates how well her affairs had been coming on. The business brought her to the Administration Building.

I found her a brilliant and refined woman. She was an exceedingly bright talker and had a wealth of ideas. She told us that day all about her plans for the Fairview. It was going to be made the finest hotel on the continent.

"Why shouldn't it be?" she said. "We have the wealth here. The people of Dawson can pay for service and I'm going to see that they get it. I'm going to import furnishings that'll make the Waldorf look shabby and there's a high-priced chef coming in on the first boat. This is going to be a real hotel."

She succeeded in her plans in so far as at least as service was concerned. I remember an occasion when Mr. F. C. Wade arrived to take the position of Crown Prosecutor for the Territory. Miss Mulrooney invited Mr. and Mrs. Wade and my wife and I to dinner with her at the Fairview. It was a most astonishing meal that she served us; course after course of the most expensive foods—trappin, turkey, caviare, grapes, fine wines. Through it all our hostess kept up a running fire of talk that was most entertaining.

After dinner she took us in to her private sitting-room and, among other things, showed us a silver platter containing various sized nuggets of gold that had been found on her claims. This she passed around, as though it were a platter of cookies. "Have one—Oh, come now, choose one—No, not that little one—

Continued on page 55



A view of Gold Run, where many of the richest claims were located.

OLD TIMES in CANADA

By WALT MASON
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM CASEY

A FEW miles north of Oshawa, Ontario, there is a village called Columbus, named after a foreigner who went through the motions of discovering America. A mile west of Columbus there used to stand a nameless hamlet of fifteen or twenty houses, clustered about an old red woolen mill.

It was here I was born and spent the first fifteen years of my career. I have forgotten many things that happened since then, but every incident of that long vanished period is branded on my memory. I can see the old mill with its slatted belfry, and the general store hard by with its warped shutters, and the boarding house, and the unassuming cottages, as though I beheld them yesterday. But it is more than forty years since I went away to seek my fortune, and that hamlet is no more. It has been sown to salt, like Jerusalem. It has dispersed and wandered far away, and the place that knew it once shall know it no more. There is nothing there now but fresh air and scenery.

This is one of the griefs of my old age. You have read the story of "The Man Without a Country?" Doubtless you have wept over his misfortunes. I am the man without a birthplace, and would appreciate a few of your tears. It would be a great joy to me to go back and see that little old hamlet, but it isn't there to see. Long years ago the mill was dismantled, and the machinery taken away, and then there was no further excuse for the village. Prosperous farmers of the surrounding country bought the cottages and put them on roller skates, and hauled them away, to be used as granaries or cow stables. The house I was born in took a hike over the hills to a distant farm, where it still stands; in use, I am told, as a henhouse.

All this is so tragic to me that I haven't the courage to return and visit those scattered houses, associated with boyhood memories. I couldn't walk into my own old home, and think beautiful things in the presence of a lot of setting hens and noisy roosters. Sentiment would be impossible under such conditions.

THE world has changed a great deal since I lived a mile west of Columbus. Then there were no electric lights, or telephones, or automobiles, or moving pictures. The tallow candle was reluctantly giving place to the kerosene lamp. No daily newspapers penetrated into our lonely community; big events might happen in the outside world, but the news would have long white whiskers before it reached us. Everybody went to bed early, and beat the sun rising, and should have been healthy and wealthy and wise.

It was a most orderly and decorous country. People worked hard, and went to church Sundays, and paid their taxes, and life was much like clockwork. Exciting happenings were so rare that the identification of a sheep-killing dog created a great and lasting sensation.

But boy nature at that time was much like boy nature now. Boyhood craves excitement and detests the humdrum. There were perhaps a dozen lads of my age in the neighborhood, and our great dissipation was the reading of dime novels. This pastime was strictly verboten. To be caught reading such literature meant a session in the woodshed with an indignant parent, armed with a strap or a barrel stave.

But the novels were smuggled in, one way or another, and eagerly devoured. Most of them treated of mysterious avengers who went through the woods potting Indians. The Leatherstocking tales of Cooper had established a fashion that endured for very many years; and the cheap literature of the time was largely engaged with beautiful "females" who rode palfreys, and with majestic Indians who spoke in rounded periods, and with equally majestic white heroes who wore hunting shirts of buckskin, and carried long rifles, and spoke a dialect that was never heard in the earth or the waters under the earth.

As a result of such a helpful course of reading, the boys were impatient to



Walt Mason has, perhaps, more followers than any other poet living—for many millions read his stories in verse every day at breakfast. The career of the newspaper bard has been a picturesque one and it will be news to many that it began in Canada. Yes, Uncle Walt is a Canadian, one that this country can well be proud of, for he has fought his way to fame in the face of tremendous odds and his pen preaches always the gospel of good fellowship and truth. The editor extracted a promise from him some time ago to write of his early impressions of Canada and he herewith fulfils his pledge. His impressions, as the reader will see, were brief—but they were lurid!—THE EDITOR.

grow up, so they could go to the woods and establish private graveyards for the Indians. I well remember how I used to lie awake at night picturing myself as a dread avenger roaming the forest aisles, only pausing now and then to add a Mohican or Huron to my string.

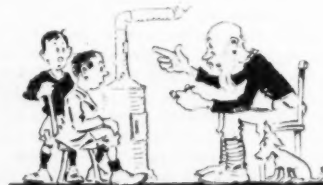
THE eyes of our desires were turned to the north. Up there was the forest, vast and mysterious. Even yet I feel a sort of thrill when the forest is mentioned. It was the enchanted land to the boys of forty years ago. The literature of the time was full of it—not only the dime novels, but books of all kinds. Even in the school readers there were many stories reflecting the tragedy and mystery of the woods. There was the story of the woodman who went to his day's work, leaving his dog Bandy at home, much against Bandy's will. On his way home the woodman was attacked by wolves, and would have been slain, but for good old Bandy. This superdog

had a hunch that something unpleasant was happening in the timber, so went to his master's rescue. He saved the master, but was so badly chewed up himself that he expired. The master put a headstone over his grave, on which was inscribed the epitaph:

"Beneath this stone there lies at rest Bandy, of all good dogs the best."

I am quoting this story from memory, after more than forty years, and may be wrong in some of the details, but the substance is correct. Then there was the tragic poem of "The Lost Hunter," beginning:

"Numbed by the piercing, freezing air,
And burdened by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragged on his shivering frame."



That was my favorite poem in my schooldays. I had it by heart and always was suffering for a chance to recite it. Friday afternoons at Dryden's school were given over to declamations and kindred exercises. The teacher had to rope me down to keep me from rearing up and reciting "The Lost Hunter."

There were so many blood-curdling stories of wolves, in the books and in the mouths of the graybeards, that I never think of the Canadian forest without seeming to hear "The wolf's long howl from Onalaska's shore," as Campbell so rhythmically put it.

I never saw the forest I am talking about. But in my young days it was a living thing to me. I don't know how far away it was. It was "up north," up in the bleak mysterious north, a wonderful place infested by wolves and bears and other wild animals, and of course by Indians.

NOW and then a settler would drift down from the woods, and sit around the store for an evening or two, and tell heart-breaking stories, and then drift back again, to the shadows and the silence of the woods.

One visitor of this description was named Engle. He was clearing a piece of land somewhere in the woods. The trees were so close together he had to pry himself between them with a crowbar, and he thought that in the course of ninety or a hundred years he'd have enough ground cleared for a potato patch. He had a most discouraged and pessimistic air, but he was a great hero to the boys.

He wore a cap about the size of a bushel basket, made of the fur of some animal and the tail hung down his back. He also had a great accumulation of red whiskers, and with his cap and whiskers he looked like a bonfire from a distance.

He had relatives in our neighborhood, and so remained several days and spent his evenings in the store telling yarns. When he realized that the boys were feverishly interested in backwoods stories, he did his best to supply the demand. He found that we were especially interested in wolves, and governed himself accordingly. You'd have thought that he invented wolves, he knew so much about them. He had a slow, careful way of talking, and he left the impression that his great aim was accuracy. He didn't want to tell anything that wouldn't stand the acid test for truth.

My memory of Engle and his stories couldn't be clearer if I had heard him last night, instead of nearly half a century ago. One of his yarns treated of a woman who was traveling with her children in a sleigh, drawn by two horses. She was making good time when she heard a most disagreeable racket behind her: looking back, she saw about a million wolves chasing the rig. Here Engle paused and corrected himself. He should have said ten thousand, not a million. She whipped up the horses, but they were tired, having traveled about five hundred miles that day, in snow up to their ears, and the wolves continued to gain. Presently they were right behind the sleigh, gnashing their teeth and making themselves a positive annoyance. With great presence of mind the woman threw her youngest child to them, and they stopped long enough to devour the youngster, and the horses forged ahead.

But a five-year-old child doesn't last long with a big bunch of wolves, especially when there are no side dishes; and before long the brutes were slaving and howling around the sled again. The woman saw that drastic steps would have to be taken once more; so she threw overboard young Alexander Augustus, a promising lad of six years. She hated to do it, being a woman of refinement, but in great emergencies the rules of etiquette cannot always be observed. Again the wolves were delayed while they polished off Alexander Augustus, but the relief was only temporary. In a few minutes they were howling behind the sled again, demanding further refreshments.

CANADIAN NIGHTS By Walt Mason

IN CANADA, in olden days, the wintertime was long; and we sat by the ruddy blaze, and dished up tale and song. In Canada the snow was cheap when we old boys were young, and I have seen full many a heap against our cabin flung. A man could go and harvest ice along the creeks and ponds, and none would ask him any price, in silver or in bonds. In Canada I learned to skate, and, skating, earned renown, until the ice beneath my weight caved in and let me down.

The winter nights were dark and cold, and often loud with gales; and then the graybeards, bent and old, would tell us wondrous tales. The land was full of pioneers, inspired of heart and tongue, in those far distant times, my dears, when we old guys were young. I've heard them tell of dangers dire, with tense and bated breath; of mighty forests all afire, and settlers done to death. They told of woodlands vast and dim where wolves in winter sped, and tore the hunter limb from limb, and left him doubly dead. They told of bears and wolverines—one fact my soul bewails, which is, there were no horse marines, to listen to their tales.

Oh, many years have flown since then, and I am old and stale, and I have mingled much with men, and spent nine years in jail. And I have sat in halls and bars, have roamed from sea to sea, and listened to a million yarns, of varying degree. But never have I known the thrills I felt when I was young, in our lone cabin in the hills, where those old tales were sprung. And winter brings no more delights like those we small boys knew when hearing, on the long cold nights, the tales that were not true.

REVIEW & REVIEWS

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Germany Can Fight Again

Expert Contends That Teutons Will be Ready in Twenty Years

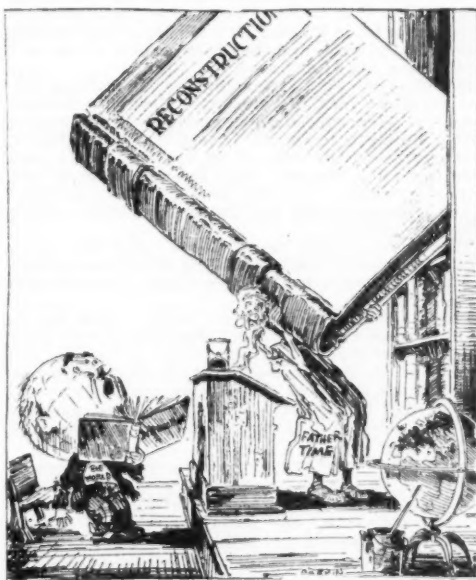
THE world seemingly has taken it for granted that Germany is beaten and has ceased to be a world menace. A startling rejoinder comes from the pen of J. B. W. Gardiner in *World's Work*. He contends that Germany can fight again, and probably will be ready to do so, twenty years from now. Such is the conclusion that he reached after the presentation of the following facts:

Just what the political lineup will be twenty-five years from now it is idle to speculate upon. Two things are, however, reasonably certain. With the exception of Spain, the countries west of Germany, including America, that is, the present Entente, will ethically or in fact, be bonded together to guard in so far as it may be possible the future peace of the world. Germany on the other hand is almost certain to form some alliances with the more Eastern Powers. The question of the Teutonic Austrians has already been mentioned. These will probably weld themselves strongly to Germany either through merger or through treaty agreement. The strongest possibility is of a liaison between Germany and Russia. This might have been averted had we not in our dealing with Russia persisted, through some silly socialistic notions, in turning what was a purely military problem into an experiment in economics. But as it is, this is a condition which we have to face and we must make up our mind that in all probability this alliance is one with which we must eventually contend.

The question of population, of man power, merges itself to a certain degree with that of political alliances. Germany, through the peace treaty, will suffer a certain loss. Through the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France, the cession of East Prussia, parts of West Prussia, Posen, and Silesia to Poland and the cession of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, a population of 5,750,000 would pass from her control. But if the Teutons of Austria unite with those of Germany, more than 8,000,000 people will be added to Germany's population, a clear gain of 2,250,000. But the true gain will be much greater than these numbers indicate because, while the gross loss is made up of people loathing and detesting Germany and constantly looking for a chance to escape from her oppressive rule, the gross gain would be a people, one in blood with the Germans and one in whatever ambitions and aspirations Germany might have. It is in itself a distinct source of danger; a situation to be watched with the greatest care and to be guarded against with every precaution the Allied statesmen can throw around it. The Germans, moreover, are a very prolific people, much more so than those of the Entente countries. In addition to their natural proclivities in this direction, the entire state has been during the last two years turned into a human stock farm, the women being treated as brood mares. There are official records to prove that the German Government has made efforts to have every woman in the empire of suitable age, whether maid, wife, or widow, bear a child, legitimate or illegitimate. It will not take very many years, as the life of a nation is numbered, to repair the wastage of the present war. In Russia, particularly in Western Russia, there are elements more friendly to the Teutonic elements than to the Entente. Particularly is this true of Finland and of Ukrania. With Russia in its present liquid state no man can say where the sympathies of the population will lie twenty years from now. But there is a German trend now which, as the years pass and the old avenues of commerce are again open, may develop into something more definite and much more dangerous. In brief, then, it is entirely probable that within twenty years

the man power at Germany's disposal will be as great as that with which she began the 1915 campaign.

The question of raw materials is also interwoven with that of the probable post-war alliances. Germany has lost her most valuable stores of war supplies—the iron of Lorraine and the potash of Alsace—but Germany has not been deprived entirely of metal. Previous to the acquisition of Lorraine the iron mines of Prussia were well developed and were actively worked. In the early 'nineties the output of the Prussian mines equalled that of Lorraine. Later, because of the greater richness of the ore from the latter source, the output surpassed that of Prussia and Lorraine came to be the most important source of German steel. Now Germany must go back to working, at greater cost and with greater effort, the lower grade ore which she possessed prior to 1870. It must be remembered, however, that Germany will still control the output of the mines of Sweden; that there is a strong probability that she will similarly control the output of the Donetz basin in Russia; that under the "no economic barrier" clause in our peace conditions she can import all the metal she can buy and pay for in foreign markets. As a war-making state, then, there is a distinct probability that in twenty years Germany will be even more powerful than she was in 1914, if the peace terms proposed by this country are not materially modified. There is a determined effort going on in this country to-day—in some quarters springing from ignorance, in others from an impractical and ill-timed idealism, in still others from motives of unquestionable venality—to create a wave of sympathy for the German people and to endow them with a sacrosanct character entirely different from that which they really possess. Their native cruelty and brutality, the fiendish joy of their soldiers in striking down helpless non-combatants, of their women while masquerading as angels of mercy under the sacred symbol of the Red Cross in torturing the wounded, even of their children in abusing prisoners—these are thrust aside, not considered, the testimony of the world ignored. Vengeance of German crimes we must not take. It is unworthy of a great people and of the cause for which we have fought. But justice to ourselves demands that this beast be locked up in such a way that he can never again break loose to place an entire world in agony. A just peace can be made upon but one basis—the greatest good to the greatest number.



Chapin in St. Louis "Republic"
And the next lesson will be—

Victory Three Days Off

Was Complete Defeat of Germans in Sight?

THERE is a feeling in certain circles in Great Britain that the armistice was a mistake. This view is expressed by L. J. Maxse in the *National Review* in the course of a series of notes on the end of the war, in which he declares that seventy-two hours more of fighting would have resulted in the complete defeat of the German armies. This he advances not as a theory but as a matter of established fact among military men. He says:

In the universal joy at the end of a hideous nightmare, with its hourly toll of priceless lives, there was naturally little inclination to scrutinize either the peace terms or the armistice terms. Our powerful Government Press had little difficulty in demonstrating that all was for the best "in the best of all possible worlds" under the greatest of great men. But as the facts leaked out—they have not yet all leaked out—it became clear that the Versailles Conclave had made "some mess" from the British point of view of the peace terms, for which, let us hasten to say, no Ally is in any degree responsible. Any blame there may be lies exclusively on the British Delegation, whose composition from the outset inspired distrust owing to the ascendancy of the "Be kind to Germany or she won't love you" section, to which the Prime Minister has rallied. The Armistice, as may be gathered from the document read by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on Armistice Day, was more satisfactory than the Peace, but then it had been drawn up by soldiers and sailors of such eminence that the "frock coats" hesitated to interfere, though according to the sympathetic *Daily News* there was among them, as already noted, a momentary disposition to dispense with a white flag. Happily public opinion was too strong for this "concession," but a grave blunder was made in allowing Hindenburg to escape the surrender, and in permitting the German army to retire with the honors of war, the officers wearing their side-arms, of which not unnaturally the utmost capital has been made. The nation of bullies behind the Rhine have not been slow to draw the conclusion which bullies invariably deduce when treated above their deserts. Thus do the Allies thoughtlessly conspire to bolster up Prussian militarism, of which the officers' corps is the avowed corner-stone. Their prestige must be destroyed in the eyes of the German populace before we can hope for permanent peace. What crimes are committed in the name of magnanimity!

There was a graver aspect of the Armistice which only transpired later. We all noted that while the Home Front cheered itself hoarse from the moment the great news of its signature was published, and at some points almost went off its head with enthusiasm, as was only natural—superior persons need not exaggerate the mild mafficking that occurred—a strange and significant silence possessed the Allied armies. It was supposed that as the bearers of this hideous burden the battle-worn would be the first to jubilate when the "Cease Fire!" sounded after four and a half years of carnage. But eager correspondents on the spot were unable to record anything of the kind, and vied with one another in farfetched explanations of this phenomenal calm. We now know that the indifference with which the Armistice was received on our Front was due to the common sense of the great armies under Sir Douglas Haig, from G.H.Q. downwards. They knew what we did not know, that within the last few days the military situation had developed incalculably in favor of the Allies, and that for the enemy it was a choice between unconditionally signing any armistice and catastrophe on a scale such as had never been dreamt of in military history—at the lowest computation, five Sedans. No wonder

there was a lack of enthusiasm when it was learnt that this magnificent prize was to be snatched away the moment it was about to be grasped. During the week ending November 9, the German army was in deadly peril, primarily due to the British advance between the Scheldt and Sambre, which had brought us within measurable distance of the Dutch frontier north of Liège. It was more than doubtful whether the enemy would be able to withdraw through this gap. Meanwhile the Americans and French, who had been hung up for about a month, broke through the German armies on either bank of the Meuse, reaching Mézières. This involved the severance of the enemy's main lateral line of communications, Metz, Montmédy, Mézières, Hirson—and threatened both groups of armies under Rupprecht of Bavaria and the German Crown Prince respectively with disaster. The prolonged retirement of the German army had produced so much confusion throughout the enemy's lines of communication, and such demoralization among troops who had been heavily hammered and were without hope of victory, that catastrophe stared them in the face.

According to those who are in a position to know, had the war lasted for another three days, i.e. from November 11 to November 14, a complete collapse must have taken place, the German armies being broken in two, those in Belgium being driven over the Dutch frontier, where they would have been interned. Moreover, Marshal Foch had prepared another great attack east of the Meuse, which would undoubtedly have been a "knock-out" in a military sense. Therefore when Germany signed the Armistice German arms were faced with imminent disaster of so huge a character as to eclipse every recorded military debacle, and she had no alternative but to surrender on any terms. Such being the avowed military situation it seems, to put it mildly, unfortunate that the Versailles Conclave did not postpone the operation of the Armistice for another seventy-two hours, while it is incomprehensible that a beaten enemy, whose organized infamies have made everything German execrable for all time, should have received any concessions or any consideration which were bound to be exploited against the Allies, and which as a matter of fact in the interval have developed German arrogance to such a degree as to suggest to the neutral world that they have won and we have lost. No doubt official explanations will be forthcoming of this disappointing dénouement, but though it be argued that the French army was near the end of its tether, while the problem of British man-power had become serious, there was the great and almost untapped American reservoir, and if it be true that in another three days German military power would have been shattered, the Allied Powers cannot congratulate themselves on their performance. How explain the inexplicable? How defend the indefensible? How came soldiers of such calibre as those consulted at Versailles and in command of the Allied armies—Marshal Foch, General Pétain (since made a Marshal), Sir Douglas Haig, General Pershing, with conspicuously able Staffs, and the many brilliant leaders in the field who have gained imperishable renown in the war—to miss the greatest prize that ever presented itself to victorious armies by a bare three days? Conceivably they were overruled, and it was not they

but others who precipitated this ill-timed Armistice. Was the final tragedy another instance of civilian interference, from which the Allied cause has suffered so grievously throughout the war? We don't know. We can only guess.

We suspect that for once, however, the civilians were not entirely to blame, and that Civilization was robbed of the crowning mercy which would have paralyzed Kultur for the rest of the century through that curious weakness which occasionally obscures the finest military judgment directly it leaves its own proper sphere and finds itself on the unfamiliar and bewildering ground of politics. Strategy for strategists and politics for politicians is the only sound working rule in this or any other war, and just as we have consistently warned the politicians off the military course, we should venture to warn soldiers against political pitfalls, into which even the most brilliant are liable to fall. Every soldier who is worthy to be called such naturally detests Bolshevism in every shape and form. It is his peculiar bugbear, revolting to all his ideas and infinitely more revolting to-day than ever before owing to horrible events in Russia. We suspect that some astute person at the psychological moment whispered the word "German Bolshevism" into the horrified ear of the military members of the Versailles War Council, coupled with the appalling suggestion that the evil thing might spread if it once got under way in Germany, and that forthwith the Armistice was regarded as an urgent Allied interest.

Russians Awaiting the Messiah

Popular Belief That the Second Coming of Christ is at Hand

THAT millions of the lower classes of Russians have been expectantly awaiting the advent of the Messiah is the explanation, according to a writer in the *Nation* (New York), of much that has recently happened in that distressed country. We quote from the article referred to:

"The great, white Christ is coming," they whispered. And they whispered lest Herod should hear: the Czar or their own lesser leaders, the small Messiahs, who would not believe and might mock them, denying the resurrection of their ancient faith and putting their new-born hope to death.

For this saying was no new saying to them of the mob. They were recalling the hoary prophecy Tolstoi heard and reported: That He was coming out of the North. But they believed it, those simple peasants, soldiers, sailors, and working men and women; verily.

That's why there was so little killing, looting, burning, in Petrograd, Moscow, Vladivostok—wherever and so long as the mob reigned supreme. That is the light. "We, the people, must not do to others any of the things that have been done to us." That's what they said to one another. I heard them. That was the light I saw in the darkness; and others also saw it; as it was written. That is the light which shineth in the darkness. And the darkness saw the light, as of old. And, as of old, the darkness comprehended it not.

"How came it," said the Hon. Elihu Root, Chairman of the United States Commission to Russia, marvelling, "why was it that with no Government and no police there was order in Russia?" It was because the Russian multitudes believed, and they believe, that Christ will surely come again; and soon.

In a line; one burning, enlightening line: "The Millennium first; then the Messiah." Thus the Russian prophecy. Hence the Russian revolution. The revolution in Russia is to establish the Kingdom of Heaven here on the earth, now; in order that Christ may come soon; and, coming, reign forever. Forever and ever, everywhere. Not over Russia alone. The revolution in Russia is not the Russian revolution. It is "The Revolution."

The Russian people heard voices. And they were afraid. For of all the voices which they heard calling into their darkness to them, there were but two that spoke for them.

They hearkened to those two voices. They had to listen to those two voices, and they had to heed them and believe them.

For one of the two voices which the children of Russia heard was that of the priest preaching in the church: that the Christ who had come once and died for their sake would come again, and live for, and

love, and lead them out of the darkness into the Kingdom of Heaven—if they were good and did what His Holy Church bade them do. And they were good. They were good as children are good; not knowing it, but believing they were evil. The conviction of sin is in every Russian heart, so that they judge not, neither do they kill nor take vengeance; for vengeance is the Lord's. "We, the people, must not do to others any of the things which have been done to us."

The other voice that they heard was of one crying in the wilderness: the propagandist of the revolution. He appeared, not openly in the churches, but came, as the priest said it was written that He came before: like a thief in the night, stealthily. This messenger wore rough raiment, ate coarse food, and cast words hard as stones at the righteous: priests and princes; Pharisees and Sadducees; bad masters and good masters also, calling them all alike the offspring of vipers, and warning them to flee from the wrath to come; since the axe was to be laid at the very root of every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit.

When, then, the great war broke, a deluge, upon the Russian children and swept them, twenty-four millions, suddenly, blindly, drunk into the marches to be betrayed there and killed by the millions, and by millions more to suffer in the dark, cold, bloody, stinking trenches, fighting some other peasants they did not hate; for a purpose they could not comprehend; and, when standing there, without food and without arms and without leaders, the Czar forbade them drink also—they understood. For the first time in the lifetime of their race, they, all together, looked up, sober and simple, like grown-up children, out upon the world and its works and its ways and its war, and they understood. The Russian people understood, as children understand. And they remembered.

This was the beginning. Christ was coming, and the Kingdom. The prophecy was proving true. The war had come. "The Revolution" was due. And, verily, the Revolution came. And when it came, a wondrous thing happened. When the word came down out of Petrograd that the Czar was put down from his throne: that the proud were scattered, and the people exalted, the Russian soldiers, sailors, workmen and peasants—the Russian children turned and called the good tidings across the trenches to the German peasants, saying: "The Revolution is come," meaning that it was come for the Germans also.

The firing ceased. For awhile there was no fighting on the Eastern front, as it had happened once on the Christ's day in the West. Hate passed; there was peace on earth, good will among men for a little while. Not for long. No. "A voice was heard in Ramah, weeping and great mourning, Rachael weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

The Russians understood. This was not the light, this peace of the peoples; this was only a messenger to bear witness to the light: a sign to show that such things can be. The peace of the peoples was a sign to show that peace and love can be on earth when the peoples have prepared the way for these good things.

So the Russian people explained to one another, simply. Not all the people had been perfected; not all the preparations had been made; the crooked ways had not all been straightened; His way had been smoother. So say the Russians, believing it. Such is the report among them, which they accept, and pass on to all the peoples of the earth, excepting only the righteous.



Drawn for "The Independent" by Geo. C. Whitney
The League of Nations.



—From the N.Y. "Tribune"
They seem unbelievably small.

GLADSTONE, MAN.

"I wish to express my appreciation of all the departments of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. Each one being in its own way of interest and value."—T. L. B.

How Botha Saved South Africa

Story of His Defeat of the Revolution in the Early War Stages

ONE of the great stories of the war is the magnificent way in which Louis Botha handled the situation in South Africa in the first stages when German propaganda stirred up a revolution among the Boers. Little information came out at the time with reference to events in the Transvaal but now that the censorship is raised it is possible to learn what occurred and a realistic story appears in the *London Daily Mail* from the pen of Lewis Rose MacLeod. It reads in part as follows:

Before he left to conquer German South-West Africa for the British Empire he took the field to quell a rebellion among his fellow-countrymen engineered by General Beyers, then Commandant-General of the South African Forces, and the redoubtable Christiaan de Wet, the famous guerilla leader of the Boer War. That is a story all compact of romance—too long to be told here. Both of these men were his trusted friends, old and tried comrades of the battlefield. But both fell a victim to German wiles—Beyers because (I think) he was a knave, De Wet from an inverted sense of chivalry.

Anyone who knows South Africa intimately will be able to appreciate the difficulties of Botha's position when the rebellion broke out. Lord Harcourt, who was Colonial Secretary at the time, has just told us that half the country's store of rifles and ammunition was taken by the rebels through treachery, and that for 16 days it was "touch and go" in South Africa.

But Botha never showed the slightest sign of concern at this period.

As I was going into the Rand Club in Johannesburg for luncheon on one of those fateful October days in 1914, I met a man who said, "I've just heard that Botha himself is going to take the field against the rebels. Is it true?"

"I don't know," said I, "but I'll soon find out."

Jumping into a taxicab with a companion I motored the 40 miles to Pretoria and called upon the Prime Minister at the Union Buildings on Meintjes Kop—a high hill overlooking both town and veld; surely, in situation as well as in architecture, one of the most imaginative official buildings in the world.

His secretary held us off for a while. The general was very busy, and more than usually tired. It had been an exhausting day. Black-coated *predikants* (clergymen) with troubled visage thronged the corridors. The Church plays a part of first importance in South African affairs. They had been swarming there all day, and one could guess some of the difficulties that Botha had been experiencing.

When the last parson had left he saw us. He sat at a large table in a great room which commanded a wide view of rolling veld. There was no fuss of papers on his desk. There never is. His blotting-paper was clean. He is not a desk-man. The little nearby things are not for him. He takes the long view. His light-blue eyes have the rather fixed and far-away expression common to all dwellers in the great spaces of the earth. As he spoke he tap-tapped with a blue pencil on his blotting-paper. It is a mannerism which he carries into Parliament.

We said we had come to congratulate him on his decision to take the field against the rebels, and that the whole country—the Empire, indeed—would applaud it. His reply was very simple, and should be for ever memorable.

"It is my duty," he said, in his even, rather guttural tones, "and it is the only thing for me to do. Beyers was a strong man and he has a very big following in the country. There is no one else I can put in his place just now, so I must go myself."

A few days later he was in the field against his own countrymen. He moved swiftly, as is his wont. Rebellion sooned turned to rout, Beyers, fleeing before him, perished ignominiously while swimming his horse across a flooded river. De Wet—whose elusive tactics had defeated our best British cavalry leaders for three years—was taken prisoner.

Botha had kept his pledge to the Empire to which he swore loyalty at the peace conference at Vereeniging. But he had sacrificed lifelong friendships. Many of his best and oldest friends drew apart from him, and additional rancor was introduced into South African politics, already sufficiently embittered through schism and other causes.

How closely these friendships touched his private life I can best illustrate by an anecdote. On the day on which the last shots in the rebellion were fired I was in his house in Pretoria.

While we were there his secretary came to him with news of that last encounter, which had taken place that morning only a few miles from where we stood. "Ten of our men have been killed," he said.



Williams in Indianapolis "News"

"New, William, what were you about to say?"

"I am very sorry," said Botha. "It is a bad business."

"We have taken all the rebels prisoners," the secretary went on, "and Fourie has been wounded."

(Fourie was an officer in the Defence Force who had turned traitor, and in happier days he had been an intimate friend of the Botha family. As it turned out, he was not really wounded, but so the rumor ran that morning.)

"Poor Fourie!" said Botha—and he said it more than once that morning—"I am very sorry that he is wounded—very sorry indeed."

Not very many days later Fourie was found guilty by a court-martial and shot.

Followed the German South-West Africa campaign, with results which are now history. Botha returned to his old post and carried on as Premier while his inseparable friend and lieutenant, Smuts, went first to conquer German East Africa and later to London to assist in the War Cabinet.

Botha's position has been no sinecure. He has been assailed on all sides with the utmost bitterness. The embers of rebellion have smouldered all the time. He has had to reconcile interests apparently irreconcilable. Some of his own countrymen have denounced him as a "Khaki," an "Englishman"—both terms of horrible reproach. A section of the British population has attacked him as a racist. He has had labor troubles which developed into anarchy and bloodshed. The cosmopolitan nature of a large part of the South African population has not lessened his difficulties during the war. And all the time he has had the ever-present native problem to deal with in its many phases.

Through it all he has never wavered even momentarily from his duty. The Empire owes him a debt of gratitude which it never can repay. It may flatter our political pride to attribute the loyalty of South Africa to the wisdom of Campbell-Bannerman in granting her self-government. We may even attribute it to the genius of the British race for government. But here is one solid, concrete fact for grateful remembrance—the loyalty of South Africa to the British Empire has been largely due to the personal influence of one man, Louis Botha.

The New Crisis in the Balkans

Serious Difficulties Arising Between Greece and Bulgaria

ONE of the most perplexing problems at the Peace Conference will be the settling of Balkan boundaries. Already a dangerous feud has arisen between Greece and Bulgaria and M. Venizelos, the Greek statesman who has been such a great friend of the Entente, has been fighting tooth and nail in the allied capitals to offset what he claims to be a dangerous trend toward sympathy for Bulgaria.

As soon as Mr. Wilson has a little time at his disposal in Paris, he will be made acquainted with the nature of the new crisis that has risen in the Balkans, a crisis due mainly, if we may trust the Greek press, to persistent Bulgar machinations. The Bulgars are trying to escape the odium they have incurred by the atrocities perpetrated upon their foes throughout the Balkans. Controversies on the subject begin to fill the European dailies, official Bulgars giving the lie to official Greeks. Bulgaria sets up territorial claims in the near East which, Mr. Venizelos says, will lay the foundation for another war in the immediate future if Mr. Wilson allows himself to be misled.

London and Paris are "worked," the Greeks charge, by shady diplomatists and venal journalists in the Bulgar interest who are trying to make it appear that everything done by the Bulgarians was the fault of their king, Ferdinand. That excuse infuriates the Greek journals, and there are many of them in some of the large capitals issued in the patriotic Hellenic interest. Ferdinand, it is urged, slew all the Greek women and children in Macedonia. He starved Greek prisoners. He invaded Greek territory and sold the inhabitants as slaves to the Turks. This artifice, worked through the medium of character sketches of Ferdinand as a combination of Machiavelli and Mephistopheles, seducing the Bulgars into error when all the time they thought they were fighting for democracy, has been controverted again and again in the Athenian press inspired by Venizelos. For some reason, complains the *Nemera*, the misrepresentations of the Bulgars seem plausible to many good people in London. Liberals there are still under the spell of the Gladstonian tradition and they can not disabuse their minds of an idea of Bulgaria that was perhaps sound forty years ago.

Greece has displayed more enthusiasm than any other country in the near East over the Wilson policy and the Fourteen Points. Athenian dailies have even urged an American protectorate over the Dardanelles as well as over Palestine and Armenia. Certainly, as the Greek press shows, the whole Hellenic people, in and out of the native land, is impressed with an idea that Mr. Wilson will vindicate the territorial claims of Greece against the Bulgars and their champions in London and Paris. However, Bulgaria has learned from grim experience in the past few years, says the *Atlantis*, that she is not to be allowed to extend her sway over races not Bulgar. "Four million Bulgarians, at most, can not be the masters of the twenty million souls living in the Balkans." In fact, the theory of a Bulgarian sway over the Balkans in any undue sense is well-nigh exploded in the Bulgar mind itself. So much may be inferred from the press swayed by Malinoff and from the recent utterances of King Boris at Sofia, who has been receiving English and French journalists and telling them how glad he is that the evil days of Radoslavoff, pro-German premier until the crash, are over. The Bulgarian press echoed the royal sentiments and does so still. The Greek press hails with delight these manifestations of a better state of the national mind; but it retains a feeling of uneasiness because the western powers are as yet woefully misinformed.

Memories are short, complains the *Atlantis*, and already London, Paris and Washington act as if they forgot how Ferdinand in Bulgaria was allowed to build up a powerful army. He could not have done this without the assent of the ruling statesmen. The Bulgars aspired to sway over all the Balkans. The men about Ferdinand boasted that they were the Prussians of the Balkans. Serbia first and Rumania afterwards had to build up a powerful means of defense. Thus the armies in these still distracted regions came into being. This is history as taught by Venizelos. The case of Greece was quite different, observes our Hellenic contemporary. Although the independent Hellenic kingdom had a population of some two and a half millions, nearly three times as many of her people were suffering under the Turkish yoke. Such was the practical working of European diplomacy. There was no self-determination of peoples back in the days when Tricoupis, the Greek statesman, thundered in his daily, the *Hora*, against the imbecilities of British policy under Disraeli. The name of Woodrow Wilson was unknown. The result was that the Balkans became an armed camp which, however, "by a marvelous combination of good luck," was turned against Turkey and "all but succeeded in solving the near-eastern question." The dream was not realized because of the imbecilities of the congress of the powers in London. That congress was told by Venizelos pretty much what Venizelos is telling the powers to-day. Germany bullied and threatened a world-war which, in effect, she let loose upon the Belgians and the French a year later. The *Atlantis* and its Greek contemporaries are to-day asking if the great powers have learned nothing whatever from this accumulated experience dating from yesterday? The question has been put by Venizelos to Lloyd George, to Balfour, to Pichon, for the Greek statesman is easily the busiest person in diplomatic life to-day.

London is the centre of a Bulgarian propaganda at which Mr. Venizelos stands aghast. Recent utterances in the *London Times* and the *London Westminster Gazette* are ascribed in the Greek press also to an active and subtle pro-Bulgar propaganda which stops at nothing to obscure Greece in the general mind. The Bulgarian Malinoff appears in this propaganda as the hero of Bulgaria's fight for democracy along Anglo-Saxon lines. He was always a friend of England and to his influence the friendliness of young King Boris for England is likewise due. Malinoff is a Bessarabian by birth and was trained to the law, although he is no orator. A weakness in the character of Malinoff was his distrust of the Greeks, a distrust disseminated by him in the Bulgar mind, says the *London World*. Whenever Mr. Venizelos shows up at the Quai d'Orsay or at the foreign office in London, a Bulgar agent is going in or coming out.



Use the Employment Offices!

A Message to Canadian Employers from the Director of Repatriation

The biggest problem that Canada has to face in the coming months is the problem of employment.

The cessation of war-work, the demobilization of the fighting forces jointly mean that almost half-a-million workers will have to be reabsorbed into our commercial and industrial life.

It is in Canada's best interests to ensure that this resettlement and readjustment takes place as speedily, smoothly and efficiently as possible.

The Employment Offices which the Government is establishing, with the co-operation of the Provinces, are therefore not an experiment, but a national necessity. They will prove to be just as great a national asset to Canada as they have been to other countries.

Canada's Employment Offices will be 64 in number—a complete nation-wide chain from coast to coast. They will be located in all centres of 10,000 people and over—and wherever the need for them exists. More than one-half are already in operation.

Through these Government Employment Offices, all persons in need of employment, both male and female, soldier and war-worker will be placed in touch with such positions as are available.

Every effort is being made to have these offices run on uniform, business-like methods. Modern, up-to-date offices are being secured. The supervisor and interviewers in each office take care that an employer's particular needs are promptly filled. They endeavor to supply only such help as an employer can confidently take on—the right man for the right position. By doing this they effect an important economy of time and money for employers.

For the small employer of labor the Government Employment Office will serve as an employment manager. For the large concerns they will be of appreciable assistance to the employment manager.

Thus, from the standpoint of the service rendered, the Government Employment Offices will warrant the heartiest co-operation and support on the part of the employers of labor.

The Dominion and Provincial Governments recognize that the whole success of the Employment Offices depends upon the degree to which employers give this co-operation and support.

They therefore urge employers to do three important things:

- (1) To seek first from the local Employment Office whatever class of help they may need.
- (2) To fill out as completely as possible and mail promptly the postcard which will be sent each week to every concern of 25 or more employees showing (a) the payroll of the previous week; (b) changes in staff and the nature of the occupations.
- (3) To give every help and support to the advisory body of employers and employees which will assist the supervisor of each local office.
- (4) To refer complaints and dissatisfaction promptly to the Provincial Superintendent of Labor or to the local Employment Office.



The Repatriation Committee

OTTAWA

[Signature]
Director of
Repatriation

Switzerland, the Spies' Refuge

How That Country Became a Land of Intrigue During the War

PRIOR to August 1, 1914, Paris was the city where the spy, the intriguer and the exile gathered to plot and discover plots. How the activities of these classes were suddenly transferred to Switzerland at the outbreak of war is related in "The World's Work," in an article which reads in part as follows:

The glories and beauties of nature are Switzerland's charm, which had hitherto attracted only tourists. But suddenly the tourists ceased to come and in their place these new mysterious visitors began to arrive: Propagandists from Germany and Austria-Hungary; traitors from France and Italy; plotters and revolutionists from Russia, India, Egypt, and Turkey; spies and renegades from a dozen countries. Among them was a monarch in exile, and, if he was not in Switzerland at the time, there soon came a man who was going to be one of the world's new and terrible autocrats. Women who had been persecuted for love of country and others whose patriotism could be dictated by the latest man of wealth or title who lavished jewels upon them, were among the group. To be explicit, the ex-Khedive of Egypt was there; and Lenine, now the dictator in Russia, when his whereabouts came to public light, was found in Switzerland. There were women who had had to flee from the Russia of the Czar, and others who came of their own free will from places like Monte Carlo to make money on a large scale by illicit means.

The geographical position of Switzerland made her the meeting point of many nations. To the man who might suddenly want to depart by one route or another, this little republic with frontiers bordering on Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and the little principality of Lichtenstein, offered the most advantageous residence. The central position of Switzerland also served to an extent as her protection from Germany and Austria, the advantages of subjecting this little state being more than outweighed by those she offered of a more or less open route for propaganda meant to find its way into France and Italy. The work of influencing Switzerland was secondary and failed. That of undermining loyalty in the army and people of France, Italy, and Russia was conducted largely in Switzerland and succeeded in the last case to a terrible degree.

The Bolshevik group made its headquarters for a long while in Switzerland. Lenine was there when Nicholas II abdicated on March 15, 1917, and had evidently been in close touch with the German agents, for, it will be remembered, he, Chernoff, and other Bolsheviks were permitted to cross Germany on their way back to Russia, despite the fact that they were Russians and that their country was still at war with Germany. There seems no doubt that these Bolsheviks made arrangements before they left Switzerland to receive monetary support from Germany for the propaganda that they were to conduct behind the Russian lines. General Brusiloff announced at the time that he had conclusive proof that Lenine was an agent of the German General Staff.

The attitude of Switzerland throughout the war has always been what is called in diplomatic phraseology "correct." This might seem strange in view of the fact that nearly three-quarters of the population is ethnically German and uses German as the mother tongue. In a population of 3,880,500, the Germans number 2,594,298, the French 793,264 and the Italians 302,578.

But the Germans of Switzerland are like neither those of Holland nor those of the United States, and this voluntary



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confederation of French, German, and Italian under a single flag stands as a valuable object lesson in the art and science of government. It is, of course, well known that during the first few months of the war there was in Switzerland a very strong feeling among the German Swiss in favor of Germany; but as the people had time to study and observe the war the determination of the German element no less than the French and the Italian became fixed on the programme of preserving its own neutrality.

"Switzerland," says an English writer, Sir Jacob Preston, "has always remained outside the circle of great Powers that have for centuries been wrangling, fencing, and manoeuvring one with another. Her foreign policy

is mainly a negative one; she has no alliances, no colonies, no unredeemed provinces, no plans for territorial aggrandizement, and, above all, no outlet to the sea.....

"Nothing short of starvation or threatened invasion could drive Switzerland into war, and there is no doubt that every Swiss would meet an invader in the same spirit that his forefathers met Hapsburg and Burgundian centuries ago.....As this war has drawn together the different units of the British Empire by emphasizing their common traditions and ideals, so has an armed neutrality in face of raging and truculent neighbors drawn out and accentuated the latent feeling of a common nationality in Switzerland."

A German on Germany's Defeat

*The Collapse of Teuton Empire
Seen Through German
Spectacles*

PROFESSOR HANS DELBRÜCK'S contribution to the December number of the *Preussische Jahrbuch* as quoted in the London *Times* are about the most interesting comments we have had on the German Resolution.

Delbrück begins by candid admission that he has been entirely wrong about the prospects of the war:

What mistakes I have made! Bad though things were a month ago, I would not abandon the hope that our front, although already yielding, would hold, and would wring from our enemies an armistice that would cover our frontiers, while in Germany the development towards democracy, long prepared as it was, would be accomplished without a violent breach with the past, and without the sacrifice of the traditional political forms. Our hope has deceived us; our pride is broken, I imagined that I saw clearer and further than others when, with all confidence in our military strength, I constantly advised political moderation. Could such moderation have saved us from such a catastrophe? This much is certain—that I greatly underestimated the internal dissolution of our strength and the shattering of our once so firm political structure. . . . Of a truth I never foresaw such a result, even in the dark hours and gloomy anticipations which often came over me.

He also had some edifying experiences with the German censorship. He was only allowed to mention the British and American statistics of new ship construction on condition that he said that they could not be true. When he wanted to publish the figures of transport of American troops to France up to last June, and pointed out that as he had taken the figures from the *Times* they could be of no use to the enemy, he was positively forbidden to mention the figures at all, on the ground that, in the opinion of the German Supreme Command, "Mr. Baker's report was nothing but American bluff intended to deceive the German." Delbrück proceeds:—

What shall one say about this? Was it really necessary to keep such facts from the German people in order to maintain its spirit? Or did the Supreme Command really not know at the end of July that it had to deal with an immense American Army? The turn in our fortunes began with the collapse of our attack on Rheims and the successful advance of the French north of the Marne. According to certain observations which had been communicated to me, Ludendorff had then already be-

come very uncertain at heart. Nevertheless, he and Herr von Hintze (Foreign Secretary) during the next nine weeks did nothing to ease our position politically—until, on September 29, Ludendorff collapsed and completed our defeat by the offer of an armistice.

Delbrück admits that when Prince Max at last came into office on October 1, all was lost, and he merely tried to bluff the Entente by using his personal reputation and attributing the change of Government not to the military situation—the real cause—but to a change of heart. As Delbrück indiscreetly puts it, in words which should end the Prince Max legend:—

There remained nothing for him but to risk it on this thin hope. But the enemy did not let himself be deceived. The enemy realized his military advantage; and now came the most terrible thing. Before the negotiations, intentionally prolonged by the enemy, had reached their conclusion, the Socialist Party took it upon itself to overthrow the Government and to make Germany defenceless at this moment.

The future Delbrück regards with the utmost sadness. He thinks that there will be more parties than ever in the new Germany. He seems to believe that German Austria will return to Germany, but he sees that one result of this will be a break-up of Prussia into her constituent provinces. He is inclined to believe that Germany will be forced into economic Socialism. He sees that there will be more women voters than men. He says that all Germans must hope that this is for Germany the ploughing time and that the harvest will yet come. But he concludes:—

Why, however, should we not admit that this faith is still overshadowed by dark forebodings? What if the age of high intellectual culture were now going to its end? What if we are closing an epoch, as antiquity ended, in the migration of the peoples? What if the striving for a new order ends in anarchy, and anarchy in barbarism? Rome of old was governed by a highly educated aristocracy whose place was then taken by the new aristocracy of warriors in bearskins. Then reading and writing became an affair for parsons—nothing for emperors and kings, dukes, counts, and knights. What if we also are approaching times in which power will pass into the hands, not of the illiterate, but, still worse, of the half educated? Is Germany destined to disappear from the ranks of the Great Powers and to continue as an unpolitical "Kultur"-people? Has Bismarck's work really been destroyed for ever? Has the League of Nations a future, and is the conception of Great Power dying? Mere questions; but can one to-day close a political essay otherwise than with questions?

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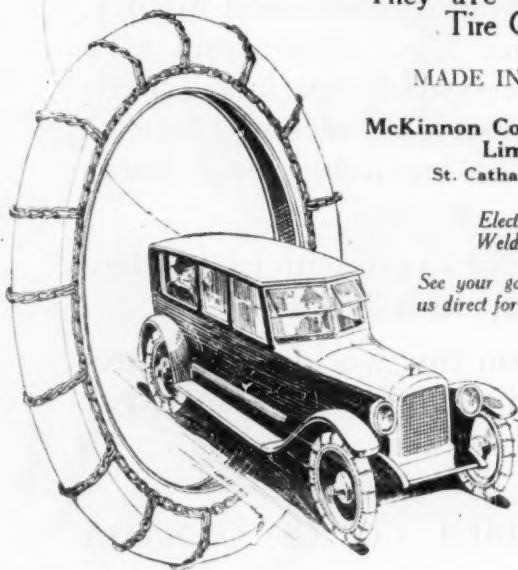
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The Story of the First "Q" Boat

How the "Q" Boats Got the U-Boats

OCCASIONALLY during the war we have heard the "Hush" Boats referred to as a "great mystery." The secret was well kept. The secret is now out and a naval officer in the *Times* tells how the "Q" Boats killed the U-Boats. He writes:

An old collier of some 2,000 tons was selected from among the shipping at the disposal of the Admiralty and taken to a dockyard port, where she unostentatiously underwent certain structural alterations. These included disappearing mountings for guns concealed beneath hatchway covers, and masked by deckhouses which collapsed like cards at a jerk of a lever. From the host of volunteers, among whom were retired admirals, captains, commanders, and lieutenants of the Royal Navy, a young lieutenant-commander was selected and appointed in command. His officers were volunteers from the Royal Naval Reserve, ex-merchant seamen, familiar enough with the role they were required to play, and in some cases with little mental scores of their own which required adjustment when the time came.

For five weary months they patrolled the Atlantic waiting for the chance to avenge the *Lusitania's* dead. And often—so successful was their camouflage—they deceived even their own cruisers. Finally the long desired opportunity came.

Early one spring morning, when the daylight was stealing out of gray skies across the Atlantic waste, the track of a torpedo bubbled across the bows and passed ahead of the ship. The moment for which they had waited five weary months had come.

As befitted her role of tramp steamer in the early days of the war, the ship held steadily on her way, observing the stars in their courses, but not otherwise interested in the universe. Inboard, however, the alarm rang along the mess-decks and saloons, and men crawled into hen-coops and deck-houses, eagerly fingering the pistol-grips of the hidden guns. A few minutes later the submarine broke surface half a mile astern of the ship, and fired a shot across her bows. Whereupon, the supposed collier stooped her engines, and lay rolling in the trough of the seas with steam pouring from her exhausts, while the crew, who had rehearsed this moment to a perfection never yet realized on the boards of legitimate drama, rushed to and fro with every semblance of panic. The captain danced from one end of the bridge to the other, waving his arms and shouting; boats were turned out and in again amid a deliberate confusion that brought blushes to the cheeks of the ex-merchant seamen called upon to play the part.

In the meantime the submarine had approached at full speed to within about 700 yards, and, evidently not satisfied with the speed at which the ship was being abandoned, fired another shot, which pitched 50 yards short of the engine-room. There was apparently nothing further to be gained by prolonging the performance for this impatient audience, and the lieutenant-commander on the bridge, cap in hand, and breathless with his pantomimic exertions, blew a shrill blast on his whistle. Simultaneously the White Ensign fluttered to the masthead, deck-houses and screens clattered down, and three minutes later the submarine sank under a rain of shells and Maxim bullets. As she disappeared beneath the surface the avenger reached the spot and dropt a depth charge over her. A moment after the explosion the submarine reappeared in a perpendicular position alongside the ship, denting the bilge-keel as she rolled drunkenly among the waves. The after gun put five more rounds into the shattered hull at point-blank range, and, as she sank for the last time, two more depth charges were dropped in mercy to speed her passing.



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What is Going on in Mexico

An Exposition of the Present Political Situation

THE situation in Mexico at the present day and the aims and desires of the Government and the people are dealt with at length by William Gates in the *North American Review*. Put in a few words his contention is that the Carranza Government is nothing more or less than a band of organized robbers, violently pro-German, inimical to everything American and hand in glove with the I. W. W.

The chief opponent to Carranza is Zapata, an Indian, whose sole object is to win back illegally dispossessed farms for his followers in his native state, and who would have supported Carranza had he agreed to this restitution. Zapata and Villa for some months previous to the Carranza régime held the capital. During that period the dominant topic in all the papers was the agrarian and farming question. There was almost no anti-Americanism. Mr. Gates then continues his story as follows:

With the entry of Carranza forces August 2, 1915, all this changed. Entering the capital the Zapata papers are at once suppressed, and their plants used to issue Carranza papers; these began at once to be filled with new kinds of notices. Agrarianism almost disappears, to be replaced by the spread of I. W. W. syndicates, "to become a great aid in combating the tyrants." We have wild stories of "revolutions" in the United States. Kenneth Turner arrives, on the invitation of Dr. Atl, the I. W. W. propagandist. August 22 the present German Minister, von Eckhardt, arrives at the capital with letters from Carranza (still at Vera Cruz), stating that von Eckhardt has come "accredited to the Constitutional Government." (We did not recognize Carranza until October 19.)

With the definite coming into power, therefore, of the Carranza régime, we find at his side the German Minister and the I. W. W., in their official capacities, and in full co-operation and recognition. We find starting up at once an exaggerated anti-Americanism, of the "political patriotism" type.

In my recent trip through Mexico my desire to see Zapata was stimulated by the utterly contradictory reports about him. Every form of abuse possible is heaped upon him, yet on all sides acknowledgment that Zapata is the one leader in all these years who has had a consistent principle. Zapata is fighting to restore the farms of which the Indians were by legal processes dispossessed in spite of primordial titles centuries old, and to establish small agricultural proprietorship, leaving the other economic problems of Mexico, for which modern capital and methods are essential, free. Zapata, Carranza, Alvarado, all proclaim agrarian revindication of the Indian. But the Indian, dispossessed, his race-brother bulks first in Zapata's thoughts; in Carranza's and Alvarado's it is the capitalist hated, especially the foreigner, and most especially the American. The Zapata movement is a social home movement; the other a political anti-foreign one. Zapata shares the anti-Spanish feeling above mentioned, and neither he nor his people are anti-Yankee in the usual sense; he and his officers are also specifically anti-German. Alvarado is a convinced I.W.W., who expects to succeed Carranza as President, and establish the first Syndicalistic State; to both him and Carranza, Indianism is something to be cultivated and exploited politically.

I have ridden hundreds of miles through southern Mexico, where I was told no other American had been for the last one or two years at least, and where I was warned that it was utterly impossible to go for roving bandits, who would at the least strip me to my shoes. I have been in a town as it was attacked by Felicistas, and seen the Carrancista soldiers after repelling the attack loot the town they were brought in to de-

fend, the commanding general of the division, Heriberto Jara of Vera Cruz, bring up the rear of the line of looted men; while others after shooting a prisoner found wounded in the leg, dragged him by a rope behind a cart; and while a colonel on the general's staff warned a friendly storekeeper to shut his doors, as they could not promise protection from their own troops. I never felt safe one hour of the time I was within Carranza lines; I felt safe every hour I was off among the country people, in the districts protected by their soldiers, farmers like themselves, working their fields and taking a gun when the need came to defend their homes from the marauding Carrancistas. I have no doubt there are bands of bandits, but I believe them to be mainly, at least, on the border lines between the opposing forces.

The Revolutionists of Mexico to-day are a peasant yeomanry defending their homes; while one may describe the Government forces as Germans in Belgium, or Bolsheviks in Russia; either term fits.

The ignorance in this country as to the extent of the German propaganda and influence over the border is little short of amazing. To try to show its working, take the matter of the public press. In Yucatan a free press is non-existent; but in Mexico there is a long list of anti-government papers, rising and falling, besides the main dailies. Nearly the whole of this press is German subsidized; in some cases the anti-Americanism is virulent in the extreme, excitatory of fears of invasion. A good deal of this is hidden behind rabid I. W. W. anti-capitalism, where that is the cue, as in the oil regions and in the north; and that serves to excite strikes, or destruction; but the purchase money is traceable, and has several times been openly proven German. Some of these rabid anti-foreign papers are also anti-Carranza, to give them circulation among the Revolutionary districts; but there, too, they serve Carranza's aims, for they excite the sentiment which he hopes to use when "the Day" of vindication comes. When we learned that food shipments released by us to relieve distress were being used for outrageous profiteering, and ordered the question investigated, it gave rise to violent editorials on Mexico's sovereign right to regulate her own internal commerce.

Last January the Sonora News Co., a long established American company, obeying our Trading With the Enemy Act, cut out the most violent and shamelessly mendacious German paper from its train list. It had its whole contract cancelled in consequence, the Government Secretary stating in the official letter that the special reason was that such action invaded Mexico's sovereign dignity, and compromised her "strict neutrality." Other cases followed, with like action, declaring broadly that "the American Black List has no validity in Mexico, and supported immediately by specific decrees from Carranza himself.

Mexico, outside of Carrancista circles, is our friend; it is also in desperation, and crying to us; it is absolutely pro-Ally, and anti-German. The case is a clear one: the Carranza policy is a political one, against us, to which he is sacrificing the inner condition of the country; but the Mexicans outside his ranks see that alliance with Germany would only mean for Mexico what it did for Russia, even if Germany had won; and they see Mexico's future in friendship with us.

If we would permit it, if we would recognize the facts from the world-standpoint, that assumed diplomatic regularity is being used intentionally to hold us off and for no other purpose as Germany hoped to do first with England and then with us, till the better time; if we would recognize the Mexican people whose welfare we have at heart, instead of the Carranza Government which has betrayed the Mexican Revolution as Lenin did the Russian; if we would only go no further than was done by the Carranza Government itself and recognize the belligerency of the



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legitimate State Government of Oaxaca, the whole matter would be settled by an immediate declaration of alliance by that Sovereignty, carrying with it all the rest of the Revolutionary movement through the whole Republic. We would lose Carranza, and with him the danger which he and the German Minister are fomenting, that we be drawn into attacking Mexico on the northern border, or in Tampico; all danger of the rupture between us and the Mexicans would cease, for the Carranza Government could not last if the Revolutionists got the ammunition they need.

The interior condition is wholly misunderstood in this country. It is not a case of more or less widespread banditry, pillage. It is a political movement, it is unified, and all the parties are in communication and co-operation, slowly strengthening themselves and pinching in the Carranza Government amidst the growing hatred of the whole people, and its economically critical situation.

The present movement is a unified political revolution to restore constitutional government, wipe out the socialistic legislation, and come back to a position of respect internationally. From a military point, the country is controlled by three main forces, in co-

operation: Felix Diaz commanding in Chiapas, Vera Cruz, the Tehuantepec isthmus, and part of Puebla, the Oaxaca State forces under Meixueiro; Zapata commanding in Morelos, part of Puebla and Guerrero; Guerrero also seceded lately, and State forces there co-operate; up the west side and through the north various military leaders; on the east coast in the oil district, Pelaez. The southern contingents have definite political programmes (substantially identical) to the restoration of constitutional government, with reforms giving effect to the social principles underlying the late revolution; these programmes have been accepted by the military chiefs in the north. And they include for the first time in Mexico's history the economic regeneration of the Indian; that is Zapata's one care for which he will fight to the end; it is Meixueiro's; and Diaz has made it his. The Mexican revolution (really started by Zapata in 1909, before Madero) will never end until the mountain peasants of Morelos come into their own; you might as well fight the Swiss; but give them their farms, buying them from the landlords if necessary, and it ends to-morrow. And above all give them economic assurance that it is worth while saving—and their regeneration and that of Mexico will come.

The Alleged Polish Pogroms

Are They a Fact or Merely More German Propaganda?

HEARTRENDING stories of the massacre of defenceless Jewish men and women in Lemberg have come through German sources to Western countries and have caused some discouragement to the well-wishers of Poland. Mr. W. Czerniewski, however, a noted Polish Publicist in the West declares in the London (Eng.) *New Witness* that it is a subtle piece of German propaganda to snatch in the East what the Teutons have lost in the West. He says:

Through the Wolff Agency the work of propaganda has been steadily carried on. One after the other telegrams are dispatched announcing a state of anarchy in Poland, giving the details of a pogrom against the Jews. This campaign was launched as far back as last February, when mass-meetings were held in Krakow and Lemberg to demand the restoration of an independent Poland, with access to the sea. Following on these demonstrations the Wolff Agency issued reports of anti-Semitic riots in Galicia, together with statements of the appearance of Bolshevism. These statements were absolutely false. I have had the opportunity of seeing and conversing with men who actually took part in these national demonstrations, and they solemnly assure me that no anti-Semitic riots have taken place. In this connection it is important to note that there have never been Jewish pogroms in the districts inhabited by Poles, with the single exception in 1905

of a pogrom in Siedlce. On this occasion, however, the pogrom was arranged and carried through by the Russian troops, who alone took part in it. . . . On every side, Poland is surrounded by anarchy, and it is quite possible that if pogroms have occurred German and Austrian troops returning from the front were implicated.

Germany has lost her game in the West, but she will not throw down her cards in the East. Her present scheme of politics is not confined to the saving of her eastern frontiers. Her aim is also to Balkanize eastern Europe. She desires, therefore, to see a small and weak Poland, an independent Ukraine, an independent Lithuania, together with White Ruthenia and Estonia. If Germany's aim in this direction be fulfilled her ambitions would be undisputed. None of these people would be in a position to oppose seventy million Germans. Honeycombed by German intrigues, mutual internal dissensions would arise, they would quarrel among themselves, dissipate their energy in petty affairs, and serve Germany as a bridge to the further East. And the old story would be repeated yet again. The sap of the East would pour new blood into German veins, the Balkanized East would be a fertilizer through which Prussia would find invigoration, and, once more recuperated, seek revenge on those who have destroyed her to-day. Lord Robert Cecil has said that the German revolution may only be a trick. Even so, Germany is playing the most cunning game that even she has ever launched. Beaten in the field, she is still fighting a great battle, a battle in which she is employing those forces which are in existence in ourselves. She is endeavoring to poison our minds, to weaken our will, to disintegrate our purpose.

A Knotty Point For the Peace Conference

The Subject Likely to Cause Greatest Difficulty Among the Various Peace Problems

THAT the problems for settlement by the Peace Conference are by no means without difficulty will be generally admitted and perhaps the one most likely to cause dissension among the Allies themselves is the settlement of the rival claims of Italy, the Jugo-Slavs and the Greeks to various parts of the country to the east of the Adriatic. *The Literary Digest* quotes Prof. Bernard Pares, of King's College, London, on this subject as saying:

The relations between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs are one of the pivotal problems of the war, and Italo-Jugo-Slav friendship is a necessary factor in restoring peaceful and ordered conditions in southeastern Europe. But though it has hitherto been possible to make out a case for not probing too deeply the causes which have hampered the attainment of a complete and cordial understanding between the two peoples, it is clear that the moment has now come when only a frank recognition of the facts can save us from disastrous decisions.

The root of the whole evil lies in the secret treaty concluded on April 26, 1915, by Great Britain, France, and Russia with Italy. The main lines of this iniquitous arrangement had already leaked out soon after its conclusion, but

it was not until the Bolsheviks obtained control in Petrograd that the actual text of the treaty became known; and to this day only two British newspapers—the *Manchester Guardian* and *The New Europe*—have dared to acquaint their readers with its sacred contents. The territorial concessions thus secured by Italy include, not merely southern Tyrol to the Brenner, Gorizia, Trieste, the line of the Julian Alps to near Fiume, and the whole of Istria (with the islands of Lussin and Cherso), but also the whole of northern Dalmatia, including Zara, Sebenico, and their hinterland, and even the southern islands of Lissa, Lesina, Curzola, and Meleda. This involves the annexation of nearly three-quarters of a million Slovenes and Croats, living in compact masses and with a keenly developed national consciousness.

"The blame for this treaty does not rest with Italy alone, it is shared equally by France, Britain, and Czarist Russia. But while the other three foreign ministers who concluded it have long since fallen, Baron Sonnino still remains at his post and with usurious stubbornness seeks to hold the Allies to their bond." All Italian opinion, however, does not run with the Foreign Minister, and in a volume entitled "Italia e Jugo-Slav," published in Florence, a group of Italian publicists have set out to combat the claims which the advanced Nationalists base upon the Treaty of London.

Locating Guns By Sound

How Three German Guns Were Discovered by Sound in One Day

TOWARDS the end of the war the positions of hundreds of German guns were accurately discovered by calculations based upon sound. The *Popular Science Monthly* thus describes the method by which this marvellous achievement was effected:

By the use of "receiving stations" behind the lines, British and French military observers have been able to locate hundreds of German guns through the application of the science of acoustics. These stations are placed behind the Allied lines at points accurately determined, with the distance from each station to all others carefully recorded.

A receiving station may be nothing more than a microphone-receiver concealed under a rock. The receiver is connected by wire to a central station with which the other stations are also connected. A simple clockwork device in the central station records the exact instant at which every sound is received at each receiving station.

The first sound is that of the shell passing overhead, since the projectile fired by a high-power rifled cannon travels faster than the speed of sound, which is normally 1,123 feet a second, varying, however, with wind velocity and direction and the temperature and density of the air. The next sound recorded is the "boom" of the gun, and then comes the sound of the exploding shell.

Careful corrections are worked out to allow for variation in the speed of the sound-waves due to atmospheric conditions. Then the difference in time at which the same sound was recorded from the different receiving stations is compared with the known distance from station to station.

If, for example, the time when the sound made by a passing shell reaches Station 4 is 9:12:26, and the same sound is recorded from Station 5 at 9:12:27 and from Station 6 at 9:12:27½, it is a simple matter to determine that the point of origin of the sound is 1,086 feet farther from Station 5 than from Station 4, and 543 feet farther from Station 6 than from Station 5. With the known distances between the station as base lines, triangulation on a large-scale map, involving intricate calcula-

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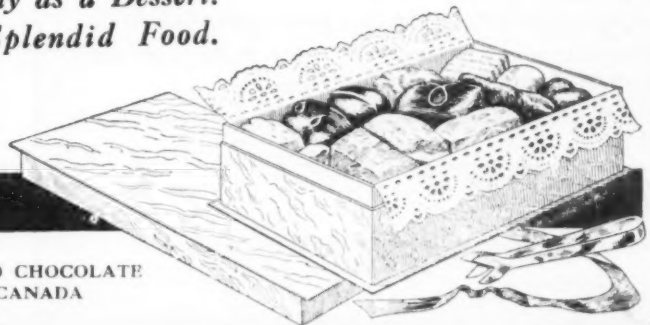
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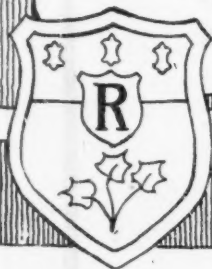
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tions, provides valuable information as to distance, as indicated by the different times at which the same sound reached the different receiving stations. The time records of the sound of the gun itself and of the exploding shell are also subjected to the same analysis; and, since it is obvious that the points from which the three different sounds originate must be in the same vertical plane, a straight line on the map connecting all three proves the accuracy of the computations.

So accurate has this method proved that in almost every instance, when the work of the observers at the central station (which may be miles away from the receiving stations) is compared with photographs made from airplanes, showing the position of the same guns, there is not room for separate pinpricks to indicate the results of the two sets of observations.

In one day, recently, sixty-three German guns were located by this means, and destroyed by airplane bombs, although many of them had been so successfully camouflaged that probably they never would have been discovered by any other means.

German Princes Without Jobs

*Twenty-two Petty Monarchs Have
Retired Into Private Life*

IT seems hardly credible that the German nation should have tolerated up till last November more than a score of petty sovereigns the majority of whom ranged from homicidal maniacs to mere imbeciles, and this at annual cost of nearly half a billion dollars. The most that could be said for the best of them was that they were inoffensive.

Frederick Cunliffe-Owen in *Munsey's* gives an account of these various petty monarchs of which the following is a resume:

Probably the best of the lot was the septuagenarian William II of Württemberg, who was called upon to abdicate, not so much on account of any objection to himself personally, but because of the pronounced unpopularity of his Austrian-reared cousin and next heir, Duke Albert of Württemberg, who was throughout the war one of the principal commanders on the French front.

William II is credited with having been averse to the war which has just come to a close, owing in part to the fact that as a young cavalry subaltern he took part in the campaign of 1870. Having smelled powder on the battlefield, instead of in sham fights, like the Kaiser, he was appalled at the idea of reviving the horrors of the conflict of nearly fifty years ago. His attitude in the matter served to envenom his relations with his namesake of Berlin, the differences between them having originated in the days when the two princes were officers of the same regiment at Potsdam.

Bavaria's royal house has had a long history of misfortune and four of her last five kings lost their thrones in different ways. Ludwig I was forced to abdicate in 1848, after the scandal of his infatuation for the Irish adventuress, Lola Montez. His grandson, Ludwig II, was declared insane, and only escaped incarceration by his tragic death a few days later. The second Ludwig's brother and successor, Otto, spent more than forty years under close restraint in the palace of Fürstenried, and was formally deposed about three years before his death. And now Ludwig III has closed the record of the Wittelsbach sovereigns, probably forever, by his ignominious flight from Munich.

It appears that the third and last Ludwig was returning from a walk with two of his daughters when he caught sight, at some distance, of a revolutionary mob marching upon the palace. He instantly took to his heels and fled to Switzerland, oblivious of the fact that



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he was leaving behind him, at the mercy of the mob, his elderly consort, Queen Marie Therese, who was dangerously ill at the time.

It was in February, 1918, that Ludwig celebrated the golden anniversary of his marriage to his wife, an archduchess of Austria. She is the senior of the descendants from the Stuart kings of Great Britain—that is to say, her descent from the Stuarts is less remote than that of King George. The members of the White Rose and Jacobite Leagues in England and America, prior to the war, were wont to insist that were it not for the Act of Settlement barring Roman Catholics from the British crown, she would be in possession thereof, instead of George V.

King Ludwig has always hated the Hohenzollerns and the Prussians. He still carries a Prussian bullet in his body, and walks with a pronounced limp, as the result of wounds received in defending Bavaria from Prussian invasion in the six weeks' war of 1866. He never lost an occasion of manifesting his impatience with Hohenzollern arrogance, and his resentment at the constant attempts on the part of the Berlin government to encroach upon the sovereignty of Bavaria.

Under the circumstances, it seems to be an irony of fate that the masses of the Bavarian people, who shared his dislike of the Hohenzollerns, and of everything emanating from Berlin, should always have looked upon him as a usurper, and as having played the game of Prussia.

Another German ruler who has always hated the Prussians, and abominated the former Kaiser, is the dethroned King Frederick Augustus of Saxony. His sentiments in this regard have been shared, not only by the princes and princesses of his house but also by his subjects. During the war the French and English troops have borne tribute to the difference between the Prussians and the Saxons, all to the advantage of the latter; and it is said that more than once, when relieved from service in the trenches, the men of Saxony hoisted placards for the information of their adversaries, conveying the significant warning that their places were being taken by "Prussian swine."

King Frederick Augustus was the only monarch in Europe of his day to be afflicted with the strange malady to which the French have given the name of *petit mal*, in order to distinguish it from the *grand mal*, or epilepsy. The Scots graphically describe the *petit mal* as "dwalms," and it takes the form of a sudden mental stupor, with an irresistible somnolence. Although otherwise in perfect health, the Saxon king was in the habit of suddenly falling asleep at state banquets in honor of foreign sovereigns, at councils of his ministers, at great court functions, and even on horseback at military reviews. His tumbles from his charger on occasions of this kind were very unkindly ascribed, especially at Berlin, to intoxication.

King Frederick Augustus, while somewhat coarse in manner and speech, and in no sense an attractive character, has behaved with boundless patience and forbearance towards his former wife, the Archduchess Louise of Austria, whom he was compelled by his father, the late King George, to divorce in consequence of her sensational elopement with her children's Belgian tutor, Professor Givon. But as divorce is not recognized by the Roman Catholic church to which he belongs he still con-

siders himself her husband—this, too, in spite of her subsequent marriage to and divorce from an Italian pianist of the name of Toselli. Although she has treated him in the most abominable fashion, and has given her name to a book of "Reminiscences," ridiculing him and his whole family, he has continued until now to pay her an annuity sufficient to keep her from want.

The Grand Duke Frederick Augustus of Oldenburg, until his dethronement the other day, was the only German sovereign who could boast of having visited the United States.

The dethroned grand duke is a queer character. When his wife ventured to differ from him, he was wont to have her committed to an asylum, on the pretext that she was mentally deranged. He himself, during the decade preceding the war, had a habit of periodically retiring of his own free will to a sanatorium in Dresden, to remain in complete seclusion, on the plea that he required rest from the cares and anxieties of administering the government of his tiny duchy. He used to complain all the time of suffering from overwork.

It would be impossible to sketch, within the limits of a magazine article, the many oddities, idiosyncrasies, and foibles of the remainder of the recently dethroned pumpernickel monarchs of Germany.

For instance, there is the deposed Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, second in line of succession to the throne of Holland, while his own second heir, until his recent downfall, was his cousin, Prince William of Saxe-Weimar. The latter lived for a number of years in the United States as a "remittance-man," under the name of William Rohde. He was always forestalling his meagre allowance from home, and was compelled in consequence to resort to all sorts of extraordinary means of livelihood. He was successively a riding-master in New York, a hack-driver, a street-car conductor, a wine tout, and even a waiter at a hotel.

Then there is the Kaiser's son-in-law, the dethroned Duke of Brunswick, who is understood to have spent two years of the war under restraint in Austria as a lunatic, whose father, known as the Duke of Cumberland, is hopelessly insane, and whose grandfather, the last King of Hanover, was stone blind.

Another dethroned princeling is the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the posthumous son of King Edward's youngest brother, Leopold Duke of Albany. He was a schoolboy at Eton, having spent all his life in England, when forced—sorely against his will, it is said—to accept the succession to his uncle Alfred's petty German thrones of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. During the late war, however, the young duke distinguished himself by his manifestations of execration for everything English, although his mother, the widowed Duchess of Albany, makes her home in England, where she is dependent upon an allowance of twenty thousand dollars a year from the British treasury.

The deposed Grand Duke of Baden is a rather colorless individual, whose mother, still living, is the only daughter of the late Emperor William. Two of his predecessors on the throne have been hopelessly insane, and his cousin and heir, Prince Max of Baden, the Kaiser's last imperial chancellor, spent a couple of years in an asylum at Doebling, near Vienna, prior to his marriage in 1900 to the daughter of the crazy Duke of Cumberland.

A Rod in Pickle For Germany

What She Would Have Got Had
She Not Surrendered

AMONG the many technical experts called in to assist in defeating the Hun was William H. Walker, professor of chemical engineering and later chief official manufacturer of lethal gases in the United States.

Munsey's gives us an idea of what Colonel Walker had in store for the

Teutons had they not surrendered when they did.

Colonel Walker was one of the first recruits to the board of chemists commissioned by the Government to deal with the problems rising out of the introduction of poison gas in warfare. It was soon found that the only effective method of handling the situation was to produce sufficient quantities of the deadly stuff to make it possible for the Allies to outdo the German in his own specialty. Prior to this war poison gases



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had never been manufactured in bulk. The task had been a new one even to Germany.

England and France had already begun the manufacture of phosgen and mustard gas, and had produced them on a scale comparable with that of the enemy. The American problem was to bring to bear our unique facilities for quantity production, and by so doing to set a new standard in gas warfare. It was decided that an arsenal should be built and devoted exclusively to this purpose. Since it was desirable to keep the scheme secret as far as possible, an isolated region in Maryland, bordering on the Atlantic, was selected, and there, in the early months of 1918, were set up the various units of a great industrial establishment which was to produce such quantities of man-killing poisons as the world had never dreamed of.

Scientific men knew the theories for producing these poisonous gases—knew how it had been done in the laboratory; but their manufacture in hundreds and thousands of tons, and the handling of these great quantities after being manufactured, involved entirely new problems. In building such a plant it became necessary that the reaction in a test-tube should be reproduced on the scale of an industry occupying scores of buildings and scattered over hundreds of acres of ground. The men of science, with their formulas carefully worked out, called in the most experienced and best-proved executives that the nation could furnish, and set them to making theory into reality.

So did a plant come into being which, at the signing of the armistice, was producing more poison gas than all of the rest of the world combined.

Few people probably appreciate the fact that the principal basis of the new terror that has been added to warfare is nothing more than everyday table-salt. Table-salt, in science, is sodium chlorid, and the first process in the manufacture of practically all the poisonous gases is to separate the chlorin from the sodium.

The greatest of the units at Edgewood Arsenal is the chlorin plant. Water is saturated with salt, and electricity is sent through the brine solution at a high voltage. The chlorin is freed and carried away in pipes, as a gas; the sodium is salvaged in solid form and made available for industrial use.

The chlorin so secured is the identical yellowish-green gas which the Germans first unleashed at Ypres in April, 1915, and which rolled down upon the French Colonials and the Canadians, taking a heavy toll of lives. With a little scientific juggling it became the still more deadly phosgen of the later attacks, and it is one of the chief elements entering into the manufacture of mustard gas, the most dangerous of them all.

When the armistice came, America was prepared to dominate the military situation in so far as it depended on the use of gas. By spring we should have been turning out ten times as much phosgen and mustard gas as Germany could produce, and should have been prepared to deluge the enemy with a veritable avalanche of destruction. Colonel Walker, who in rare degree combines scientific erudition with executive ability, had performed one of the most remarkable tasks of the war.

A Thorough Reader

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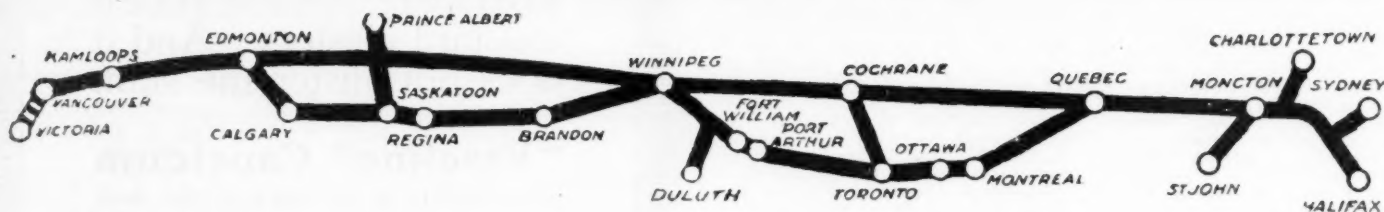
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Bavaria Started the Revolution

How Bavaria Set Up The First German Social Republic

IT is a somewhat curious fact that, although the monarchy was perhaps more popular in Bavaria than any of the other German States, the first German social public was there proclaimed. The *Nation* (London, Eng.) in an editorial on the subject says:

The Bavarian movement obviously established the type for the revolutionary movement throughout the Empire. The outbreaks in Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, and Hamburg preceded it in point of time; but they were purely naval in origin and had no constructive purpose. They were successful mutinies rather than political movements. The Bavarian movement was, on the other hand, deliberate and constructive from the first. Eisner, the Independent Socialist, who led it, and is now the provisional President of the Bavarian Republic, a man whose clearness of head and political ability are alike notable, explained the motives which caused him to set revolution in motion at that particular time. They were two. The first was to safeguard Bavaria against the catastrophe which had overtaken German Austria, and would have overtaken Bavaria if the "madness of national defence" had been persisted in. A new and stable government, based on the people's confidence, had to be established before demobilization began. Secondly, he believed that after the establishment of a genuinely democratic government, headed by men who had consistently opposed the war, Germany would secure greater favor in President Wilson's sight than through a government which retained any elements of "the old gang." "We are arming Germany for the League of Nations." In other words, it was a peaceful revolution, deliberately planned—and it is pretty certain that distinguished Bavarian Radicals like Edgar Jaffe were in the plot a full week before it was actually carried out—in order to avoid a violent revolution when the soldiers returned, and to secure for Germany a real standing in the League of Nations. Moreover, from the first, Eisner insisted on the inclusion of the Majority Socialists in the government, and in his opening speech to the provisional Parliament he expressed the hope that the example of Socialist reunion would be followed throughout the Empire.

We are inclined to believe that when the history of the transformation of

Central Europe comes to be written, the "new model" revolution in Bavaria will be the real starting-point of a philosophic narrative. Perhaps history will discover other motives in addition to those confessed by Eisner, and among them may be found a popular determination to avoid the disruption of Germany by any dynastic intrigues between the Wittelsbachs and the Quai d'Orsay, for example. The point to which we need to hold fast at present is that the movement was constructive in conception and moderate in execution. The alliance of the Catholic peasantry and the liberal *intelligentsia* was deliberately sought and gained. The whole movement was as methodical and as satisfactory as a Hindenburg retreat.

We quote in part an article on the same subject from the *Nation* (New York):

It is not an accident that the first flames of the revolution in Germany came from Bavaria. The feeling among the masses of the people in Bavaria was very strongly anti-war. According to different press reports repeated mutinies broke during the course of the war in the Bavarian regiments. Even the Royal Guard Regiment refused obedience a few months ago. Anti-war feeling was displayed also by the attitude of the Bavarian press, which in the last months carried on a continual propaganda against the Kaiser. It should also be mentioned that the working people of Bavaria resigned in great numbers from the Majority Socialist party on account of its pro-war policy, and the Independent Socialist Party increased considerably. As far back as October, 1917, the constituency of Hof in northern Bavaria, which country had hitherto been solid for the old party, went over to the Independents. The immediate accomplishment of the revolution must be considered as the work of the leaders of the Independent Socialists. But it cannot be said that it was their work alone. The revolution in Bavaria is the work of the war-tired, hungry people of Bavaria, stimulated by the Independent Socialists.

It is very significant that the first dynasty to fall at the beginning of the revolution was that of Bavaria. The Kingdom of Bavaria was one of the oldest dynasties of Germany, if not of Europe, and it was more deep-rooted in the minds of the people than any other. The fall of the Bavarian dynasty was the beginning of the twilight of the gods, for the Oldenburg, Hohenzollern, and Hapsburg dynasties.

Fighting the "Flu"

How the "Spanish" Influenza, Which Was Really German, Was Combated

THE virulence of the recent epidemic of Spanish Influenza is demonstrated by the fact that the deaths in the American continent resulting from it are round about 100,000.

Dr. Hirschberg in *Munsey's* brings out the point that the disease started in Germany and describes the difference between it and the influenza or *grippe* of previous epidemics.

He says in part:

In the early days of the year 1913 we began to hear rumors of the appearance of a new and virulent plague in Europe. The collapse of Russia had released large German forces on the eastern front, and the war lords of Berlin had openly boasted that with these additional troops they intended to crush France and England before America could come to the aid of her sorely tried Allies. But the weeks passed, and the threatened final assault

upon the freedom of the world was unaccountably delayed. January and February went by, and still the "sharp German sword," of which the former Kaiser used to be so fond of talking, did not spring from its scabbard.

It began to be whispered that a new plague, the first pandemic scourge of the present world war, had made such inroads upon the German military machine, as well as upon the "home front" behind, that the western offensive had to be postponed until the worst of it was over. The end of the third week in March saw this point reached, and the onslaught began.

For want of a more accurate name this modern plague, the like of which has not been experienced by humanity in four hundred years, has commonly been called Spanish influenza. Yet it did not originate in Spain, nor was it exactly the *grippe* or influenza of other days. It appears that the Germans, in anticipation that the malady might be justly named German plague, sent broadcast a misleading name which they had craftily devised before the infection spread from Germany to other countries.

Bacilli are the cause of influenza, as they are the cause of bubonic plague,

How it Feels to Earn \$1000 a Week

By a Young Man Who Four Years Ago Drew a \$25 a Week Salary. Tells How He Accomplished It.

How does it feel to earn \$1,000 a week? How does it feel to have earned \$200,000 in four years? How does it feel to be free from money worries? How does it feel to have everything one can want? These are questions I shall answer for the benefit of my reader out of my own personal experience. And I shall try to explain, simply and clearly, the secret of what my friends call my phenomenal success.

Let me begin four years ago. At that time my wife and I and our two babies were living on my earnings of twenty-five dollars a week. We occupied a tiny flat, wore the simplest clothes, had to be satisfied with the cheapest entertainment—and dreamed sweet dreams of the time when I should be earning fifty dollars a week. That was the limit of my ambition. Indeed, it seemed to be the limit of my possibilities. For I was but an average man, without influential friends, without a liberal education, without a dominating personality, and without money.

With nothing to begin with, I have become the sole owner of a business which has paid me over \$200,000 in clear profits during the past four years and which now pays me more than a thousand dollars a week. I did not gamble. I did not make my money in Wall Street. My business is not a war baby—on the contrary, many others in my line have failed since the war began.

In four years, the entire scheme of my life has changed. Instead of living in a two by four flat, we occupy our own home, built for us at a cost of over \$60,000. We have three automobiles. Our children go to private schools. We have everything we want, and we want the best of everything. Instead of dreaming of fifty dollars a week I am dreaming in terms of a million dollars—with greater possibilities of my dream coming true than my former dream of earning fifty dollars a week.

What brought about this remarkable change? What transformed me, almost overnight, from a slow-going, easily-satisfied, average man—into a positive, quick-acting, determined individual who admits no defeat, who overcomes every obstacle, and who completely dominates every situation? It all began with a question my wife asked me one evening after reading an article in a magazine about a great engineer who was said to earn a \$50,000 salary.

"How do you suppose it feels to earn \$1,000 a week?" she asked. And without thinking, I replied, "I haven't the slightest idea, my dear, so the only way to find out is to *earn it*." We both laughed, and soon the question was apparently forgotten.

But that night, and for weeks afterward, the same question and my reply kept popping into my brain. I began to analyze the qualities of the successful men in our town. What is it that enables them to get everything they want? They are not better educated than I—indeed, some are far less intelligent. But they must have possessed some quality that I lacked. Perhaps it was their mental attitude; perhaps they look at things from an entirely different angle than I. Whatever it was, that "something" was the secret of their success. It was the one thing that placed them head and shoulders above me in money-earning ability. In all other ways we were the same.

Determined to find out what that vital spark of success was, I bought books on every subject that pertained to the mind. I followed one idea after another. But I didn't seem to get anywhere. Finally, when almost discouraged, I came across a copy of "Power of Will." Like a bolt out of a clear sky there flashed in my

brain the secret I had been seeking. There was the real, fundamental principle of all success—Power of Will. There was the brain faculty I lacked, and which every successful man possesses.

"Power of Will" was written by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist, whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James Bergson and Royce. After twenty years of research and study, he had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement that, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" And Dr. Haddock had actually set down the very rules, lessons and exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. Shortly after that, I took hold of a business that for twelve years had been losing money. I started with \$300 of borrowed capital. During my first year I made \$30,000. My second year paid me \$50,000. My third year netted me \$70,000. Last year, due to increased costs of materials, my profits were only \$50,000, though my volume of business increased. New plans which I am forcing through, will bring my profits for the present fiscal year up to \$65,000.

Earning a thousand dollars a week makes me feel secure against want. It gives me the money with which to buy whatever will make my family happy. It enables me to take a chance on an investment that looks good, without worrying about losing the money. It frees my mind of financial worries. It has made me healthier, more contented, and keener minded. It is the greatest recipe I know for happiness.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after five days' reading, you do not feel that the book is worth \$3 (plus duty) the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination, I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; now to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some of us before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up, will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before, is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

Some of our doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and every thing we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U.S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, Senator Arthur Capper; and thousands of others. In fact, to-day "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary.

To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone. As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 137-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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the old "black death" of fourteenth-century England, and still a dreaded scourge of mankind. The specific bacilli of both these contagions were discovered by a Japanese physician and bacteriologist, Kitasato.

The name of Dr. Pfeiffer, a German, has commonly been attached to the discovery of the influenza bacillus, as a result of the well-known Teutonic methods of advertising their scientific men and decrying or ignoring those of other countries. The records show that Professor Kitasato announced his identification of the bacillus early in January, 1892, while Pfeiffer made a similar announcement at the end of that same month. English and American physicians mistakenly accepted the German version of the matter and called the influenza virus the "Pfeiffer bacillus." Dr. Kitasato, one of the world's greatest bacteriologists, the discoverer of many bacteria—notably the plague bacillus which he first identified in Hong Kong in 1894 has too long been unjustly deprived of credit for his work.

From observation of one thousand soldiers it was found that from one to three days after contact or approach to others who had the disease a feverish state began. The fever rose steadily until, on the second or third day afterward, it was as high as occurs in pneumonia. In many cases the patient's temperature went as high as one hundred and four degrees. Pneumonia, indeed, is one of the commonest and most dangerous complications.

The disease starts with a chill, or chills, that may shake the room. Severe headaches are generally present, with pains in the legs, in the groin, in the neck, in the spine, and in the small of the back. Then "that tired feeling," named by doctors "general malaise," takes charge of the sufferer's anatomy. The victim feels wretched all over. The face is flushed. Fever blisters—a frequent accompaniment of pneumonia, meningitis, and certain malaria—break out on the sufferer's lips.

Spanish influenza runs its course with Liberty-motor speed, reaching its crisis on or about the second day. On the fourth day as a rule, the patient is well, or else pneumonia or some other complication has asserted its dangerous presence.

A harsh cough is a frequently encountered symptom. The patient hacks and sprays forth great numbers of the microbes, which spread the infection rapidly unless handled with the greatest precaution. A thick, tenacious sputum of whitish mucoid character differentiates the new disease from the old form of influenza with its greenish sputum. The feature also distinguishes Spanish influenza from pneumonia, with its typical rusty-colored expectoration. A failure of intestinal action, a restricted flow of the kidney fluids, and a want of appetite are also among the characteristic signs and symptoms.

If you take close notice of the several differences between the new malady and the old influenza, you will observe that the fever is sharper and higher, but of shorter duration; the total course of the new scourge is briefer; there are fewer stomachic or intestinal symptoms in the Spanish influenza, whereas in the

old form of the disease gastro-intestinal disturbances were predominant.

But the final proof of the fact that the new influenza is a distinct malady is afforded by the identification of the specific microbe which causes it. This interesting discovery was due to the researches of three army surgeons, Captains, T. R. Little, C. J. Garafalo, and P. A. Williams, of the Canadian Mobile Bacteriological Laboratory, attached to the British base hospitals.

The physicians and scientists of the Allied countries have seriously considered whether the germs of the disease were intentionally disseminated by the Kaiser's government, with the intention of weakening Germany's opponents. No definite conclusion has been reached on this point, but the suggestion cannot be hastily dismissed, as the German war lords stand officially charged with sending disease-germs to their embassy in Rumania. Documents published by our State Department have told how bottles containing cultivations of the microbes of anthrax and glanders, bearing a German consular seal, with directions for their use in spreading infection, were found secreted in the German legation at Bucharest after the American envoy took charge of the place.

The present plague is probably the most malignant pandemic that the world has experienced since medieval times, when Boccaccio's ladies and gentlemen had to run away from Florence to escape an outbreak of the bubonic plague. In one of our army cantonnments I saw more cases of pneumonia at one time than have entered the Johns Hopkins Hospital in the thirty-odd years of its foundation.

In civil, as in military life, pneumonia was far and away the most frequent complication; and this led to the revival of the old name of "black plague" for the new disease, the bodies of many of its victims being cyanotic, or purplish-black in color, at the approach of death.

Another similarity between Spanish influenza and the bubonic plague was the number of rats and other rodents found dead. One day last October 1 noticed, and reported to the United States Public Health Service, three dead rats lying within a few blocks on three of the most prominent streets in Baltimore. Rats and their fleas seems to be the spreaders of contagion in several epidemic diseases.

Lieutenant-Commander L. W. McGuire, of the navy, has gone another step forward in the treatment of influenza pneumonia. At the Chelsea camp hospital, on September 28 last, he and his assistants began to use serum taken from the blood of convalescent patients. Up to the time of his report, twenty-seven patients had been treated with this human antiserum, and twenty-six recovered. The serum was injected into the patients within forty-eight hours of the pneumonia's start.

To every cloud there is a silver lining. This terrible epidemic has at least brought with it one benefit to humanity. For the first time in thousands of years there at last appears a ray of light to help us toward the conquest of one of man's most deadly and dangerous enemies—pneumonia.

Is There a Spirit World?

*Noted Scientist Gives Reasons For
His Belief in its Existence*

SOME two years ago Sir Oliver Lodge caused some sensation in the literary and scientific world by declaring his belief in a spirit existence after death. There has been much discussion ever since and a distinct revival of interest on the subject. In the current number of the *Strand Magazine* an interviewer gives Sir Oliver's reasons for considering that the existence of a spirit world has been proven. The in-

terviewer takes the form of question and answer. After Sir Oliver has expressed his idea that the independence of mind and matter is proven by the experience of a multitude of bereaved persons and by the system of cross correspondence and other rather complicated forms of identity, the interviewer asks him for instances of cases which he regards as satisfactory evidence and Sir Oliver replies:

"Well, I'm not sure that I ought to talk in general terms, and a great many of your readers already know of cases which might be given in illustration.

But, inasmuch as a large number of men at the present time are facing death for our sake, it is perhaps only fair that the fact, as I consider it, that death is but an episode in continued existence, and that the interest and enjoyment of life after death exceed what has been experienced here, should be made more widely known; and on that ground I may be excused for giving a rough summary of the popular evidence."

"I wish you would."

"Take, then, a young fellow killed in the war, and suppose his parents succeed in getting into touch with him. He will greet them in his accustomed manner, calling them by the name they are used to, from him. In some cases 'Pater,' in others 'Dad,' sometimes by an unusual nickname such as 'Erb,' sometimes simply 'Father.' Whatever had been customary, that is employed, in the most natural manner, by the dead son. He may ask after his brothers and sisters by name, or at least by initial, for names are sometimes troublesome things to get through. He may give characteristic touches or comments about each, sometimes thereby showing that he knows in a general way what they are now doing. His own appearance can be described by the medium, and little trivial peculiarities or blemishes are often noted, such as scars or marks of an identifying character."

"As to incidents—I remember one case where a young deceased communicator said to his parents that he had made an appointment to meet his brother in France at a certain bridge, but that when they got to the rendezvous the bridge was no longer there, it had been blown up. A subsequent letter from the surviving brother in France completely confirmed this statement. The parents had known nothing about these facts at the time of the sitting."

"Here is another case: Three brothers were all killed; the medium gave the names of all three, to mother and sister who were present; and one of them, the youngest, was represented as the spokesman, ultimately sending a message to his father—'Tell him that I have not been talking all the time.' The verbal exuberance of this particular member of the family had often been humorously suppressed by the father."

"In another instance a boy spoke of something in a waistcoat-pocket which he wanted given to his young brother. His clothes had been folded and put away, but on examination a coin was found in the place described."

"A frequent test given is a description of the old house where the family had lived, small details and peculiarities being emphasized, arrangements of furniture, pattern on wall, and sometimes even the books in a book-case being remembered."

"It seems odd for trivial details to be remembered. Can they answer specific questions?"

"They do not always remember what the inquirer expects them to remember; and if they do, it is liable to be put down to mind-reading."

"To challenge a communicator suddenly to bethink himself of some forgotten incident, and to recall it to the sitter's memory, is to set a difficult problem; but occasionally even that can be responded to—as when an old fishing expedition was recalled wherein two boats were employed, and on the capture of an unwieldy fish by one, a native in the other boat had called out, 'Eh! look at yon fish, it's got a face like a man.' . . . But I am hardly justified in mentioning this case; for the facts have not been published, and I am insufficiently acquainted with them."

"Another incident, of a very different kind, concerns two boy-friends who died of illness within ten days of each other but separated by a considerable distance. The death of the first boy, named Herbert, was kept from the knowledge of the second; yet, when he too died, his friends report that he

smiled and said, 'Why, Herbert, I am glad to see you!'"

"Tell me of some other incidents."

"Some good ones were published by Mr. Wilkinson in the *London Magazine* for October, 1917. They are rather typical instances of the kind of thing that occurs. The name 'Poger,' for instance, and reference to a bronze thing like a coin, in his satchel. A similar case is related by Sir William Barrett in his book, 'On the Threshold of the Unseen,' page 184. A young officer who had been killed said he wanted a pearl tie-pin, which would be found in his kit, sent to a lady whom he named at a certain address, saying that he had been secretly engaged to her. Nothing of all this was known by the family; but the communication was so clear that they wrote a letter of inquiry to the address given. The letter came back marked 'Unknown,' and the whole thing was thought to be imaginary or a meaningless fabrication."

"When his kit came back, however, a pearl tie-pin was found in it; and when later on his will was discovered, the young lady's name, just as it had been given at the sitting, was mentioned as his residuary legatee, and his engagement to her admitted. Everything was correct, therefore, except the address. Why the address was wrong I don't know. The fact that it was wrong perhaps allowed the other portions of the communication to be verified in a more gradual manner. But usually in cases of this kind there is some little part of the communication which is wrong; and it is most charitable to attribute the error to difficulties in communication, or to unsuspected lapse of the medium into normality; like a sort of momentary waking up in the middle of a dream, and then continuing it again after an interval of imaginative inventiveness not justified by anything in the main dream, nor by anything for which the main communicator was responsible; indeed, he might not know that it had been interpolated."

"Are things not sometimes thought wrong which really turn out right?"

"Yes; some striking examples of messages at first thought wrong or meaningless, but subsequently found justified by rather laborious inquiry among comparative strangers, are given in the books of Mr. J. Arthur Hill—'Psychical Investigations' and 'Man is a Spirit' (Cassell). I have come across singular cases of this kind myself. In such cases telepathy from the sitter, as an explanation, is absurdly impossible. The survival hypothesis, in practice, works: all others require straining, and supplementing, and using alternatively on different occasions."

"You are, then, satisfied that existence is not limited to this present life on earth?"

"I am, absolutely. And death now seems to me something rather to look forward to than to dread. Clearly it is an interesting adventure; and usually I don't really think that the episode itself is a painful one. Recovery from an accident or from unconsciousness—the 'coming to'—may be painful, but the passing away usually is not."

"Would it not be well that this knowledge should be more widely disseminated?"

"If people have a reasonable knowledge of what to expect when they find other conditions, the transition is hardly even a shock. It is surely desirable that people who face great dangers should be prepared for what may happen to them, and take it as a part of life's experience. It is certainly wrong, and desperately misguided, to seek that experience prematurely; but sooner or later it is bound to come, and if it comes in the course of duty and in a struggle for a noble cause, they may be happier to whom it thus comes than we who will soon encounter it in a more prosaic way. They may be happy in the opportunity. The readiness is all."

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Old Times in Canada

Continued from page 32

The unfortunate woman saw that half measures wouldn't do, so she gathered up Reginald Adolphus, aged nine, and threw him to the beasts. So she continued, sacrificing her children, until finally the horses staggered into a settlement, and she was saved. But all her children had been fed to the wolves. When she told her story she was taken before a magistrate who had his headquarters there. This magistrate, after learning the facts, said that no penalty could be severe enough for her, but, unfortunately, the law didn't cover such a case, and she could not be punished. Hearing this, a woodman who had been standing by, stepped up to her and split her head open with his ax.

Engle told this story with many dramatic pauses, and as though it had all happened in his own neighborhood. He called the children by name, as though he had held them on his knee in their tender infancy; he hinted that the wicked mother was distantly related to his wife. He spoke of the magistrate as though the latter slept in his woodshed. The story had all the earmarks of that truth which, crushed to earth, will rise again, and it made a profound impression.

Long years afterward I learned that the story, minus the Engle frills, has been a Russian folk tale for a hundred years or more. It has flourished in one form or another in every country where there are wolves.

ENGLE dearly loved to point a moral. His stories were all calculated to instruct and improve.

His forest cabin, he said, was about fifteen miles from the nearest store. When he had occasion to go shopping he had to go on foot, and it was a weary walk, for there was no road, and the trees were so close together they overlapped. One winter day he set forth to buy some things he needed, and when he was passing the cabin of a neighbor, the housewife came to the door, and begged him, if he was going to the settlement, to get her ten cents' worth of ground red pepper. He cheerfully promised to do so, and went his way.

He bought the things he needed and started for home. He had walked three or four miles, when he remembered that he hadn't bought the pepper for the woman. His first impulse was to let the matter slide. It was getting late in the day; the sky was overcast, and a storm threatening. He had twelve miles to walk to get home. But he was a man with a conscience. He had promised the woman to get her ten cents' worth of red pepper. And a promise with him was a sacred thing. Better perish in the storm

fulfilling a pledge than reach home in safety, with a twisted conscience.

So he went back and bought the pepper, and resumed the weary journey home. Night overtook him before he was half way home. The trees were groaning in a blast that promised a fearful night. And above the howling of the winds he could hear a more terrifying sound: the hunting call of the wolves. And presently they were all around him, gaunt and gray, with gleaming teeth and burning eyes. He hoisted himself up into a tree that extended friendly branches to him. Once in the tree he realized that he was not much better off. The wolves were squatting around directly under him, and were prepared to wait there until spring, if necessary. They had no pressing engagements demanding their presence elsewhere. Mr. Engle reflected that it might be three weeks before anybody came along that way, and by that time he'd have chilblains in his feet, and would be badly cramped from sitting upon an unupholstered branch so long. The situation was serious, and Engle almost despaired.

He began reviewing the events of his life, as one will when facing the dread hour. He had done many things he regretted; but, on the other hand, he had accomplished some good. Surely the recording angel would give him credit for walking back three miles to get that pepper. The pepper! It gave him an idea. He got the little package out of his belt and shook the fiery stuff down among the wolves. It got into their eyes and mouths, and they went crazy. They rolled around and yelled and bit chunks out of each other, and finally rushed away like mad things, probably looking for a first aid station.

In this manner did Engle save his life by keeping a promise. Let us all profit from the lesson.

THESE are old tales, and they have nothing to do with any of the great events of this present time. They are old tales of a Canada that is gone. The great woods that were once but a brief journey from Lake Ontario blue waters, have been made into paper pulp. Summer resorts are furnishing entertainment to the tired business man, where once the lonely settler rested by his log fire and heard the howling of the wolves on winter nights. Motor boats whizz along the streams that once knew nothing swifter than the bark canoe.

When I think of Canada I think of the lonely places, the melancholy woods and the wild things that infested them. And so my Canada is vastly different from the one on the map. My Canada is a winter night's dream, and the real Canada becomes great under sunny skies.

The Three Sapphires

Continued from page 29

at a word from the herdsman said: "Nawab Darna Singh sends salaams to the keddah sahib."

Finnerty started in amazement. "Why should he have sent you, knowing that a Banjara does not kiss the hand that has beaten him like a dog?"

"Because of that, huzoor. Darna Singh is also treated like a dog, for he is put in a cage, and those who are beaten join together against the whip."

"Why is Darna Singh caged?"

The man cast an uneasy glance toward Lord Victor and hesitated. Sensing the reason for this, Finnerty said: "Speak the truth and fear not."

"We of this country know that the sahibs are quick to anger if the mem-sahibs are spoken of, but it is because of the young mem-sahib that Darna Singh suffers. There is to be war, and Darna Singh came to know—though it may be a lie—that the mem-sahib would be made maharani—perhaps not a *gudi maharani*—and his sister would be taken with a fever and die. And it may be that in a passion over this he sought

to end the matter with a thrust of a knife, but I have heard that Rajah Ananda received but a slight cut."

"I'm damned sorry for that, for the Nawab has a strong arm."

"Darna Singh was indeed unlucky, sahib, for Rajah Ananda had been taught in Belati to strike with the hand and that saved him."

"Where is the Nawab caged?"

"Below; where the guns are."

Finnerty caught a quick flash of the eye from Swinton.

"And if that is the truth, that you come from him must be a lie, for a jailer does not give entrance to friends of the prisoner."

"True, sahib; but the rani is not caged, and she fears for the life of her brother, and knowing I had been beaten by the rajah and knowing that a Banjara does not forgive, for our tribe is many in her father's state, she sent by a handmaid, who is also of our tribe, a ring of keys that were Darna Singh's, and the Woman was taught to say, 'Give these to the keddah sahib and tell him

that war comes to the sircar; that these keys open the way where are many guns and where now is Darna Singh."

The man took from the folds of his turban a ring upon which were three keys. Finnerty received them in astonishment; then asked: "Where are the doors?"

"The black leopard came out from his cage through Jadoo Cave, and it may be that Darna Singh opened a door of the cave with one of these keys."

"Damn it!" Swinton ejaculated. "That's the whole thing." But Finnerty objected: "We searched that cave, and there was no door."

"True, there is no door, but there is a passage high up in the gloom, and beyond that is a cave that was made by the foreigners, and in that is the door. And also it opens to the trail that we are now on." The native messenger was explicit.

"By jove!" Finnerty exclaimed. "That's how the leopard slipped away."

The herdsman said: "I did not know of this, and perhaps wrongly accused that monkey-faced shikari of sleeping over his task."

The messenger now said deprecatingly: "A watchman knows the many manners of acquiring to the inside of a bungalow without being seen, and one way is to wait for darkness. Also they will watch the sahib's bungalow for his return."

"Very well," Finnerty said: "if I am able to see to it, my faithful fellow, when this is over the sircar will give to you and your brother a village that you may collect the tithes from and have a home."

"Sahib, I have received my pay in advance from the rajah; I am but serving in the manner of the pay."

"Sit you then," Finnerty commanded, "while we talk in plans."

"We've a chance, major, now that we can get in," Swinton declared. "I have my cordite rifle, you have your 10-bore, and if we can but get command of their ammunition we'll blow the damn thing up, even if we go with it."

FINNERTY felt that there was no question about the captain's sincerity, the flat blue eyes transmitted nothing but fixed purpose.

"Oh, I say, am I in the discard?" Lord Victor asked plaintively, for the messenger's information had been translated in a condensed form, Finnerty rather emphasizing the important part Marie played as the future maharani.

"I thought of that," Swinton answered: "you will be a 'reserve battalion.' I don't mind being pipped in the way of duty—rather expect it some day—but I should rather like my family to know that I pegged out playing the game, and I shouldn't wonder if we're bagged in that cubby-hole, that it would never be known just how we had disappeared."

"Besides, youngster," Finnerty added, "if you can work yourself into communication with the government we want you to let them know what is trump." The major spoke to the Banjara; then he turned to Lord Victor: "This chap will smuggle you out, he says, and I think he can do it. Your brother will bring you word if we get out, and even if he knows we've been captured he will come to tell you; at any rate, if we're not reported safe before morning you had better take the horses and get away—the Banjara can stick on one, he says."

"Don't worry over us, Gilfain," Swinton added: "just get word out as soon as you can."

Then the watchman said: "The sahib sent back out of the jungle the elephant with the bell, and it is a sacred elephant for such as worship the god that sits in sleep."

"It is a sacred elephant to those who worship Buddha," Finnerty answered.

"The woman who came from the maharani said that Rajah Ananda has taken the sacred elephant in his hand, for to-night is a night of omen at the Lake of the Golden Coin."

"By gad!" Finnerty cried. "That swine has got the three sapphires together now. Nothing will stop him; he'll be fanatically insane."

A sibilant whistle from Swinton was his only comment. The thought was paralyzing.

"Well"—Finnerty sighed the words—"we'll just sit here till it's dark, and then play our last card." He pulled his belt, in which was a hunting knife, a hole tighter, as if girding his loins for the fray.

The Banjara now said: "Rajah Ananda will send out men to look for you on the trail, sahib, but if you will go east through the jungle to where there is a small path—one the sahib no doubt knows—my brother and I will lead the horses back up over this broad trail to a nala with a stony bed, and then through the jungle and back to where you wait, so that those who come forth will say: 'The keddah sahib and his friends came down and then went back again to the hills, perhaps to follow a bison.'"

"Splendid!" Finnerty commented, and added in commendation: "To a strong man a wrong done is more power."

THEN Finnerty and his companion cut across through the jungle. It was a good ruse, for the rajah's men, thinking the sahibs were up in the jungle, would not guard every approach.

The sun was now sinking on the horizon, and with its usual bird clamor of eventide the day was passing. Once, as they waited, Lord Victor said: "I don't believe that girl would join herself to a native."

"That's because you're in the full moon of faith, my young friend. At your age I believed in fairies, too," Finnerty said.

"Just the sort of faith," Swinton contributed, "that gives such women their power for mischief; a Prussian spy must do as she is told, and if she were allotted to Ananda, to Ananda she goes."

A shrill note that might have been from a boatswain's silver whistle or a red-breasted teal came floating up from where they had left the Safed Jan Trail. It was answered from on toward the palace hill.

"Ananda's men have found where the horses have turned to go back up into the hills," Finnerty chuckled.

"Deucedly clever work of that Banjara," Lord Victor declared; "sorry I shot the old infidel's dog."

A little later the whistling note, repeated three times, came from higher up, where the Safed Jan Trail lay.

The forest was dark from the drop of night's curtain when the Banjara and his brother came so softly along the scarce discernible trail that they were almost upon the sahibs before they were heard.

"The moon will appear in two hours, sahib, and its light would betray you, the herdsman advised, "so it is well that we take the horses down this path which no one travels at night, and when we have come close to Jadoo Nala I will remain with the horses and you will go with my brother into the cave."

When they had come to a proper place to leave their horses in the jungle, Lord Victor said: "The strategy of you two Johnnies isn't what I'd call first chop. I'll be a dub at this sort of game, for I don't know the language."

"The Banjara does," Finnerty said shortly.

"There's another thing," the youth resumed; "either of you chaps are sort of serviceable to the king, probably cost him a thousand pounds up to date for your training, and I'm—as our delightful friend Foley phrased it—a waster. Sabe, my dear major?"

"My dear boy, you're in training for the future earlship. A thoroughbred colt isn't much benefit to the realm, but he generally develops into something worth while—sabe?"

"Thanks, old top! Rather think I'll stow that away as a good tip. But to return: I'd feel rather thankful to take a chance inside to—well, come back."

"You mean about the girl? We just forget all that, and are now trying to do the best we can for what's to come, and your place is just where you've

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Write this circle at the beginning of / and you will have Ed.

By losing the circle remain open it will be a hook, and this hook stands for A. Thus / will be Ad. Add another A at the end thus / and you will have a girl's name, Ada.

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain which is the Paragon symbol for O.

For the longhand *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this one horizontal stroke —

Therefore, — would be Me.

Now continue the E across the M, so as to add D—thus / and you will have Med. Now add the large circle O and you will have / (medo), which is meadow, with the silent A and W omitted.

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been stationed; that is, unless you're in command."

Lord Victor sprang to his feet, clicked his heels together, very erect and soldierly, for he had been at Sandhurst, and saluted. With a laugh Finnerty said: "Fall out!" The discussion ceased.

FROM where they were they could hear, at times, curious, muffled noises disturbing the evening quiet, coming from the palace hill. Finnerty now gave some final advice:

"It is now eight o'clock. If we do not come back for the horses or get you word before morning, make for the outside. Have you any money?"

"Not much," Lord Victor answered. Finnerty and Swinton gave him the money they had, the former saying:

"If we get caught in that cave we won't need these rupees to pay board for long, I fancy." He held out his hand, and the youth took it, saying "I'll remember about the thoroughbred colt."

Swinton shook hands with him, saying: "Duty is the best tutor, Lord Victor; it's a steadier, eh?"

"Sorry about—well, the—that silly break of mine about secret service, you know."

The Banjara, noting this completion of detail, said: "And the matter of a village, huzoor—does the young Lord Sahib understand that he is to tell the sircar that me and my brother have been true to their salt?"

"I will tell him to not forget, my friend, for you will well deserve it," the major answered.

When he had impressed this matter upon Giffain, Finnerty held out his hand to the Banjara: "Brother, you are a man."

"We Banjaras are taught by our mothers that we are to become men," the herdsman answered with simple dignity.

Like the sealing of a solemn compact between the members of a brotherhood was this exchange of handclasps, Swinton also taking the Banjara's hand in a grasp of admiration.

As Finnerty and Swinton melted down the gloomed path with the Banjara's brother, the herdsman stood watching their going, repeating a tribal saying: "In the kingdom of men there are no boundaries."

When the two sahibs came out to where the Safed Jan Trail wound along the bed of anala approaching the palace plateau, their guide said: "Just beyond is the new cave. I will go forward to see that no one keeps the door,

for they will not think it strange that I should be about. If the sahibs hear the small cry of a tree cricket they may come forward."

In five minutes the hissing pipe of a cicada came back to their ears, and, slipping from the jungle to the nala trail they noiselessly crept to the dark portal that yawned to the right of their way. From the contour of the hill, outlined against an afterglow sky, Finnerty knew that they were on the reverse side of the jutting point that held Jadoo Cave. As they entered a gloom so intense they saw nothing, a whisper reassured them, and the native's hand grasped Finnerty's fingers. The major, understanding, reached back the stock of his 10-bore to Swinton, and they went forward into blackness. Soon the watchman stopped and whispered: "Put out your hand, sahib, and feel the spot that is here."

By a grasp on his wrist Finnerty's hand was placed upon a stone wall, and his fingers, moving up and down and across, detected a thin crack so truly perpendicular that it suggested mechanics.

The native whispered: "One of the keys on the ring will unlock this that is a door." Then, he fumbled the wall with his fingers, and presently found a square block of stone, saying: "The keyhole is within."

A long-stemmed key on the ring fitted the keyhole, but before Finnerty could shoot the bolt the native whispered: "Not yet, sahib." He produced two candles and a box of matches. "Remember, sahib, that no man owns the light of a fire; here is an eye that makes no betraying light." And he placed in Finnerty's fingers a slim male-bamboo rod.

At a twist from Finnerty's hand a heavy bolt in the lock glided back with noiseless ease; a pull caused the stone-faced door to swing forward in the same frictionless quiet, and beyond was a gloom as deep as that of the cave.

"I will watch, sahib," the guide whispered, "and if it is known that evil has fallen upon you I will warn the Lord Sahib; if it please the gods that you come forth I will also carry to him that good tale."

Closing the door behind them, the two adventurers stood in a void so opaque, so devoid of sound, that it produced a feeling of floating in blackened space with the earth obliterated. Finnerty's big hand groped till it found the captain's shoulder, where it rested for a second in heavy assurance.

To be concluded

The Veins of the Great War God

Continued from page 25

men" of the British front. They have tackled everything from railroading to strafing the Boche, from taking up ammunition to bringing out the wounded—from laying and running the narrow gauge to shooting down enemy aircraft with their Lewis guns. (The 11th shot down a German plane in the apple orchard at Merville.)

Taking Part in the Big Push

THE Railroad Troops have played an important, and a most strenuous, part in the campaign now waging which, we are convinced, is going to end the war. I am writing this at a point forty miles in advance of the positions we held two months ago—and the C.R.T. have laid steel all along that broad slice of reconquered territory! It has been perhaps the most rapid bit of railroading the world has ever seen.

To show how great the hazard has been, I want to tell of the last advance of our victorious armies before Arras and along the valley of the Scarpe, when two platoons were sent up to repair a narrow gauge line under fire.

They relaid one hundred and twenty-three shell breaks in six days. They had to live in dugouts. Each night the enemy put over every kind of shell, "Rubber heels," "Coal boxes," "Whizzbangs" and bombs from his aircraft. The Hun was doing all in his power to delay the ad-

vance by shelling and bombing our arteries of traffic.

The first morning out the C.R.T. lined up in the square before the station near the quivering bodies of four disemboweled horses while members of the Veterinary Corps were busy shooting these poor "Long Faced Pals" to save their pitiful sufferings. The Red Cross were busy taking away dead and wounded Tommies. A twelve-inch shell from a long range naval gun had dropped on a ration-train of the Army Service Corps with frightful consequences. The second morning the Boche blew up a motor lorry in a Mechanical Transport park near by. The third morning he smashed a corner of a cemetery; and bricks, gravestones, shrapnel, rubble and dead bones fell among them.

The sixth morning the Hun got four of their transport mules, wounded the transport cook, and killed two Imperials in horse lines quite close to the C.R.T.

Nights were made hideous by every kind of explosion common to these duels of the big guns. When these two platoons finished their job they were congratulated on parade by the general commanding the division.

The morale of these troops at such a time of intense nervous strain is shown by the fact that "the clink," or guard tent, standing directly under the range

of the German guns, was never dug in or sand-bagged. On the fifth morning one of the defaulters, waiting a court-martial for a few hours A.W.L., was struck by a flying brick on the ankle while busy shaving. He calmly picked up the brick, while shell pieces were rattling down all around him, walked over to the nearest dugout and said:—

"Look at that! Jerry tried to give me a free hair cut."

Then he proceeded to finish his shave while the earth went reeling and vibrating to the ceaseless impact of exploding shells, any of which may have meant the end of all things for him.

During this last great advance the 5th—in which I am a humble unit—have leap-frogged their companies along the narrow gauge and at this time of writing are actually connecting up our lines with German steel beyond Lille. You see a dozen little cars behind a petrol motor, or a Baldwin dinky locomotive rolling along chock and block with troops going up; ammunition, kits, tents,

grub, then more railroad material, then ballast from the slag heaps of mines. The further the line stretches the busier it gets. Truly the veins of the War God are Canadian in structure, Canadian in skill and Canadian in spirit.

The names of some of our commanding officers are "household words" in France — General "Jacky" Stewart, Colonel Griffin, D.S.O., Major Purdee with his "Artemus T. Ward" brand of humor and his Champion Baseball Team, Major Adjutant "Bimbo" Sweeny, Major Grant, Major Harrison in charge of the 11th at Merville—these are only a few. There are hundreds unknown to fame but deserving of the highest honors, kind-hearted, modest gentlemen from every province, doing their duty as they see it from day to day.

The keynote of the Railroad Troops is efficiency. It is only by maintaining a high grade of efficiency that the work can be done and the success this branch of the service has achieved is something that Canada may well prize.

Wild Miners I Have Met

Continued from page 31

Take this—Have another—I'll be offended if you don't."

The nuggets ran in value from twenty to one hundred dollars apiece!

In time Belinda Mulrooney became one of the wealthiest citizens of Dawson. Her hotel was a good investment and some of her claims proved very rich. She was shrewd enough to look after her wealth too. Then entered on the scene one Charbonneau who used the prefix Count.

The Romance of Belinda

THE Count was handsome enough in his way and he was most plausible. He had come to the Yukon to make his fortune but, as far as we could learn, he did not plan to go up the creeks and moil for it in the frozen soil. He became one of the characters of the camp. We all called him Count, though we knew that his title had no foundation in letters of nobility. Then one day a startling bit of information circulated around the town. Belinda Mulrooney had become the Countess Charbonneau!

That was the start of a brilliant career for our friend the Count. With Belinda's wealth behind him, he blossomed out in unexpected colors. After a short but colorful stay in Dawson, he whisked his countess off for a honeymoon trip to Paris. They never came back, never at least while I was in Dawson. However, we got word of them occasionally.

A miner named Edward Lewin happened to go to Paris about the same time and this was the story that he brought back. One day he was sitting in the rotunda of a fashionable Paris hotel when a handsome carriage drove up with a coachman and footman on the box in livery. Down got the gorgeously caparisoned footman and spread a roll of fine carpet across the pavement to the hotel steps. Lewin got up in a flurry of excitement to see what important personage this was arriving. He expected a prince, a duke, a famous diplomat at the least. Out of the coach stepped—Count and Countess Charbonneau!

The Count was a picture of what your gallant of the boulevard should be—morning coat, pearl grey spats, speckless silk hat, gardenia in button hole, ingratiating smile and all. Belinda looked blooming and happy.

As they passed through the rotunda, the eye of the Count fell on Lewin and for a moment he looked rather taken aback. Then a smile lighted up his face and a sly wink flickered a message to the brother miner; a message which Charbonneau amplified shortly after over some liquid refreshments.

"Putting up a big appearance, you know," he informed Lewin. "Got some big deals on and it is necessary to look important."

He paid the bill for the drinks with a hundred franc note and airily waved the waiter away with the change.

It was reported later in Dawson that the Count's transactions in Paris got him into a tangle, the exact nature of

which we did not learn. We heard also that he had made very serious inroads into Belinda's fortune. But what became of the couple I never heard.

THERE were plenty of other characters in the camp but space will not permit of more than a passing mention of most of them. There was "Curley" Munroe who always went around in his shirt sleeves, even appearing on the streets in dead of winter that way and who refused to don coat and vest when he accompanied a deputation to Ottawa; Joe Barrett, a French-Canadian who made a big strike on Dominion Creek and who was brought into Dawson society by the marriage of his niece, a very pretty dark-eyed girl, to the son of one of the Judges; Ross who was a humble messenger in one of the banks but cleaned up at least \$300,000 through buying claims on the side and who stayed with his job nevertheless because, as he explained it, "If I stay two years more I get a superannuation allowance of \$50 per month."

The King of the Klondyke

Finally, there was the greatest miner of them all—Alex. McDonald, who was known wherever mining men met as "the King of the Klondyke." Alex. is worth a whole article in himself.

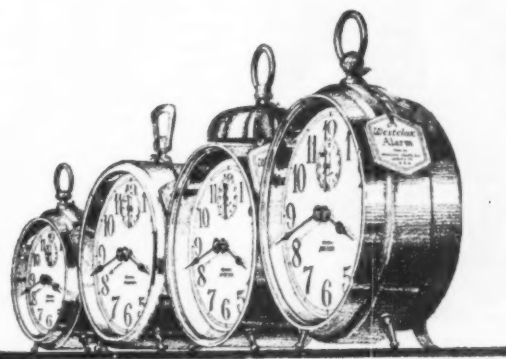
McDonald was born in Nova Scotia, of Highland Scotch parents, and he drifted into the mining game early. He spent many years in the gold fields of Colorado without acquiring any wealth and went to the Yukon among the first. The story told was that he had three dollars and a half when he landed in Dawson. His income the first year was over a million dollars.

It was not entirely luck that enabled him to acquire valuable claims on practically all the best creeks, though, of course, luck played a big part in it. He had long experience back of him, a magnificent physique and plenty of grit. He worked hard and long and no hardships ever daunted him. Within a few years he was the richest man in the Yukon and perhaps one of the richest in Canada.

When I first reached the Yukon, he was in the heyday of his fortune and fame. Alex. was a man of powerful stature, over six feet in height and heavily built. He was homely and stolid appearing, with a long nose and a most tremendously heavy underjaw. He looked like a moose. In fact, the miners had dubbed him from the first "The Big Moose"; and the name stuck.

He was a rather dull fellow and always gave one the impression of a man who had had wealth and responsibility sprung on him and had never quite recovered from the surprise. "I speak it the two talks," he used to tell us, meaning English and Gaelic—but in reality, he spoke little of anything. He was a silent, dour man, mixing little with the community and taking no interest in things outside of his claims.

At the height of his career in the



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Yukon, he owned perhaps as many as forty claims and most of them were good ones. He had located a number of them himself, the rest he had bought in. No estimate could be placed on the amount of his wealth; he had only the vaguest idea of it himself. He was a Roman Catholic and always gave most liberally, building a church and hospital and contributing liberally to all funds, for which he was given the Order of Knighthood of the Roman Catholic Church by the Pope.

Alex. brought a wife up to Dawson in the height of his affluence—a pretty girl whom he had met in Seattle. She was dark-eyed, vivacious and quite young, in fact the very opposite of big Alex. in every way. They seemed quite happy although the young consort of the mining King began to drag him into social activities that were far beyond his ken. I remember seeing him at a reception given on the memorable occasion when Lord Minto, then Governor-General, visited Dawson. Alex. had donned a Prince Albert and silk hat and he looked hopelessly miserable. Out on the creeks he was a giant among men; in a drawing-room, he dwindled into vacuous insignificance.

His Fortune Swept Away

THE turn in the King's affairs came when he began to branch out too far and got beyond his depth. He bought up a great deal of property in Dawson, including at least one hotel and several stores and a large machine shop. He launched one big deal—or someone did for him—to buy up all the water front and develop it. But this fell through. Finally it was suggested to him that he should consolidate all his claims and place them on the English market. With this idea in mind he went to England;

taking an agent along, and offered his holdings to an English syndicate for the sum of four million pounds sterling. The capitalists did not see the value in the property and offered one million sterling. Big Alex. returned to Canada huffed.

From that point on his fortune dwindled away from him. Many of his claims petered out and it took the revenue from the paying ones to support the losing propositions. His wealth vanished almost as rapidly as it had been accumulated. One day he awakened up to find himself penniless. Even a fine home that he had built for his wife at Tacoma, Washington, had been swept away. Nothing was left.

Undaunted, the old fellow started out to rebuild his fortune. He took hold of a new scheme—the opening up of low-grade property by hydraulic work. An old foreman of mine went with him and worked all summer. At the finish McDonald owed him \$1,700 for wages and did not have a cent to pay. The scheme had completely failed.

One cold winter night a few old acquaintances dropped in to see him in the cabin he was occupying. The ex-King was very morose and spoke of his prospects gloomily. "The cream is gone," he declared. "We're trying to get something out of the skimmed milk now. I'm feared it's too late."

The fire burned low and he went out to get more wood. He was gone longer than seemed necessary so one of the party went out to see what was the matter. The massive body of the old miner lay stretched out on the snow—Alex. was dead. He had apparently been sawing the wood and the exercise had proven too violent for his weakened heart.

So passed the King of the Klondyke.

The Farmer in Politics

Continued from page 21

Sir Robert Borden, who happened to be in one of his heroic moods, and they had to do something. So they went right out and joined the United Farmers.

But things have changed a lot since early last spring. The German drive on Paris was turned into a Hun hike for Berlin. The Government, even in the crisis, managed to slacken the rigidity of the Order-in-Council till it was reported at the Toronto Convention that the farmer had got practically all he asked for at Ottawa. Moreover the war is over, the price of wheat, beef and hogs still soars, the farmer's automobile hums a merry air as it spins along the rural roads and all is again peace and prosperity in our midst. The farmer is, has been, and always will be conservative in principle if not in politics. And the great majority of him can be depended on to garner his grain, feed his cattle and hogs, pocket his profits and swear by the political faith of his fathers. Prosperity was ever the foe of political agitation. Other farmer *furors* in Canada, such as that caused by the Patrons of Industry, were caused by the pinch of hard times.

Again, you point to the West, as a straight contradiction of this theory. And it is true the business organization has prospered there till by sheer numbers and wealth it has become a factor in politics. But remember that the Western farmer is a different proposition to his Eastern cousin. The man on the prairies is a business man more than he is a farmer. He grabs all the land he can get his hands on and "runs" it like a big business. He makes his money easier—and he makes more of it. He is younger, more open to new ideas and with a proneness to "do things." Organization among the farmers of the West was inevitable, no matter what conditions might arise.

WHAT I am trying to get at, anyway, is that the Western farmer is primarily a business man, whereas the Ontario farmer is a farmer pure and simple. I am referring of course to Alberta and Saskatchewan where the farmer movement has really attained to something worth while. I pointed out

before that Manitoba is gradually drifting into the ways of Old Ontario, and a membership of 12,000 shows that a vast majority of her tillers of the soil are too busy around home to give much of their time to farmers' clubs. For those of you who have been brought up where the music of the lowing kine takes the place of the phonograph know that the man who drags his living from what the poet has called the reluctant soil is not exactly one of the idle rich. Manitoba has reached that stage—and will stay there. Old Ontario long ago reached it and has developed a breed of agriculturists who, as a whole, are as sane and level-headed a lot of people as ever toyed with the surface of God's footstool. They love their farms, their country and their flag. They sent their sons to fight for that country and that flag in far greater numbers than the recruiting figures of rural Ontario would indicate. For the boys as a whole have not stayed on the old farms. They have flocked to the city to find more exciting employment, and they helped to swell the ranks of the fighting line. If, on the other hand, they wished to continue farming they turned to the West where the greater opportunities beckoned them. And be it remembered that the West, with its large farming population, showed the way to the rest of Canada when it came to furnishing men to fight her battles. Many an Ontario farm house is bound closer to its country by the blood of a boy who, with the old Ontario home in mind, joined a Western regiment and went overseas to fight for the same Union Jack that floats over a world empire and over a Canada that stretches between two oceans. It mattered not whether Ontario, Saskatchewan or Alberta got credit for his recruiting number, whether the farm or the factory claimed him as its representative.

The above outburst, being interpreted, may be taken to mean that the farmer is just a good, plain, ordinary Canadian like the rest of us. He has the same right to his Council of Agriculture as the manufacturer to his association, or the labor man to his union, and he is taking advantage of that right.



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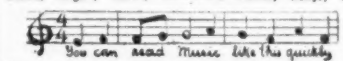
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The Minx Goes to the Front

Continued from page 19

WHEN we came to the road labelled Coucy-le-Château, I confess that I had a queer feeling in my breast, as if my heart were pretending to be a bird—a lame bird. Suddenly we looked up from the plain to a chalky headland at a distance, and there loomed the grand ruin of a château, a long line of ramparts and the stump of a keep. The lame bird hopped in his cage, for this had been—only a few weeks ago—perhaps the finest feudal castle in the whole of Europe.

"Roi ne suys,

Ne prince, ne duc, ne comte aussy.

Je suis le Sire de Coucy"

had been the proud motto over the entrance gates. Now the gates were gone, and the motto was gone. Mazarin's picked engineers had striven to destroy this Castle of Coucy, and had failed. But the Germans had succeeded. Little was left of the old magnificence save memories; memories of the last Sire de Coucy, son-in-law to Edward III of England; memories of Henry IV of France, and his love for Gabrielle d'Estrees; memories of lesser loves, and births and deaths of princes, and fierce fighting. Fawcett had stopped the car by order of our guide. Further we must not go, but all seemed quiet, so we might stop and look. The lieutenant had begun to tell us something about concealed French batteries, and we were listening rather tensely, when suddenly there was a queer sound as if someone said "Whee" in a loud, thick, hoarse voice. This "whee" was followed by "crump!—woof!" and about fifty yards ahead of us something black, and brown, and full of smoke, exploded.

"Turn quick! We may get one any instant!" commanded our lieutenant. Fawcett obeyed, without the slightest change of countenance. Mother looked like a badly modelled statue of herself, in damp clay. Kate looked a pale Nile green, and might have been fashionable some years ago. Nancy's cheeks looked as if they had been struck light blows with a rouged haresfoot. As I met her eyes she smiled.

"I'm so pleased with myself because I didn't squeak, and because I'm not afraid," she said.

"Sh!" said Mother.

"Do you still wish to go to Chauny?" asked our guide. "There will be no bombs there, only Taubes. But there may be several."

"Why, we're only just warming up to it!" cried Nancy.

NEITHER Mother nor Kate spoke. But a silence giving consent, we turned out of the road which had taken us towards Coucy-le-Château, and made for Chauny. On the way, the lieutenant cheered us by explaining that this was the safest time in the afternoon. For some reason the Germans fancied six o'clock as a raiding hour. "It may have to do with the time for their meals," he said gravely. "They think very much of their meals."

After our experience, I felt slightly self-conscious and exposed, like a snail seated on the outside of its shell, as the car bounced us over the newly repaired white road into the dead town of Chauny. But so utterly sad, so terribly beautiful was the place, that I forgot danger. Of all the corpse-cities we had seen, this was the saddest. At Gerbevillers, I had thought the limit of tragedy reached. But this transcended limits; and, searching my mind for the reason, I found it in the lost beauty, the dignity of architecture which had once been Chauny's. The place had owned two or three charming, miniature châteaux. The Mairie and Town Hall had boasted a certain grandeur. There had been many delightful villas in gardens, and large shops with imposing façades. The wrecks of these buildings remained, like propped-up skeletons, appealing to the eye, and the imagination behind the eye, as no other ruins had yet appealed. They were not full of piteous intimacies as at Verdun, but they were like half-burned pictures by a dead artist, pictures showing traces

of past loveliness, yet past all hope of restoration.

The silence of the place was complete. Nothing lived but ourselves. Instinctively we talked in whispers, standing before a blackened travesty of a house whose garden blazed with roses. Then we became conscious of another whisper. Or was it the buzzing of bees among the roses? Or was it the humming of a distant aeroplane?

We gazed into each other's eyes.

"Into the car, please!" said our guide. "There's no time to run out of town. We can't race them. But there's a place of refuge close by. I think we can get there."

Without a word we did as we were told. The lieutenant sat beside Fawcett, showing him where to go. We whirled out of the forlorn wreck of street and turned into a narrow road or lane, arched over thickly with trees. "Stop!" said the officer. "We must hide here till the beasts give up the game. They will before long, if they think the place is empty. They only come in the hope of getting some distinguished visitors, such as yourselves,"—he bowed to Mother and Nancy. "They expect to bag our Poincaré or your Lloyd George, or General Pershing some time. They did nearly bag the Americans yesterday. I didn't tell you that. But you may as well know it now. You see, they fly low, and a grey or khaki car in a street or new white road makes a good mark. They may drop a few bombs, but twenty to one they won't come near us. And you'll have the fun of hearing the anti-aircraft gun we've got under camouflage near by give them as good as they send."

He talked to distract our attention from the noise overhead, which, from a faint humming, had become a ravenous roar of engines. So thick were the trees overhead that we could see nothing, but the sound betrayed that the Taubes were two at least, and flying close to earth. As he spoke, the hidden cannon began to speak, but the enemy planes defied it. They seemed to know that there was prey, and could not decide to give up the chase.

"The beggars fly back and forth sometimes for half an hour," said our lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders. "We must have patience. But without being seen we can get into a convent the Germans burnt when they were tired of using it as their headquarters. There's a pretty garden they hadn't time to spoil, and you can walk under the trees there, if you like."

MOTHER did not like. She preferred sitting in the car, and perishing within its shelter, if need be. Kate had no heart for wandering, but Nancy slipped off in the direction of the French officer's pointing finger. I followed. The eyes of our guide were wistful, but he stuck to his post.

In three minutes we had found our way into the ruined chapel of the convent, and into a world which had no connection with the world we knew. The Germans had hacked and burned ruthlessly, but through glassless windows, through gaping holes in the walls, and through a bower of leaves, like an emerald screen beyond, sunshine streamed. Overhead was the blue sky, instead of a roof, azure darkly barred by a few blackened beams. And a ray of light fell directly upon the one sacred thing the vandals had left untouched: a life-size painted statue of the Virgin.

Whether she were really beautiful or not, I can't say; but in that strange gold-green radiance she looked like a lovely, living woman who prayed that God would pardon the despoilers. Someone had made a wreath of white marguerites for her head, and at her feet lay a long-stemmed moss rose.

All the flowers were fresh, and could not have been gathered many hours ago.

"I believe one of the Americans must



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This Costs 5 1/2c
Per 1000 Calories

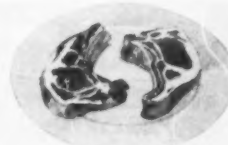
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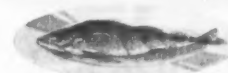
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have had that beautiful thought," said Nancy.

"But it's not likely there would be Catholics among them," I argued.

"Would you need to be a Catholic to give this dear, kind woman who prays a few flowers?"

"No. Especially—" I paused and gazed at the girl—"as she has—yes, she certainly has!—a look of you."

"Me—look like a saint? Why, you Mother calls me a minx! Oh, you needn't deny it, Mr. Harry. I don't mind. I'm almost complimented. Minxes have such bright eyes and such pretty fur—as well as sharp ears to hear what people say about them. And when they scratch, it's half in play."

"You don't scratch at all," I said. "You're the kindest, sweetest-natured girl—"

"Minx!"

"Minx, then, on earth. But if you ever had any, you've shed your minx-hood these last days. You've changed. That's why I catch a likeness to the praying statue. Queer it should exist, but it does. Don't you see it, yourself?"

"I wonder! The shape of the face, maybe. But the eyes are sad—no, not exactly; wistful."

"That's the word in my mind for your eyes, lately. I'm afraid my mother—"

"It has nothing to do with her."

"Is it the horror of war pressing on you, now we've come so close?"

"Oh, I feel it! I shouldn't be human if I didn't. It keeps me awake nights. But it isn't only that."

"Homesick?"

"No-o. I left home and came over to try and help some way, and I haven't helped much yet. Mr. Harry, would you think I was silly if I asked your advice?"

"If I were conceited, I should think you wise."

"Don't joke, or I can't speak. But I am sort of miserable. Even Sidi B. can't comfort me. I don't know what I ought to do. If I did know, perhaps I'd be happier. It's been wearing on me for a day or two. Besides, I suppose that shell bursting so near, and these Taubes we're playing hide and seek with, have set my nerves jumping. I feel worked up, as if I had to have some help."

"There's nothing could make me so happy as helping you," I said, and I caught her hands. "Nancy—dear Nancy—darling Nancy, you must have known since our first day, that I love you. If—"

"Don't! There's no 'if.' You can't help me if you talk like that."

"THEN I won't!"

I pulled myself up short, ashamed of the outburst, because I knew that Nancy could never care for me as I cared for her. I felt the magic of the moment, in that ruined church, with the garden-sweetness blowing in to us through the broken windows, and the Taubes searching for us overhead. I must not break the spell in vain.

"Tell me your trouble, dear girl."

"There's more than one. There are three."

"Three separate troubles?"

"Yes. There's Lord John—"

"Ah, I expected him to come in!"

"And Monsieur Dufael—"

"I'm not surprised."

"And General Rayières."

"Heavens! He, too?"

"He three. And I don't know which I ought to marry."

"If you don't know, isn't that a sign you oughtn't to marry any of them?"

"No. Because I'm not marrying to please myself. I cared a—whole lot for a boy once—an American boy, from my own state. But he didn't think our country ought to come into a European war, and I did. He was a lieutenant in the army, and that made it seem worse. I called him a bad name. I called him a coward. I reckon a man never forgives that, does he? Not that I wanted to be forgiven, I didn't! I'm telling about him only to prove that being 'in love' is over for me. Besides—I couldn't help thinking of him since all our American boys have been pour-

ing into France. And to-day"—she pointed to the moss-rose which someone had gathered in the garden, and laid at the feet of the Virgin—the Virgin who had Nancy's face—"to-day that brought him to my mind, just as if I'd seen his photograph. He loved moss-roses better than any flower. He used to say they were like me, 'sweet and prickly at the same time.' And boxes of them would come—boxes half full of moss, with the roses lying on top. His name was Rose—Dick Rose. Roses were his visiting cards. But I'm not going to think of him any more! I'm going to think of—which one shall I think of, Mr. Harry?"

"The one you like best."

"I like each one best in certain ways. When I came over my first idea was to marry the British army—marry into it, I mean. It seemed a good way to begin Red Cross work. You see, I've lots and lots of money, I never told you how much. I do so want to do good with it—good for the wounded, and—oh, everyone who suffers. I thought Lord John might put me in the right way, so I encouraged him a little. Then I met Monsieur Dufael, and he opened a vista of work among those poor refugees! I wasn't sure I couldn't do more good for them than anybody else. But General Rayières told me such stories about the brave poilus, and the awful time the mutilated ones will have after the war, unless something big is done for them! That would be just my job, wouldn't it? The British army doesn't really need me. The American Duchesses and Countesses are helping it like mad. I told Lord John I'd give him an answer when I got back to Paris. And it's very awkward saying no—what with the car, and all. But I've about made up my mind it had better be Monsieur Dufael—or General Rayières."

"Are they waiting for their answers, too?"

"Yes. Isn't it worrying?"

"It certainly is—for them."

"I was saying to myself this afternoon how easy it would make everything if I blew up. Then they'd mourn me, for awhile, and each could believe, if I'd lived, I would have accepted him. But I didn't blow up. And I don't hear those Taubes now. The chances are we shall get back safe and sound, at the château to-night—in time for dinner. I wish I could decide before I meet those Americans! The sight of boys from home might make me weaker."

"Why not toss a coin?" I suggested.

"But no. I forgot. You have three to decide between. Heads and tails aren't enough."

"I—almost—think Lord John is off," said she. "People might say I married him for his title."

I WORE a spade guinea in my waistcoat pocket, despite Mother's protests against hoarding gold. This I displayed under Nancy's eyes.

"My lucky coin," I said. "Maybe it'll bring luck to you. Dufael 'heads,' because you met him first; Rayières, 'tails,' because he's last, though not least. Shall I toss?"

"Ye-es!" she gasped. "Oh, whichever comes, I shall wish it were the other!"

"We can't toss here," I said. "For one thing, it's a church, and for another, there's no floor—only piles of rubble. Come into the garden."

We stumbled out of the chapel and took shelter under a large tree, untouched by fire. I tossed the spade guinea, and it spun out of sight behind a tuft of grass. "Shall I look, or will you?" I asked.

"You, please. I couldn't!"

But the spade guinea had vanished. There was nothing behind the tuft of grass. Where it had gone I shall never know.

We were still searching when the lieutenant appeared in the chapel. "We'd best be off," he announced. "The Taubes have turned their tails."

"Come!" I said to Nancy. "You have the sign you wanted. Tails!"

"But your lucky coin?"

"Let it go! It couldn't give me—"

anything I wanted. So it's to be Rayières?"

"Oh, I don't know! I must try some other sign. Anyhow, I'm glad I told you. I feel better."

We rejoined Mother and Kate in the car. They received us in silence. I did not care. We started. Vaguely I was conscious of our guide's regrets that the Taubes had made us miss the great sight of Chauny—the ruined glass works. What did it matter? Nancy was going to marry Rayières or Dufael.

WE bounced over roughly repaired roads at a speed which bumped our heads against the roof. I don't know whether it hurt or not. We dashed through a country of crippled trees to the foot of a hill circled by an ancient moat. The Taubes were outwitted. We were safe. What was the good of being safe?

We walked up the hill and entered an imitation shooting lodge, which transported us instantly to Germany. It had been built from young, murdered birch trees, and ornamented with plaster toad-stool seats, to please the taste of Prince Eitel Fritz. Thence he had gazed at St. Quentin, and through field-glasses had seen the Cathedral of Soissons. We did as he had done, with different feelings. But I had lost the thrill—with my lucky coin. And something else, which I knew I could never find again.

Then we aimed straight for Noyon, where we dropped our guide, as a homing ship drops her pilot, and arrived at the correspondents' chateau with half an hour to dress for dinner.

DRESSING for dinner after what we had seen and lived through, symbolized for me the unescapable conventionalities, the monotony of life to which I was going back now that I had lost the thrill, and was losing Nancy.

"This," I said to myself, "is the Castle of Dreams. It is on the borderland of adventure. When I leave, I wake—to things as they used to be: to Mother and to Kate."

Meanwhile, the dream was still going on, to slower music. Its central figure, though out of reach, was not yet out of sight, and I had still one colorful moment ahead. Nancy had whispered, as we entered the chateau:

"Hurry up and dress, and meet me in the salon where we sat after dinner last night. We'll finish our talk. And I'll decide something."

I was ready in fifteen minutes, and went to keep the tryst. I thought that Nancy could not have got down yet, but there she was, in a white dress. She stood by a window, her back to me, and she was not alone. Deep in conversation with her—so deep that he neither saw nor heard me come in—was an American officer. As I paused at the door, I could stare straight into his face; and it was all in the dream that he should be gazing down at Nancy Mix, unconscious of the dreamer's unimportant presence.

He was tall, and thin, and young, with strong, dark features, tanned red brown as an Indian's. I should have admired him as a magnificent type of an American soldier—at any other time. At this time I did not think at all. I only wondered, and slipped from the door, and the breeze from the window blew it shut. The man looked up. Nancy turned, with a start, and almost dropped Sidi B.

"Oh, Mr. Harry!" she cried. "It's too wonderful. This is Captain Rose, Dick Rose. And he's changed his mind. He knows that Americans ought to be in the war, and he's in it himself, over head and ears, for all he's worth. It was he who found that moss rose and laid it at the Virgin's feet, and crowned her with marguerites, because—she was like me. So everything is decided, without tossing any more coins, and I'm so happy!"

"Then I am to congratulate Captain Rose?" I said.

"You are!" he assured me, and smiled a brilliant smile of boyish blue eyes in

a dark face, flashing white teeth, strong young manhood, and joy supreme.

He held out his brown hand and, grasping mine, nearly broke it.

"I do congratulate you," I heard myself murmur.

"And me?" Nancy questioned.

"I wish you happiness, with all my heart. You're sure to have it."

"Oh, sure! And because I'm happy I shall know how to help others as I couldn't have known without. I see that now. I shall help refugees, and poilus, and Tommies and Sammies—all, all! Dick will help me help. It will be heaven. Dear Mr. Harry, your spade guinea knew how to bring me luck. It rolled away and made me wait for this."

"I'm glad," I said.

And I really felt glad. One finds new sides of one's nature in a Castle of Dreams.

WE are back in England now, and everything seems to go on as if we had never been to the front, or met the dear Minx, except that Kate has some new dresses, vaguely—and pathetically—resembling Nancy Mix's "style." Also she powders her nose when it shines, and manicures her nails with pink powder that means well, but gets under the skin.

I should have liked to stay on for Nancy's wedding in Paris, but Mother wouldn't hear of stopping. She was anxious to begin her book without delay. Her feelings towards our late travelling companion thawed slightly, however, when she found that Miss Mix had no designs on me. Also, it was impossible not to see in a somewhat more becoming light a person whose father could cable her a million dollar wedding present.

With considerable graciousness Mother accepted from Nancy a souvenir of our trip in the form of a gold box, for the pocket or handbag, made (in the Rue de la Paix) to carry two lumps of sugar when one went out to a war-time tea.

"A very characteristic conception of economy!" she commented to me later, but without bitterness. "If I had known what large means Miss Mix possessed I might have tried to influence her towards good works. As it is, I don't suppose the future will change her much. Once a minx, always a minx!"

"I hope so," I murmured under my breath.

I, too, was given a souvenir: the note-book which, in joke, I had presented to the "journalist."

"I shall be too busy to write that article for 'Home Talk' after all," Nancy said. "It's too bad, for I've made heaps of notes. I thought maybe you could use them in some way, so that kind man in the Rue Frédéric Premier needn't be disappointed."

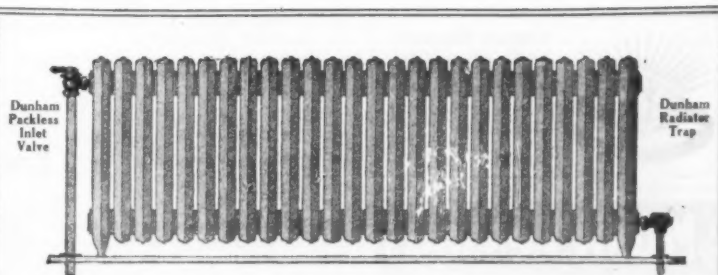
Nancy's notes! I fancied that she was repaying me with a joke for a joke. But no, to my intense surprise she had indeed "made heaps of notes." Not only that, they were of a charm and originality which would have startled me—if I could have been startled by anything that Nancy did. It seemed a waste of magnificent material not to use them. On an impulse, I showed the book to Mother, without explanation.

"Your notes?" she asked. "Yet the handwriting isn't like yours. I suppose you wrote in haste—motoring and so on."

She read to the end of the volume, and then said, kindly, "These jottings are very creditable, very creditable indeed. I shall not mind incorporating them in my book."

A stab sharp as a tooth of Sidi B's bit at my heart. No, no, poetical justice it might be, but I couldn't bear to see the girl's little handful of fancies swallowed up in the maw of Mrs. Henry Wayne's greatness.

"Thanks, Mother," I answered, "but this is the note-book of Miss Mix, soon to be Mrs. Richard Rose, and I'm going



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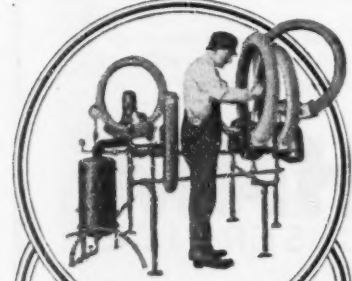
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to try and edit it for her, as a—a sort of wedding present."
Mother came as near snorting as a lady can.

"I wish you joy to the task!" she said.
And it will be a joy. In it I shall live over again the days I spent with

the Minx—the darling Minx; days I can never forget, even if I end up by marrying Kate.

THE END

The Campaign Against Britain

Continued from page 17

federal attorneys warned these collectors of fake funds to cease their activities and get out of the country, or they would be arrested; but they did not act till huge sums had already been collected, for which not one single public accounting has yet been given. Please note the words—not one single public accounting has yet been given.

The Freedom of the Seas

THIS should explain to Canadian readers why an anti-British campaign is always a paying proposition in the United States.

Put the Irish vote, then, down as one cause!

But the thing cuts deeper. It cuts so dangerously deep I am frankly afraid of a severed artery. Get right down under the surface of the German catch phrase—Freedom of the Seas.

The American Seaman's Law practically trebles the operating costs of an American Merchant Marine. It trebles costs by establishing three shift crews, standards of living, and unionized labor. Now the American public will have spent five billion dollars building an American merchant marine. Under war freights, it could stand the heavier overhead operating charges in competition with other merchant marines. Under normal rates, it cannot, unless—unless—please mark well—other nations, especially Great Britain, will also establish similar high overhead operating expenses. Will other nations with merchant marines privately owned give away their advantage by trebling their operating expenses? Not on your life will they. It would wipe their merchant marines from the seas. Hurley of the U.S. Shipping Board knows this. Yet he goes to the Peace Conference to ask this very thing, which he knows will be flatly refused, and when it is flatly refused, what will the anti-British propaganda in this country howl at the top of its lungs? What are they howling now? "Freedom of the Seas"—a German catch-word—English tyranny dominating "Freedom of the Seas."

But the thing goes deeper yet—don't mistake this for a mob yell!

At one of the luncheons to which I have referred, a speaker, who had made special personal investigations of conditions in Russia, told us that of the one billion and a half Russian gold, which the Bolsheviks stole from the Imperial

Government Reserve, at least half a billion was assigned for secret propaganda work in America and Canada. It would finance policemen's strikes. It would attempt to tamper with soldier and sailor. It would never attempt to buy or to dominate the labor unions, but it would attempt to place secret agents in every union. It would attempt to do in this country what it had done in Russia and was now doing in Germany. It would not necessarily call itself I.W.W. or Bolshevik, for that would only invite Government action; but crush it in one form, and it would only come up protean in a new form. That was his prediction. Now what are the facts? Call it by any name you like, the Bolshevik doctrine is now shouting from the house tops, where it formerly whispered in cellars. It is hiring public halls, which it never before was able to afford. It is getting its propaganda into a section of the press, which it never before could touch; and it is sending out its propaganda in tons. It is no longer poor.

If you add this element to the seaman's argument and the professional Irish politician, you can trace the streams of anti-British propaganda back to the turbid pools concealing the snakes all right.

THERE is still another element, which is perfectly legitimate from their point of view. It is not necessarily propaganda. It is a fight for commercial existence. I have touched on this in another article for MACLEAN'S. German interests in this country are not agricultural. They are trade and finance. Before the war, they were pro-German. After the United States went to war, they were avowedly pro-American and pro-Ally. I know German banking houses that contributed frequently to German organizations before this country went to war, who, when this country went to war, at once switched, stumped the country for the Allies and contributed lavishly for the Allied cause.

But the war is over. The very existence of these firms, their discounts and charges on bills of exchange, depend on resumption of trade with Germany. Whether their influence is cast in consciously or unconsciously with the present anti-British propaganda—I do not know. Some, I do know, are avowedly pro-British; but that does not prevent them wanting a resumption of trade with Germany.

The Strange Adventure of the Thumb-Tap Clue

Continued from page 23

"Why that is the blank wall," he cried. "How?" I demanded.

"Four weeks ago Lockwood came back from the West. On the same day a registered letter came to the office for young Carlton. That letter held twelve Bank of England notes for a hundred pounds each. About six thousand dollars altogether."

"Where did it come from?"
"From Montreal, from Carlton's own father. He wanted the money forwarded to his son. The older man was on his way back to England. The younger Carlton was looking up certain land his father wanted to invest in. Young Carlton's movements were rather uncertain, so his father made sure by sending the letter to our office—to Lockwood's office."

"And you were still acting as *poste restante* for the Carlton out in British Columbia?"

"Yes, we'd been receiving and forwarding his mail."

"And?"
"We also received this registered letter from Montreal. That's where the blank wall comes in."

"How?"

"We've no record of that letter ever going out of our office."

He looked at me as though he expected me to be more electrified than I found it possible to be.

"Lost, stolen, or strayed?" I asked.

"That's what I'd give my eye-teeth to know," he solemnly asserted.

"But where do you come in?"

His answer we given without a shade of emotion.

"I signed for the letter."

"Then you remember that much?"

"No, I don't remember it. But when they began to investigate through the post office, I knew my own signature when I saw it."

"With no chance of mistake or forgery?"

"It was my own signature."

"And you don't even remember getting the letter?"

"I've gone back over that day with draghooks. I've thought over it all night at a stretch, but I can't get one clear idea of what I did."

The force of the situation was at last coming home to me.

Where Canada Comes In

What is it to Canada whether this anti-British propaganda goes on or not? Can any human being in his, or her, right mind ask that question? Do people in Canada know that it was the American Navy which guarded Canada's coast for six months and drove off the German submarines? Whatever conditions exist on the American side for railroads, for wages, for price of metals, for price of wheat, must also exist on Canada's side. The Allies owe the United States nearly nine billions of dollars. Take the case of wheat! Under stress of war, the United States can export 300 million bushels of wheat; but out of stress of war, her exports of wheat seldom exceed 100 to 200 million bushels. They are in fact such a diminishing quantity that the country was importing wheat from Argentina before the war, just as she is now importing wheat from Australia via Japanese bottoms. So whether the price of wheat stays at \$2.20 in the United States for ten years will not entail a greater burden on the U.S. Treasury than a couple of hundred million dollars. But how about Canada? She will, and in fact must, export 300 million bushels of wheat to pay her war debts. If the price stays up at a pegged \$2.20, where will that put her Treasury? And if the U.S. price stays up, and the Canadian price drops to \$1, and an anti-British propaganda here puts up a wall against Canadian wheat, how long do you think farmers would stay on the Canadian side raising wheat at \$1, when they could step across to the American side and raise it at \$2.20?

Such a contingency would knock Canada's immigration into a cocked hat. It would throw Canada back into the conditions of the '80's and '90's. Canada's future commercial prosperity depends in no small degree on the good relations maintained between the United States and the British Empire.

I take it the end of the Peace Conference will see only two supremely great and powerful nations left intact as to manhood and finance—the British Empire and the United States. Shall they be friends or enemies? If friends, the peace of the world is ensured. If enemies, or even nagging rivals, then the good of the war has been lost before the roar of the guns has died to silence.

"And they're holding you responsible for the disappearance of that letter?"

"Good God, I'm holding myself responsible for it. It's been hanging over me for nearly a month. And I can't stand much more of it!"

"Then let's go back to possibilities. Have you ever checked them over?"

"I've gone over 'em like a scrutineer over a voter's list. I've tested 'em all, one by one; but they all end up at the blank wall."

"Well, before we go back to these possibilities again, how about the personal equation? Have you any feeling, any emotional bias, any one inclination about the thing, no matter how ridiculous it may seem?"

HE closed his eyes, and appeared to be deep in thought.

"I've always felt one thing," he confessed, "I've always felt—mind you, I only say felt—that when I signed for that Carlton letter, I carried it into Lockwood's own room with his own personal mail, and either gave it to him or left it on his desk."

"What makes you feel that?"

"In the first place, I must have known he'd seen Carlton recently, and had a clearer idea of his address, at the time, than I had. In the second place, being registered, it must have impressed me as being comparatively important.

"And Lockwood himself?"

"He says I'm mistaken. He holds I never gave him the letter, or he would have remembered it."

"And circumstances seem to back him up in this?"

"Everything backs him up," was the answer.

"Then let's go back to the possibilities. How about theft? Are you sure everyone in the office was reliable?"

"Everyone but me," was his bitter retort.

"Then how about its being actually lost inside those four walls?"

"That's scarcely possible. I've gone through every nook and drawer and file. I've gone over the place with a fine-tooth comb, time and time again. I've even gone over my own flat, every pocket and every corner of every room."

"Then you have a home?" I asked.

Again there was the telltale neurasthenic delay before his answer came.

"I was married the same week the letter was lost," was his response.

"And your wife hasn't been able to help you remember?"

"She didn't know of it until a week ago. Then she saw I couldn't sleep, and I kept forgetting things, trifling little things that showed I wasn't co-ordinating properly—such as letting a letter go out unsigned or getting muddled on the safe combination or not remembering whether I'd eaten or not. She said she thought I was in for typhoid or something like that. She went right down to Lockwood and practically accused him of making me overwork. Lockwood had to tell her what had happened. I suppose it was the way it was thrown at her, all in a heap! She went home to her own people that afternoon, without seeing me. I thought it over, and decided there was no use doing anything until—until the mess was cleared up some way or other."

I did not speak for several seconds. The case was not as simple as it had seemed.

"And Lockwood, how does he feel about it?"

"The way any man'd feel!" The acidulated smile that wrinkled his face was significant. "He's having me shadowed!"

"But he does nothing!"

"He keeps giving me more time."

"Well, doesn't that imply he still somehow believes in you?"

"He doesn't believe in me," was the slow response.

"Then why doesn't he do something? Why doesn't he act?"

THERE was a moment's silence. "Because he promised his daughter to give me another week."

Still again I experienced that odd tightening of the nerves. And I had to take a grip on myself, before I could continue.

"You mean Mary Lockwood personally interested herself in your case?"

"Yes."

That would be like Mary Lockwood, I remembered. She would always want to be something more than just. She would want to be merciful with others. I was the only one guilty of an offence which could not be overlooked!

"But why Mary Lockwood?" I asked, for something to say.

"She seemed to think I ought to be given a chance." Griswell spoke with listless heaviness, as though Mary Lockwood's pity, as though anyone's pity, were a thing of repugnance to him.

"A matter of thumbs down," I murmured. He looked at me blankly; the idiom had not reached his intelligence. I crossed to the table and poured him out another glass of Bristol Milk.

"You say you did things to show you weren't co-ordinating properly," I went on. "Now, going back to possibilities, mightn't there have been a touch of aphasia? Mightn't you have done some-

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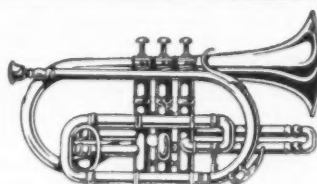
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thing with that letter and had no memory of what it was?"

"It's not aphasia—it never was that," calmly retorted the unhappy-eyed young man. "You couldn't dignify it with a name like that. And it never amounted to anything serious. I carried on all my office work without a hitch, without one mistake. But, as I told you before, I was working under pressure, and I hadn't been sleeping well. I did the bigger things without a mistake, but I often found I was doing them automatically."

"Then let's go back once more to those possibilities. Could the letter have been misdirected, absentmindedly? Could it have gone to one of Carlton's addresses?"

"Every address has been canvassed. The thing's been verified through the local post office, and through the Montreal office. That part of it's as clear as daylight. A letter came to this office of Lockwood's addressed to Carlton. It held six thousand dollars in cash. I received it and signed for it. The man to whom it was addressed never received it. Neither the money nor the letter was ever seen again. And the last record of it ends with me. Is it any wonder they've got that gum-shoe man trailing me about every move I make?"

"Wait," I cried, still conjecturing along the field of possibilities. "Why mightn't that letter have come in a second envelope which you removed after its receipt? Why mightn't it have come addressed to Lockwood or the firm?"

"The post office records show differently. It came to Carlton. I signed for it as an agent of Carlton's. Oh, there's no use going over all that old ground. I've been over it until I thought I was going crazy. I've raked and dug through it, these past three weeks, and nothing's come of it. Nothing can come of it, until Lockwood gets tired of waiting for me to prove what I can't prove!"

"But, out of all the affair as it happened, out of that whole day when the letter came, isn't there one shred or tatter of memory on which you can try to hang something? Isn't there one thing, no matter how small or how misty, from which you can begin?"

"Not one rational thing! I've tried to build a bridge out into that empty space—that day always seems like empty space to me—I've tried to build it out like a cantilever, but I can't bolt two ideas together. I've tried to picture it; I've tried to visualize it; I've tried to imagine it as I must have lived it. But all I've left is the fool idea of a man hitting his thumb."

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded, sitting up with a jolt.

"I keep seeing somebody, somebody sitting in front of me, holding a letter in his right hand and tapping the thumb of his left hand with it as he talked."

"But who is it? Or who was it?"

"I've tried to imagine it was Lockwood."

"Why, you've something right there!" I exultantly cried out. "That's valuable. It's something definite, something concrete, something personal. Let's begin on that."

"It's no use," remarked my companion. His voice, as he spoke, was one of weary unconcern. "I thought the way you do, at first. I felt sure it would lead to something. I kept watching Lockwood, trying to catch him at the trick."

"And?" I prompted.

"I had no chance of making sure. So I went up to his home, and asked for Miss Lockwood herself. I tried to explain how much the whole thing meant to me. I asked her if she'd ever noticed her father in the act of tapping his thumbs."

"And had she?"

"She was very patient. She thought it over, and tried to remember, but she decided that I was mistaken. His own daughter, she explained, would have noticed any such mannerism as that. In fact, she ventured to mention the matter to her father. And when John Lockwood found I'd been up to his house, that way, he—well, he rather lost his temper about it all. He accused me of trying to play on his daughter's sympathy, of trying to hide behind a petticoat. Miss Lockwood herself came

and saw me again, though, and was fine enough to say that she still believed in me, that she still had faith in me. She said I could always count on her help. But everything she did only seemed to push me further back into the dark, the dark that's worse than hell to me!"

He leaned forward in the chair, covering his face with his unsteady hands. I had no help to give him.

BUT as I sat there staring at him I began to see what he had gone through. Yet more disturbing than the consciousness of this was the thought of what it would eventually lead to, of what it was already leading to, in that broken wreck of a walking ghost, in that terror-hounded neurasthenic who had found a hole in his memory and had kept exploring it, feeling about it as one's tongue tip keeps fathoming the hole of a lost tooth.

"I went to a doctor, after she left me," the man in the chair was saying through his gaunt fingers as his tips pressed against his eye sockets. "He told me I had to sleep. He gave me trional and bromides and things, but I didn't seem able to assimilate them. Then he told me it was all in my own mind, that I only had to let myself relax. He told me to lie with my hands down at my side, and sigh, to sigh just once. I lay all night as though I was in a coffin waiting for that sigh, fighting for it, praying for it. But it didn't come."

"Of course it didn't," I told him, for I knew the feeling. "It never does, that way. You ought to have taken a couple of weeks in the Maine woods, or tried fishing up in Temagami, or gone off pounding a golf ball fifteen miles a day."

Then I stopped and looked at him, for some subsidiary part of my brain must have been working even while I was talking.

"By heaven, I believe that girl was mistaken!"

"Mistaken?" he asked.

"Yes, I don't believe any girl really knows her father's little tricks. I'd like to wager that Lockwood has the habit of tapping his thumb nail, sometimes, with what he may be holding in his other hand!"

My dispirited friend looked up at me, a little disturbed by the vehemence of my outburst.

"But what's that to me now? What good does it do me, even though he does tap his thumb?"

"Can't you see that this is exploration work, like digging up a lost city? Can't you see that we've got to get down to at least one stone, and follow where that first sign leads?"

I did my best to infect him with some trace of my sudden enthusiasm. I wanted to emotionalize him out of that dead flat monotone of indifference.

I jumped to my feet and brought a declamatory hand down on the corner of my library table.

"I tell you it does you a lot of good. It's your life-buoy. It's the thing that's got to keep you afloat until your feet are on the solid ground again."

"I tried to feel that way about it once," was his listless response. "But it doesn't lead to anything. It only makes me decide I dreamed the whole thing."

I stared at him as he leaned wearily back in the heavy chair.

"Look here," I said. "I know you're pretty well done up. I know you're sick and tired of the whole hopeless situation, that you've given up trying to think about it. But I want you to act this thing out for me to-night. I want to try to dramatize that situation down in Lockwood's office when you signed for the Carlton letter. I want you to do everything you can to visualize that moment. I want you to get that cantilever bridge stuck out across the gulf, across the gulf from each side, until they touch the middle and give us a chance to bolt 'em together."

I PUSHED back the chairs, cleared the space on the reading table, swung the youth about so that he faced this table, and then took one of my own let-

ters from the heavy brass stand beside him. My one object now was to make him "go Berserk."

"This is your room," I told him. "And this is your desk. Remember, you're in your own office, hard at work. Be so good, please, as to keep busy."

I crossed the room to the door as I spoke, intent on my impersonation. But I could hear him as he laughed his indulgent and mirthless laugh.

"Now, I'm bringing you this mail matter. And here I have a registered letter addressed to one Carlton. You see it, there? This letter? It's for Carlton, remember. I want you to take it. And sign for it, here. Yes, write down your name—actually write it. Now take the letter. And now think, man, think. What do you do after that? What is the next thing? What do you feel is the right thing? The only thing?"

He looked up at me, wonderingly. Then he looked about the room. Then he slowly shook his head from side to side. I had not succeeded in communicating to him any jot of my mental energy.

"I can't do it," he said, "I can't remember. It doesn't seem to suggest a thing."

"But think, man, think!" I cried out at him. "Use your imagination! Get into the part! Act it! The thing's there in your head, I tell you. It's shut up somewhere there, only you haven't hit the right combination to throw the door open. You can't do a thing in this life, you've never lived an active moment of this life, without a record of it being left there. It may be buried, it may be buried so deep you'll die without digging it up, but it's there, I tell you, if you only go after it!"

"If I was only sure it was there," hesitated the man at the table. "If I only knew just what direction to go! But this doesn't mean anything; it doesn't get me anywhere."

"You're not in the part," I cried, with what was almost an ecstasy of impatience. "What you've got to do is to live over that day. If you can't do that you've got to live over at least one part of it. No; don't think this is all foolishness. It's only going back to a very old law of association. I'm only trying to do something to bring up sight, touch, sound. We both know those are things that act quickest in reviving memory. Can't you see—out of similar conditions I want to catch at something that will suggest the similar action! There's no need telling you that my mind and your mind each has a permanent disposition to do again what it has once done under the same circumstances. There's no use delving into psychology. It's all such ordinary everyday common sense."

He sat looking at me a little blankly as I pounded this out at him. His pallid face, twitching in the light from the fire, was studious, but only passively so. The infection of my rhapsodic effort had not reached him. I knew that, even before he spoke.

"I can see what you're aiming at," he explained. "But no matter how hard I think, I can't get beyond the blank wall. I'm still in this library of yours. And this is still a table and nothing like Lockwood's office desk."

"And that makes it seem rather silly to you?"

"Yes, it does seem silly," he acknowledged.

Then a sudden idea fell like a hailstone out of the heavens themselves.

"I know what's the matter," I cried. "I know why you're not acting out the part. It's because you're not on the right stage. You know it's an empty rehearsal—you haven't been able to let yourself go!"

"I'm sorry," he said, with the contrition of a child, and with his repeated hand gesture of helplessness.

I swung about on him, scarcely hearing the words he was uttering.

"We've got to get into that office," I declared. "We've got to get into Lockwood's own office."

He shook his head, without looking up at me.

"I've been over that office, every nook and cranny of it!" he reiterated.

"But what I want to know is, can we get into it?"

"At this time of night?" he asked, apparently a little frightened at the mere idea of it.

"Yes, now," I declared.

"I'd rather not," he finally averred.

"But you still carry those office-keys, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes; I still have my keys. But it wouldn't look right, the way things are. It would be only too easy for them to misinterpret a midnight visit of mine to those offices. And they're watching me, every move I make."

"Then let them know you're going to make the move," I maintained. "And then we'll slip down in my car, with no chance of being followed."

He seemed to be turning the matter over in his mind. Then he looked up, as though a sudden light had clarified the whole situation.

"You know Mary Lockwood, don't you?" he demanded.

"Y-yes," I hesitatingly admitted.

"Then wouldn't it be easier for you to call her up on the telephone and explain just what you propose doing?"

It was my turn to sit in a brown study. It would be no easy matter, I remembered, to make clear to this stranger my reasons for not caring to converse with Mary Lockwood. I also remembered that the situation confronting me was something which should transcend mere personal issues. And I was in a quandary, until I thought of the ever-dependable Benson.

"I'll have my man call up the Lockwood house," I explained as I rose to my feet, "and announce that we're making an informal visit to those offices."

"But what's that visit for?"

"For the purpose of finding out if John Lockwood really taps his thumbs or not!"

The gray-faced youth stared at me.

"But what good will that do?" he demanded.

"Why, it'll give us the right stage-setting, the right 'props'—something to reach out and to grope along. It'll mean the same to your imagination as a brick wall to a bit of ivy." And I stopped and turned to give my instructions to Benson.

"Oh, it's no earthly use!" repeated the man who couldn't remember, in his flat and atonic voice. But instead of answering or arguing with him I put his hat in his hand and held the portiere, waiting for him to pass through.

I have often thought that if the decorous and somewhat ponderous figure of Mr. John Lockwood had invaded his own offices on that particular night, he would have been persuaded of the fact that he was confronting two madmen.

For, once we had gained access to those offices and once we had locked the door behind us, I began over again what I had so inadequately attempted in my own library.

DURING the earlier part of my effort to Belascoize a slumbering mental idea into some approximation to life, I tried to remember my surroundings and the fact that the hour was the unseemly one of almost two o'clock in the morning. But as I seated Criswell at his own office desk and did my utmost to galvanize his tired brain into some semblance of the role I had laid out for it, I think he rather lost track of time and place. At the end of ten minutes my face was moist with sweat, and a wave of utter exhaustion swept through me as I saw that, after all my struggle, nothing in that minutely enacted little drama had struck a responsive chord in either his imagination or his memory.

"You don't get anything?" I asked as I dropped back into a chair at the end of my pantomime. No stage manager, trying to project his personality into an unresponsive actor, could have struggled more passionately, more persuasively, more solicitously. But it had been fruitless.

"No, I can't get anything!" said the white-faced Criswell. "And I could see that he had honestly tried, that he had strained his very soul, striving to reach

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up to the light that was denied him. But the matter was not one of mere volition. It was beyond his power. It depended on something external, on something as much outside his conscious control as though it were an angel that must come and touch him on the brow. It was simply that the door of Memory remained locked and barred. We had not hit upon the right combination. But I did not give up.

"Now we're going in to try Lockwood's own office," I told him, with a peremptoriness which made him draw away from me.

"I—I don't think I can go through it again," he faltered. And I could see the lines of mental fatigue deep on his ashen face.

Yet I proffered him no sympathy; I allowed him no escape from those four imprisoning walls. I had already stirred the pool too deeply. I knew that a relapse into the old impassive hopelessness would now be doubly perilous.

I LOOKED about the room. Three sides of it were lined with bookshelves and every shelf was filled with hundreds of books, thousands of them altogether, from dull and uninteresting-looking treatises on railway building and mining engineering to even more dull-looking consular reports and textbooks, on matters of finance. The fourth side of the room held two windows. Between these windows, some six feet from the wall, stood Lockwood's rosewood desk. It was a handsome desk, heavily carved, yet like the rest of the furniture, the acme of simplicity. History, I knew, had been made over that oblong of rosewood. It had been and would again be an arena of Napoleonic contention. Yet it stood before me as bare and bald as a prize fighters' platform.

I sat down in the carved swivel chair beside the desk, drew my chair closer to the rosewood, and looked up at Criswell, who, I believe, would have turned and bolted, had he been given the chance. He was, I fancy, even beginning to have suspicions as to my sanity. But in that I saw no objection. It was, I felt, rather an advantage. It would serve to key his nerves up to a still higher pitch—for I still hoped against hope that I might lash him into some form of mental calenture which would drive him into taking the high jump, which would in some way make him clear the blind wall.

"Now, I'm Lockwood, remember," I cried, fixing my eye on him, "and you're Criswell, my private secretary. Have you got that plain?"

He did not answer me. He was, apparently, looking weakly about for a place to sit down.

"Have you got that plain?" I repeated, this time in a voice that was almost thunderous.

"Yes," he finally said. "I understand."

"Then go back into your room there. From that room I want you to bring me a letter. Not any old letter, but one particular letter. I want you to bring me the Carlton registered letter which you signed for. I want you to see it, and feel it, and bring it here."

I THREW all the authority of my being into that command. I had to justify both my course and my intelligence. I had to get my man over the high jump, or crawl away humiliated and defeated.

I stared at the man, for he was not moving. I tried to cow him into obedience by the very anger of my look. But it didn't seem to succeed.

"Don't you understand?" I cried. "I want you to bring that registered letter in to me, here, now!"

He looked at me a little blankly. Then he passed his hand over his moist forehead.

"But we tried that before," he falteringly complained. "We tried that, and it wouldn't work. I brought the letter in the first time, and you weren't here."

I sat up as though I had been shot. I could feel a tingle of something go up and down my backbone. My God, I thought, the man's actually stumbling

on something. The darkness was delivering itself of an idea.

"Yes, we tried that before," I wheedled. "And what happened?"

"You weren't here," he repeated, in tones of such languid detachment that one might have thought of him as under the influence of a hypnotist.

"But I'm here now, so bring me the letter!"

I tried to speak quietly, but I noticed that my voice shook with suppressed excitement. Whether or not the contagion of my hysteria went out to him I cannot say. But he suddenly walked out of the room, with the utmost solemnity.

The moment I was alone I did a thing that was both ridiculous and audacious. Jerking open Lockwood's private drawer, I caught up a Perfecto from a cigar box I found there. This Perfecto I impertinently and promptly lighted, puffing its aroma about, for it had suddenly come home to me how powerful an aid to memory certain odors may be, how, for instance, the more smell of a Noah's Ark will carry a man forty years back to a childhood Christmas.

I SAT there busily and abstractedly smoking as Criswell came into the room and quietly stepped up to my desk. In his hand he carried a letter. He was solemn enough about it, only his eyes, I noticed, were as empty as though he were giving an exhibition of sleep walking. He reminded me of a hungry actor trying to look happy over a papier-mache turkey.

"Here's a letter for Carlton, sir," he said to me. "Had I better send it on, or will you look after it?"

I pretended to be preoccupied. Lockwood, I felt, would have been that way, if the scene had indeed ever occurred. Lockwood's own mind must have been busy, otherwise he would have carried away some definite memory of what had happened.

I looked up, quickly and irritably. I took the letter from Criswell's hand, glanced at it, and began absently tapping my left thumb tip with it as I peered at the secretarial figure before me.

Criswell's face went blank as he saw the movement. It was now not even somnambulistic in intelligence. It madened me to think he was going to fail me at such a critical moment.

"What are you breaking down for?" I cried. "Why don't you go on?"

He was silent, looking ahead of him. "I—I see blue," he finally said, as though to himself. His face was clammy with sweat.

"What sort of blue?" I prompted. "Blue cloth? Blue sky? Blue ink? Blue what?"

"It's blue," he repeated, ignoring my interruption. And all his soul seemed writhing and twisting in some terrible travail of mental childbirth.

"I see blue. And you're making it white. You're covering it up. You're turning over white—white—white! Oh, what in God's name is it?"

My spine was again tingling with a thousand electric needles as I watched him. He turned to me with a gesture of piteous appeal.

"What was it?" he implored. "Can't you help me get it—get it before it goes! What was it?"

"It was blue, blue and white," I told him, and as I said it I realized what madhouse jargon it would have sounded to any outsider.

HE sank into a chair, and let his head fall forward on his hands. He did not speak for several seconds.

"And there are two hills covered with snow," he slowly intoned.

My heart sank a little as I heard him. I knew I had overtaxed his strength. He was wandering off again into irrelevancies. He had missed the high jump.

"That's all right, old man," I tried to console him. "There's no use overdoing this. You sit there for a while and calm down."

As I sank into a chair on the other side of the desk, defeated, staring wearily about that book-lined room that was

housing so indeterminate a tragedy, the door on my left was thrown open. Through it stepped a woman in an ivory-tinted dinner gown over which was thrown a cloth-of-gold cloak.

I sat there blinking up at her, for it was Mary Lockwood herself. It was not so much her sudden appearance as the words she spoke to the huddled figure on the other side of the desk that startled me.

"You were right," she said, with a self-obliterating intensity of purpose. "Father taps his thumbs. I saw him do it an hour ago!"

I sat staring at her as she stood in the centre of the room, a tower of ivory and gold against the dull and mottled colors of the book-lined wall. I waited for her to speak. Then out of the mottled colors that confronted my eye, out of the faded yellows and rusty browns, the greens and reds of vellum, and the gilt of countless titles, my gaze rested on a nearby oblong of blue.

I looked at it without quite seeing it. Then it came capriciously home to me that blue had been the color that Criswell had mentioned.

But blue was only blue, I vacuously told myself as I got up and crossed the room. Then I saw the white streak of the top of the book, and for no adequate reason my heart suddenly leaped up into my throat.

I SNATCHED at that thing of blue and white, like a man overboard snatching at a lifeline. I jerked it from its resting place and crossed to the desk top with it.

On its blue title page I read: "Report of the Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, 1898."

The volume, I could see at a glance, was a Canadian Government Blue Book. It was a volume which I myself had exploited, in my own time, and for my own ends. But these ends, I remembered as I took up the book and shook it, belonged now to a world that seemed very foolish and very far away. Then, having shaken the volume as a terrier shakes a rat, I turned it over and looked through it. This I did with a slowly sinking heart.

It held nothing of significance. Yet I took it up and shook it and ruffled through its leaves once more, to make sure. Then between what I saw to be the eighteenth and nineteenth page of that section which bore the title "The Report of Inspector Moodie," I came upon a photographic insert, a tint-block photo-engraving. It carried the inscription: "The Summit of Laurier Pass Looking Westward." What made me suddenly stop breathing was the fact that this photograph showed two hills covered with snow.

"Criswell!" I called out, so sharply that it must have sounded like a scream to the bewildered woman in the cloth-of-gold cloak.

"Yes," he answered in his far-away voice.

"Was John Lockwood ever interested in Northern British Columbia? Did he happen to have any claims or interests or plans that would make him look up trails in a Police Patrol report?"

"I don't know," was the wearily indifferent answer.

"Think, man!" I called out at him. "Think!"

"I can't think," he complained.

"Wouldn't he have to look up roads to a new mining camp in that district?" I persisted.

"Yes, I think he did," was the slow

response. Then the speaker looked up at me. His stupor was almost that of intoxication. His wandering eye peered unsteadily down at the Blue Book as I once more ruffled through its pages, from back to front. I saw his wavering glance grow steady, his whole face change. I put the book down on the desk-top, with the picture of Laurier Pass uppermost under the flat white light.

I saw the man's eyes gradually dilate, and his body rise, as though some unseen hydraulic machinery were slowly and evenly elevating it.

"Why, there's the blue! There's the white!" he gasped.

"Go on!" I cried. "Go on!"

"And those are the two hills covered with snow! That's it! I see it! I see it, now! That's the book John Lockwood was going through when I handed him the letter!"

"What letter?" I insisted.

"Carlton's letter?" he proclaimed.

"Then where is it?" I asked, sick at heart. I looked from Criswell to the girl in the gold cloak as she crossed the room to the bookshelf and stooped over the space from which I had so feverishly snatched the Blue Book. I saw her brush the dust from her finger tips, stoop lower, and again reach in between the shelves. Then I looked back at Criswell, for I could hear his voice rise almost to a scream.

"I remember! I see it now! And he's got to remember! He's got to remember!"

I shook my head, hopelessly, as he flung himself down in the chair, sobbing out that foolish cry, over and over again.

"Yes, he's got to remember," I could hear Mary Lockwood say as she turned and faced us.

"But what will make him?" I asked, as her studiously impersonal gaze met mine.

"This will," she announced as she held out her hand. I saw then, for the first time, that in this hand she was holding a heavily inscribed and R-stamped envelope.

"What's that?" demanded Criswell, staring hard.

"It's your lost letter," quickly replied Mary Lockwood. "How it fell out, I don't know. But I do know, now, that father shut this letter up in that book. And the Lockwoods, I'm afraid," she continued with an odd little quaver in her voice, "will have a very, very great deal to ask your forgiveness for. I'm sorry, Mr. Criswell, terribly sorry this ever happened. But I'm glad, terribly glad, that it has turned out the way it did."

There was a moment of quite unbroken silence. Then young Criswell turned to me.

"It's you I've got to thank for all this," he finally blurted out, with moist yet happy eyes, as he did his best to wring my hand off. "It's you who've—who've reinstated me!"

We were standing there in a sort of triangle, very awkward and ill-at-ease, until I found the courage to break that silence.

"But I don't seem to have been able to reinstate myself, Criswell," I said as I turned and met Mary Lockwood's level gaze. She looked at me out of those intrepid and unequivocal eyes of hers, for a full half minute. Then she turned slowly away. She didn't speak. But there was something that looked strangely like unhappiness in her face as she groped towards the door, which Criswell, I noticed, opened for her.

More About Germany From Within

Continued from page 11

The Count spoke with great sincerity and earnestness. "But come along," he added, "I want to drive you about the city and show you a few of the leading features of our new national reconstruction. We can talk as we go."

"But Von Boobenstein," I said, "you speak of the people who made the war; surely you were all in favor of it?"

"In favor of it! We were all against it."

"But the Kaiser," I explained.

"The Kaiser, my poor master! How he worked to prevent the war! Day and night; even before anybody else had heard of it. 'Boob,' he said to me one day with tears in his eyes, 'this war must be stopped.' 'Which war, Your Serenity?' I asked. 'The war that is coming next month,' he answered. 'I look to you, Count Boobenstein,' he continued, 'to bear witness that I am

Discovery of the Way the Flu Germ Works

Simple Practice Will Render It Harmless

By Chas. A. Percival, M.D.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth— you cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goeth." Neither can you tell whence the Influenza germs come, or where you are likely to meet them.

Few people realize how amazingly small they are. Suppose you were to start to count just the germs that could be got into a space one inch each way—say a teaspoonful—and counted at the rate of one hundred a minute, without stopping to eat or sleep, how long do you think it would take to complete the job? Very nearly three hundred thousand years. Moreover, once lodged in favorable conditions they breed at a terrific rate. It has been calculated that each germ is capable of increasing to nearly half a million in the course of 48 hours. Is it any wonder, then, that the most elaborate precautions often fail to keep the germs away? They can penetrate almost anywhere and are carried on the lightest breath of air. They can be carried and spread by anyone who goes near an influenza case, even though he has not taken the disease himself. They can be handed to you with your change, or with the lunch you take at the counter down town. No one can be sure of escaping contact with them.

It is useless to try to avoid them. Fortunately, they are only harmful when favorable conditions are provided, and recent investigations into the nature of the germ and its effects have shown that anyone who adopts a certain simple practice can feel safe at all times.

These investigations, undertaken by a bacteriologist of Toronto, discovered that the influenza germ gets in its work only when acting in conjunction with one or more or three other varieties of germs. Of itself it can produce at the worst a sneeze. When it joins with one of the other varieties illness usually results. Should it join with two or three of them the results may be dangerous, or even fatal. The influenza germ itself is disseminated as indicated above. The other three are found in the human system, and it is not until the Flu germ joins them that the results prove serious.

The conditions of modern life compel unnatural diet and lack of exercise—habits that are very different from what nature intended. A horse, for example, evacuates the intestinal contents many times a day—whenever and wherever nature calls. The faeces never remain in its bowels more than an hour or two. In the case of men and women, on the contrary, sedentary life and modern food have induced—with very few exceptions—a more or less pronounced state of constipation. The faeces are retained for many hours, and often for days. The walls of the intestines become coated with waste matter, which coating tends to become thicker and harder and more permanent as time goes on. So detrimental is this that 95 per cent. of the illnesses that doctors have to deal with originate here. And so well are its dangers recognized that the first step a doctor takes is

to make sure that the bowels of his patient are cleansed. Amongst other results of this unnatural condition an ideal breeding ground for germs is provided. The bacteria that abound under such conditions include the three varieties that aid the influenza germ to produce such disastrous effects.

But if the bowels are kept clean no lodging place is afforded for bacteria. Consequently, the influenza germ—even when taken into the system—passes through harmlessly.

Many people try to assist nature by means of drugs. But to the use of drugs there are very strong objections. They do not assist; they force nature. They weaken the intestinal muscles and lower the vitality. They gradually lose their effect. They empty but do not cleanse. You would not wash your hands by pouring physic over them, nor would you purify your house by means of disinfectants only, or dust your furniture with sandpaper. Then don't scour your liver with drugs unless your doctor orders it.

There is a simple and very much better way of keeping the intestines clean, and that is by means of the Internal Bath. The people who follow this practice can feel absolutely safe from danger of influenza or other infection. To avoid misconception it should be stated that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner. The one efficient method is by means of the "J.B.L. Cascade." It is simple, too, for it needs only warm water, and a child could understand and use it without fear of hurt or breakage. And after its use the system is so clean that there is no possible fear of infection. The whole matter is fully explained in a book called *The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath*, written by the inventor, which will be gladly sent post free to anyone who will send his or her name and address to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, Suite 247, Tyrrell Building, 163 College Street, Toronto.

Security from infection is only one of the reasons for using the Cascade. Stagnation of the bowel contents, and weakening of the intestinal muscles by drugs, lead to increased fermentation, to putrefaction, and to the formation of irritant and poisonous substances. Such poisons are readily absorbed into the blood, and are often the unsuspected cause of aches and pains, pimples, skin blotches, bad complexion, a general lack of good physical condition, sleeplessness, and a feeling of dullness and fatigue. Most of the men and women of today are only half as efficient as they could be. No machine in the world would keep working as clogged up as the human body usually is. Treat your body as well as you would a machine, remembering that anyone who lets the body continue in that state has to pay for it eventually.

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doing my utmost to stop it a month before the English Government has done anything."

WHILE we were thus speaking our taxi had taken us out of the roar and hubbub of the main thoroughfare into the quiet of a side street. It now drew up, at the door of an unpretentious dwelling, in the window of which I observed a large printed card with the legend REVEREND MR. TIBBITS: Private Tuition, English, Navigation and other Branches. We entered and were shown by a servant into a little front room when a venerable looking gentleman, evidently a Lutheran minister, was seated in a corner at a writing table. He turned on our entering and at the sight of the uniform which I wore, jumped to his feet with a vigorous and unexpected oath.

"It is all right, Admiral," said Count Von Boobenstein, "my friend is not really a sailor."

"Ah!" said the other. "You must excuse me. The sight of that uniform always gives me the jumps."

He came forward to shake hands and, as the light fell upon him, I recognized that grand old seaman, perhaps the greatest sailor that Germany has ever produced or ever will, Admiral Von Tirpitz.

"My dear Admiral!" I said, warmly. "I thought you were out of the country. Our papers said that you had gone to Switzerland for a rest."

"No," said the Admiral. "I regret to say that I find it impossible to get away."

"Your Allied press," interjected the Count, "has greatly maligned our German patriots by reporting that they have left the country. Where better could they trust themselves than in the bosom of their own people? You noticed the cabman of our taxi? He was the former chancellor, Von Bethman-Hollweg. You saw that stout woman with the apple cart at the street corner? Frau Bertha Krupp Von Bohlen. All are here, helping to make the new Germany. But come, Admiral, our visitor here is much interested in our plans for the reconstruction of the Fatherland. I thought that you might care to show him your designs for the new German navy."

"A new navy!" I exclaimed, while my voice showed the astonishment and admiration that I felt. Here was this gallant old seaman, having just lost an entire navy, setting vigorously to work to make another. "But how can Germany possibly find the money in her present state for the building of new ships?"

"There are not going to be any ships," said the great Admiral. "That was our chief mistake in the past, in insisting on having ships in the navy. Ships, as the war has shown us, are quite unnecessary to the German plan, they are not part of what I may call the German idea. The new navy will be built inland and elevated on piles and will consist—"

BUT at this moment a great noise of shouting and sudden tumult could be heard as if from the street.

"Some one is coming," said the Admiral hastily. "Reach me my Bible." "No, no," said the Count, seizing me by the arm. "The sound comes from the Great Square. There is trouble. We must hasten back at once." He dragged me from the house.

We perceived at once, as soon as we came into the main street again, from the excited demeanour of the crowd and from the anxious faces of people running to and fro, that something of great moment must be happening.

Everybody was asking of the passer-by: "What is loose? What is it?"

Ramshackle taxis, similar to the one in which we had driven, forced their way as best they could through the crowded thoroughfare, moving evidently in the direction of the Government buildings.

"Hurry, hurry!" said Von Boobenstein, clutching me by the arm, "or we shall be too late. It is as I feared."

"What is it?" I said. "What's the matter?"

"Fool that I was," said the Count,

"to leave the building. I should have known. And in this costume I am helpless."

We made our way as best we could through the crowd of people who all seemed moving in the same direction, the Count, evidently a prey to the gravest anxiety, talking as if to himself and imprecating his own carelessness.

We turned the corner of a street and reached the edge of the great square. It was filled with a vast concourse of people. At the very moment in which we reached it a great burst of cheering rose from the crowd. We could see over the heads of the people that a man had appeared on the balcony of the Government Building, holding a paper in his hand. His appearance was evidently a signal for the outburst of cheers, accompanied by the waving of handkerchiefs. The man raised his hand in a gesture of authority. German training is deep: silence fell instantly upon the assembled populace. We had time in the momentary pause to examine, as closely as the distance permitted, the figure upon the balcony. The man was dressed in the blue overall suit of a workman. He was bareheaded. His features, so far as we could tell, were those of a man well up in years, but his frame was rugged and powerful. Then he began to speak.

"Friends and comrades!" he called out in a great voice that resounded through the square. "I have to announce that a New Revolution has been completed."

A wild cheer broke from the people. "The Bolsheviks' Republic is overthrown. The Bolsheviks are aristocrats. Let them die!"

"Thank Heaven for this costume," I heard Count Boobenstein murmur at my side. Then he seized his pea-green hat and waved it in the air shouting: "Down with the Bolsheviks!"

All about us the cry was taken up.

ONE saw everywhere in the crowd men pulling off their sheepskin coats and tramping them under-foot with the shout: "Down with Bolshevism." To my surprise I observed that most of the men had on blue overalls beneath their Russian costumes. In a few moments the crowd seemed transformed into a vast mass of mechanics.

The speaker raised his hand again. "We have not yet decided what the new Government will be."

A great cheer from the people. "Nor do we propose to state who will be the leaders of it."

Renewed cheers. "But this much we can say. It is to be a free, universal, Pan-German Government of love."

Cheers.

"Meantime, be warned! Whoever speaks against it will be shot; anybody who dares to lift a finger will be hanged. A proclamation of Brotherhood will be posted all over the city. If anybody dares to touch it, or to discuss it, or to look at or to be seen reading it, he will be hanged to a lamp post."

Loud applause greeted this part of the speech while the faces of the people, to my great astonishment, seemed filled with genuine relief and beamed with unmistakable enthusiasm.

"And now," continued the speaker. "I command you, you dogs, to disperse quietly and go home. Move quickly, swine that you are, or we shall open fire upon you with machine guns."

With the last outburst of cheering the crowd broke and dispersed, like a vast theatre audience. On all sides were expressions of joy and satisfaction. "Excellent, Wunderschön." "He calls us dogs! That's splendid. Swine! Did you hear him say 'Swine'?" This is true German Government again at last.

Then just for a moment the burly figure reappeared on the balcony.

"A last word!" he called to the departing crowd. "I omitted to say that all but one of the leaders of the late Government are already caught. An soon as we can lay our thumb on the Chief Executive rest assured that he will be hanged."

"Hurrah!" shouted Boobenstein, waving his hat in the air. Then in a whis-

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per to me: "Let us go," he said, "while the going is still good."

WE hastened as quickly and unobtrusively as we could through the dispersing multitude, turned into a side street and, on a sign from the Count, entered a small cabaret or drinking shop, newly named as its sign showed, THE GLORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES CAFE.

The Count with a deep sigh of relief ordered wine.

"You recognized him, of course," he said.

"Who?" I asked. "You mean the big workingman who spoke. Who is he?"

"So you didn't recognize him," said the Count. "Well, well, but of course all the rest did. Workingman! It is Field Marshal Hindenburg. It means of course that the same old crowd are back again. That was Ludendorff standing below. I saw it all at once. Perhaps it is the only way. But as for me I shall not go back. I am too deeply compromised; it would mean death."

Boobenstein remained for a time in deep thought, his fingers beating a tattoo on the little table. Then he spoke.

"Do you remember," he said, "the old time of long ago when you first knew me?"

"Very well, indeed," I answered. "You were one of the German waiters, or rather, one of the German officers

disguised as waiters at McKonkey's Restaurant in Toronto."

"I was," said the Count. "I carried the beer on a little tray and opened oysters behind a screen. It was a wunderschön life. Do you think, my good friend, you could get me that job again?"

"Boobenstein," I exclaimed, "I can get you reinstated at once. It will be some small return for your kindness to me in Germany."

"Good," said the Count. "Let us sail at once for Canada."

"One thing, however," I said, restraining him. "You may not know that since you left there are no longer beer waiters in Toronto because there is no beer. All is forbidden."

"Let me understand myself," said the Count in astonishment. "No beer!"

"None whatever."

"Wine then?"

"Absolutely not. All drinking, except of water, is forbidden."

The Count rose and stood erect. His figure seemed to regain all its old-time Prussian rigidity. He extended his hand.

"My friend," he said. "I bid you farewell."

"Where are you going to?" I asked.

"My choice is made," said Von Boobenstein. "There are worse things than death. I am about to surrender myself to the German authorities."

Saturday's Child

Continued from page 16

domesticity in him that made it easy for her not to fall in love with him. He wasn't exciting. He wasn't the sort of young man that broke your heart and rode away; he was the sort of young man that called for you on rainy evenings with your rubbers. He was "safe."

But Charles wasn't. He was as romantic as a sixteen-year-old school girl, and a touch of moonlight, a touch of mystery and pretty voice with a hint of laughter in it had stirred in him such a pleasant sense of excitement as he had not known in years. He was quite confident that he would know the girl again if he were to see her, and he watched for her patiently all the next day; and at night when there was still no sign of her he took the little winding path down to the lake. But the wharf was deserted, and the lake silent, the placid moonlight lying in an unbroken path across the water.

By the next night he had quite given her up. Almost simultaneously he decided to go home. Miss Fothergill was becoming more and more absorbed in Ham; they had disappeared together without explanation immediately after dinner. There was nothing for him to do and nowhere to go. He might have sought out one of the "nice girls" and taken her out on the lake, but he wouldn't have known what to talk to her about. He never knew what to talk about to them. He saw clearly now what he had long suspected—that he was a person consistently shunned by womankind. Rather than endure an evening of his society they went off with vulgar dollar baiters like Ham Allan. They jumped off the docks and climbed banks to avoid listening to his conversation. . . .

He wandered down to the Post Office in the far end of the building and secured the evening mail—a morning paper three days old and a picture postcard from his married sister. Emerging disconsolately he was just beginning to retrace his steps towards the hotel when he happened to glance ahead along the path that led to the lake; and the second part of the adventure began. For there not fifty feet ahead of him was the girl of the little dock.

JUST how he recognized her it would be hard to say, for she was dressed exactly like any one of the fifty girls who might have been seen about the hotel at that hour, in a white skirt and a gay colored blazer. But it was she, and when he came up behind her and

spoke to her, his heart in his mouth, she gave him a friendly smile of recognition.

"Please don't run away this time," he said pleadingly. "If you knew the time I've had finding you—"

But she did not seem inclined to run away. She made room for him on the narrow path that ran down from the post office, and Charles, immeasurably grateful, fell into step beside her.

It was not quite dark and just beyond the tall trees at the end of the path beamed faintly the twilight water of the lake. And presently he gathered courage to point out that it was still early and it would be very pleasant to get a canoe and go out and float about for a while in the path of the moon.

Her face showed that she thought it would be very pleasant too. But she hesitated a little.

"It will be perfectly safe," urged Charles. "If you find yourself in danger you have only to scream and a hundred people will rush to your rescue—a hundred and fifty people," he corrected himself, recalling the prospectus.

Perhaps she shouldn't have gone. She had never been introduced to him, and everyone knows that every young man to whom you have not been introduced is potentially a wolf in sheep's clothing. But she did. She glanced at the twilight water and back at Charles' shy but ingenuous face, and evidently quite reassured by what she saw there she consented without further hesitation. So they went down and found a canoe and slid out presently into the starlit silence of the lake.

SHE was the most satisfactory person that Charles had ever met. He realized this within the first five minutes of the adventure. Not only was she joyous and foolish and young herself, but she revealed him to himself as a person joyous and foolish and young as well. It was quite startling; like coming sharply about a corner and confronting yourself as someone else, in an unexpected flattering mirror.

He made a brilliant discovery.

"There are two kinds of people in the world," he said. "The kind that make you afraid you really may be the sort of a person you have sometimes thought you are, and the kind that make you think you really are the sort of person you have sometimes hoped you may be."

He was enjoying that rarest and pleasantest of human experiences—the sensation of being thoroughly appreciated. He had always been secretly

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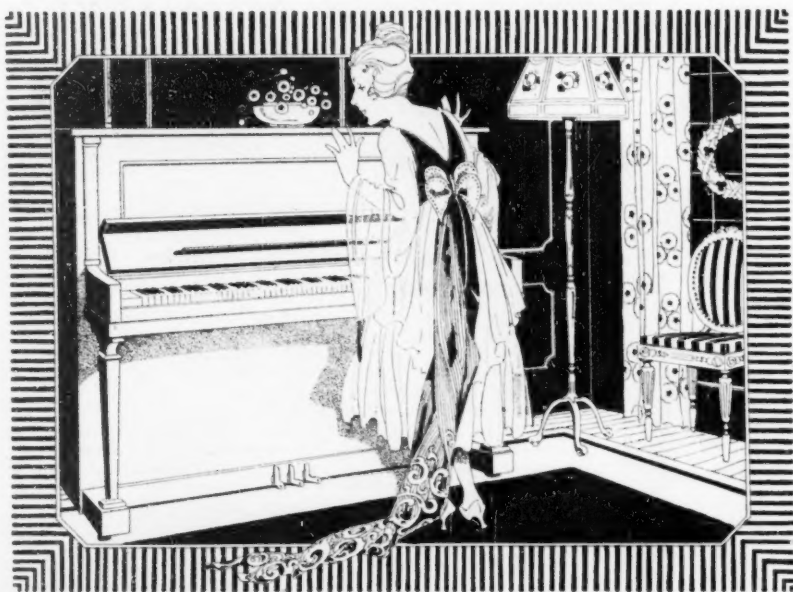
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afraid that he was a rather dull person. But here was someone who was openly and frankly convinced that he was nothing of the sort; someone to whom it was not necessary to propose marriage at frequent intervals in order to maintain the conversation; who understood what he meant to say almost before he had finished saying it; and—which was better still—did not try to say it first herself.

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

She was twenty-one, and he sighed to think of the years he had missed knowing her.

"But I've been writing you letters for a long time," he said.

"Letters?" she repeated surprised.

"Dozens of them," he assured her. "Only I always sent them to the wrong address." And then he told her about Miss Fothergill.

He told her a great many things that night. It was a beautiful clear night of stars, with no spectator but a broad and benevolent moon, and no sound except the sound of their own voices. So no doubt that was why he was able to talk to her about things he could never have talked about to anyone else—except perhaps the hypothetical lady of the letters. They talked about life, and how one must not expect it to be altogether perfect, but it could be made very pleasant if one lived with exactly the right sort of people; and about the moon and stars; and about Amy Lowell's poetry; and how the most delightful friendships are the ones that come when you least expect them—friendships that you stumble upon without warning on starlit nights in out-of-the-way-places, and about how dreadful it must be to marry for anything but love.

And after a while it was so late that there was nothing for it but to go home.

Charles turned the canoe reluctantly toward the little dock. He was to leave her there, and she was quite obstinate about refusing to let him come any further.

"But when am I to see you again?" he asked, when she stood there finally, bidding him good-night.

She looked up with a sudden unreadable smile.

"You see me every day," she said, "only you will never look at me. I stood right behind you this morning—you even made a remark to me."

He pretended to take this statement seriously. Was it a personal remark?

N—Humorous then? Scarcely that. Sentimental, perhaps? Oh, no indeed!

"It might be described," she said after a period of reflection, "as a gastronomical remark."

She stood at the entrance to the little path, a vague white blur against the soft blackness of the trees. He could not see her face but he knew that she was laughing at him. She quite frequently laughed at him, but she laughed with him at the same time so that he had a friendly sense of having a hand in the joke.

"The remark," she said, "was 'out-meal, please, and two fried eggs.'"

And vanished into the darkness.

CHARLES climbed back into his canoe and turned it thoughtfully toward the middle of the lake.

If you had grown accustomed to thinking of romance as something glittering and mysterious and remote, and then suddenly discovered it to be friendly and intimate and as comfortable as an old shoe, you might understand his feelings at that moment. Comfort: that was the feeling she gave one; the comfort of pleasant fires, or cheerful laughter or sunny weather. She was gay without being provocative and merry without being scornful; she was his hypothetical lady come true at last.

To be sure his hypothetical lady was only a waitress at a summer hotel. But Charles was a sensible young man, and this did not detract in the least from the value of his discovery. Only it struck him as a piece of monstrous injustice that she should be expected to accept the haughty orders of Miss

Fothergill and the bland ignoring of Ham Allan; and to be grateful, perhaps, for the society of unworthy people like himself; for the left-over privileges of other girls, crumbs from the tables of the rich.....

Pondering many things he drifted about on the still star-pointed water. The lights in the distant hotel went out one by one and the broad, benevolent moon grew brighter and brighter and higher in the western sky. And every human sound died away leaving nothing to break the stillness but the cry of a whip-poor-will on a far away shore.

And still Charles drifted about the lake and pondered this new and extraordinary experience..... There had been a time—how long ago it seemed!—when he had been secretly grateful because he was still his own man. He knew now that he would never be his own man again.....

YOU may be sure he was very late in getting to sleep that night. And you may be equally sure that he was in the dining-room as early as possible next morning; so early in fact, that there was no one there but the waitresses who were busy setting the tables for breakfast.

She was at a distant table, laying out knives and forks, and straightening menus and filling water glasses, and she smiled at him gaily across the sunny dining-room. And presently she came and stood beside his table.

She was a small person with brown hair and a clear brown skin and bright brown eyes that looked out observantly upon the world behind her glasses. (Yes, she wore glasses; and if you believe that it is impossible to wear glasses and be pretty at the same time, that is simply because you have never met the heroine of this story.)

"Will you have cereal?" she began. Charles shook his head.

"I don't want anything to eat," he said. "I just came to talk to you."

"I'm very busy," she replied regretfully, but with an air of finality. "I'm afraid I haven't time to talk to you. You will have oatmeal, won't you? And two fried eggs?"

But Charles would not entertain the thought of food.

"Will you be busy all day?" he asked. She would be busy all day long. She appeared to be a person entirely absorbed by her work.

"But I've got to see you sometime," said Charles. "If I were to bring the canoe around to the little dock about eight o'clock to-night—"

But she only shook her head and replied that she thought he had better not.

"A young man can't be too careful of the company he keeps," she pointed out sententiously. "Table help—"

"Table help," said Charles, "is the nicest company in the world."

And at that she laughed outright.

"Why you don't even know my name!" she cried.

And no more he did. He had never even thought of it until that moment.

"Oh well, what's a name between friends?" said Charles. "It's the least important thing about you. As long as you're a real person it doesn't matter whether your name is Mary Plantagenet or just Mary Brown."

"It is Mary Brown," said Mary Brown and gave a sudden little laugh.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mary Brown," said Charles gaily.

At the next table a large family party who had just come in gave unmistakable signs of wondering when the waitress meant to get through with her conversation and attend to business.

Large family parties always think more highly of breakfast than of other people's romances.

"If I were to bring the canoe around to the little dock about eight o'clock—" persisted Charles.

She picked up her tray and set it down again. She had forgotten all about the large family party. At twenty-one, you see, one finds romance a great deal more absorbing than other people's breakfasts.

"Please," said Charles.

Of course she said she would in the

end, after hesitating just sufficiently long to let him understand that she had been carefully brought up and understood that the proceeding was irregular. And then suddenly remembering the family party, (who would have undoubtedly have been hammering their plates with their breakfast knives by this time if they hadn't been carefully brought up too), she gathered up her tray and vanished.

AND now everything was as it should have been and Charles ought to have been entirely happy. And undoubtedly he would have been had it not been for Miss Fothergill.

Miss Fothergill held the curious theory that the rejection of a proposal of marriage did not necessarily terminate or even interrupt the course of a love affair. Thus, in proposing to Miss Fothergill, you practically mortgaged your future to her. And while she might have no idea of stepping in eventually and foreclosing the mortgage she would continue to regard you for all time with the eye of ownership.

She was certainly dreadfully spoiled, thought Charles, studying her resentfully that night at dinner as she sat opposite him, disdainfully attacking her second helping of baked lake trout and browned potatoes.

She glanced up suddenly and caught his eye.

"Goodness, Charles!" she said, "What are you glaring at me like that for?"

Charles replied rather stiffly that he hadn't been conscious of glaring. But Miss Fothergill had her own interpretation for most things and she smiled at him with sudden graciousness.

"I'm afraid I've been neglecting you rather badly lately," she said. "However, I'm not going to run away from you to-night. I'd like to talk to you on the verandah for a while after dinner, Charles. There was something—rather important—I wanted to say to you."

Charles, regarding her warily, wondered what Alice was up to now. Disciplining Ham no doubt, and using him as the instrument of punishment. Poor old Ham! Well, she would have to make it very short. He had a rather important engagement himself to-night.

A QUARTER of an hour later, when he found himself alone on the verandah with her, he felt his sense of resentment toward her rising to a sudden exasperation. One of the appalling silences that always descended upon these two when they were left alone together had fallen upon them and wrapped them round; and he felt an overwhelming desire to be through with Alice altogether. He was tired of being ill at ease; tired of constantly dragging his mind for ideas, and bringing up the same old water-logged banalities.

"Nice place," said Charles, after some moments of silence.

Miss Fothergill nodded absently, regarding him only with her outward eye, her inward eye being obviously turned upon the thought in which he had no share.

"Nice evening," said Charles, after another long pause.

Miss Fothergill shifted her eyes from her companion to her lap. This time she did not think it worth while to answer at all.

"Nice sunset too," went on Charles, beginning to take a certain solitary enjoyment out of the situation. "Awwfully nice view from the—"

"I think it's only fair to tell you, Charles," said Miss Fothergill, turning her attention to him at last, "that I'm engaged to be married."

Charles stared at her for some moments in silence. Then, when the significance of the information dawned upon him, he jumped up warmly to congratulate her. And then he recollected that that wouldn't do at all, and sat down again rather foolishly.

"It's Ham," said Miss Fothergill, and her eyelids fluttered slowly down, "I think it's always been Ham," she added softly.

But she could not resist an oblique

He Killed Her Baby

"His father hurt him; hurt a little baby only eight months old. He died a few weeks later. That was twelve years ago, but I can't seem to get over it," she ended with a gasp.

And so she had left him, carrying into the empty years a bitter surging memory of a little curly-headed, dead baby. In blind despair she confused marriage and morality and thought to find happiness outside the letter of the Law. With eternal lack of logic she put her frail strength against the impregnable barriers of convention.

"I never thought of wrong," she sobbed in after years, "I just wanted to be happy. It was because of Love that I went to him. We hurt nobody. Even Christ said because a woman loved much, much was to be forgiven her."

Then came David, quiet, wistful, motherless, little David with his big, little boy eyes and his manly, little boy smile—and with him came

THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE

ALL the cross currents of her life seemed to merge into a peaceful stream of daily happiness; her starved mother hunger found expression in David and David's love. Here in the sleepy village of Old Chester with its neighborly gossip and strict creeds she found the joy of life again in the happy laughter of a little child.

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CANADIAN COURIER

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"Give us, for the love of God and love of country, the belated chance of being Canadian. Let us make our Canadianism a religion, an overtone of aspiration above the multitudinous noises from our marls and ports and plains. And let that religion be dignified by a creed which places her always first, first in understanding, first in clean-handed accomplishments, and first in the interpretation of her own glory." Extract from a Christmas Message to Canada in the December 7th issue of Canadian Courier

Arthur Stringer wrote that message to Canadians because he knew how it fitted the programme of the Canadian Courier. It was written in a spirit of poetry.

In our issue of July 14, 1917, comes this from the virile pen of Bliss Carman, the giant of Canadian poetry now in New York.

"The reader in Nova Scotia is more interested in a good story about California than in a poor story about British Columbia. Also, a good story laid in Montreal would be just as welcome to any American editorial room as an equally good story laid in Denver or St. Louis. Of course, such a magazine as I mean would be eminently Canadian, only not exclusively so. In temper and outlook and sentiment it would be all Canadian, which is just a little different from American."

We quote these extracts because they illustrate what the Canadian Courier is doing, has done, will continue to do. And here is a brief outline of how, in our February issues, we propose to work out the injunctions of the poets. We have space only for the things definitely aligned for those issues. Glance over them and see how they fit the case.

RECONSTRUCTING RECONSTRUCTION. By Isaac Phipps. Another of Phipps' inimitable dialogues with his friend Crustius on politics and other things.

HITCH THE CANADIAN ARTIST TO INDUSTRY. By Arthur Lismer. A plain, practical talk by the Principal of the Victoria School of Art and Design in Halifax, worth printing in any national paper.

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES. By Captain Bell. A true story told by a Canadian officer who got it first-hand from an old Belgian. A Laura Secord story from Mont Kemmel.

HOW MUCH OF YOU IS BOLSHEVIK? By the Editor.

PINK-SKIED TORONTO. By Rex Croasdel. A humoresque on how "The Twentieth Plane" came to be written in a town where churches, colleges and commerce are the things that count.

BEETHOVEN REINCARNATE. A story in four short instalments narrating the experiences of a Canadian who wondered why his passion for music led him into so many imbrolios with queer people two of whom were clergymen.

TWO SHORT ARTICLES. By Wm. H. Moore, author of "The Clash."

CHARACTER SKETCHES OF H. J. DALY (Chairman of Repatriation), by Augustus Bridle, and **WILLIAM BROWN (farmer-lawyer-magnate of Saskatchewan),** by J. Addison Reid.

TWO SELF-ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES. By Estelle M. Kerr, who has lately returned from her V.A.D. itinerary in France.

"THAT NIGHT AT TURNER'S." By Donald McGirr. A story of the plains; the first story ever published by this writer, who has for years been writing serious articles.

Second instalment of the secret service story, "The Seen and the Unseen," by Bennet Copplestone.

FRENCH-CANADIANS IN BUSINESS. By a Journalist of long experience in Montreal.

If ever there was a time to put the accent on the Canadian, it is now. And if the foregoing outline of what the Canadian Courier is doing about it in two issues does not convince you, subscribe to the paper and be convinced.

TWENTY SIX ISSUES FOR ONE DOLLAR

Certain mechanical changes which will be effective with the issue of January 4th, makes it possible for us to continue the One Dollar price to paid-in-advance subscribers, and at the same time, greatly improve the general appearance of the magazine.

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upward glance the next moment to see how he was taking it. And Charles, having had time to recover himself, was taking it very well indeed, his expression denoting quiet grief balanced by manly resignation.

And then a rather curious thing happened. One of those rare gleams of self-illumination that touch at times the most complacent of us, seemed to come to her for a moment, and she raised her eyes to Charles with more of honesty and understanding in them than he had ever encountered in Miss Fothergill's eyes before.

"I think you're rather well rid of me, Charles," she said. "I'm afraid I haven't treated you very well."

Charles had never been less in love with her than he was at that moment. But perhaps he had never come quite so close to liking her. He got up and stood looking down at her, half regretful, wholly friendly.

"That's all right; don't worry about me, Alice," he said, because he couldn't think of anything better to say. And then—because he couldn't think of anything better to do—he leaned over rather awkwardly, and kissed her good-bye.

AND that was why Charles was a quarter of an hour late for his appointment with the girl at the little dock. When he paddled up at last she was there waiting for him (Miss Fothergill would never have been guilty of that), sitting on the edge of the little dock, her chin on her hand, her tranquil gaze on the deepening twilight of the lake.

"I don't know what you'll think of me for being late," said Charles anxiously. "Someone delayed me just before I started—"

She regarded him interestedly.

"Was it Miss Fothergill?" she asked.

Charles admitted as much, and suddenly her smile grew mysterious and reminiscent.

"It sounds like something that happened once before," she said. "It was quite a long while ago at a dance. There was a girl there in an ugly brown dress, and a nice young man asked her for a dance; which was very gratifying, because only two other men had asked her, and one was only seventeen, and the other a divinity student who didn't dance. When his dance came, though, the nice young man didn't appear—"

men are such forgetful creatures!—But afterwards he came up and explained; which was very nice of him I think, don't you?"

She paused at the sight of his stricken face.

"Why I didn't want you to feel badly about it!" she said. "It was a long time ago—And I didn't mind it a bit—really—"

That wasn't quite the truth. She had minded a good deal. But she never could bear to see people uncomfortable.

"But why—but what are you—" began Charles, recovering himself after a while.

"Earning money," Mary Brown explained promptly. "I have to put myself through another year at Dean yet."

And next year," she added proudly, "next year I expect to graduate in English and Political Economy with Classical Option."

CHARLES climbed out of the canoe and sat down on the dock beside her. He was filled at that moment with an immense and tender enthusiasm for Mary Brown, but he could not find the words to tell her so. He could only sit and watch her as she sat with her eyes on the lake, and her chin in the cup of her hand. And once he reached over to take the other hand, but drew back; perhaps because one hesitates to take the hand of a young woman about to graduate in English and Political Economy (with Classical Option).

"I have to work for my living, you see," went on Mary Brown after a while. "I'm a Saturday's Child. . . . But I'm not ashamed of it," she added sturdily.

"Ashamed of it?" echoed Charles. "Oh, my dear!"

And then—because there wasn't anything in the world he wanted to do quite so much—he took the hand after all. And presently he turned her face up to his and kissed it.

"I TOLD him," said Miss Fothergill, a month later, restored to town and to her fiancé, "that I was awfully sorry—you know I hadn't meant to encourage him. Anything I felt was—just friendliness. And within a week he went and got himself engaged to the most awful girl—one of the waitresses at the hotel!" "Poor old Charlie!" said Ham gaily. "Isn't it funny the things a fellow will do when he's disappointed in love!"

Wanted---A National Policy

Continued from page 9

You pass through this district coming from Fort William east to Chalk River, and south towards Toronto as far as MacTier. It includes also the Sault Ste. Marie line. It is a cold, rocky, barren-looking wilderness. One of the divisional points is said to be the coldest place in Canada. Re ports of the thermometer at White River are said to comfort even the coldest in Toronto and Montreal, by comparison.

This district used once to be known as "boomer country." General Superintendents at North Bay—that is the capital of this little kingdom—used to break their hearts over the labor problem. In summer when the fishing was good and traffic light—because the lake boats were operating freely—labor was comparatively easy to obtain. Boomer labor. Crack engineers from the Santa Fé, and wonderful machinists from the Key West railway were available. But in winter—?

I had an excellent yard-master at Chapleau once, during my tenure of office in that district. He knew his work and did it with such intelligence and quickness that I dreaded to face the winter at Chapleau without him. Stopping off at Chapleau one autumn day I made a point of talking to this man and, after the preliminaries, I said:

"Bill, hadn't you better be getting into a warmer house for the winter? Now the Company has a notion to remodel a few of the present houses, and if you say the word I'll give you first choice."

As I waited for an answer a flock of

wild geese honk-honked overhead. They were flying south. As I looked, Bill pointed.

"See that last fellow, Mr. Bury?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well sir—" and he hung his head a little, "I guess he's carryin' green—for me!"

That was my answer. When a train runs in two or more sections the first, or first and second, sections display a green light at night or a green flag by day, which means "another following." Another "wild goose" was to follow the flock overhead, my crack yard-master.

To-day, if you travel over that district, you may possibly see at some station platform a boyish-faced, keen-eyed General Superintendent who has removed the name "boomer country" from his district. The district has finally acquired a settled population of good men. You might not think Chapleau or White River or Schreiber ideal places to winter, but you don't know the workers on that district. Ride in the official car with its General Superintendent. He waves to every track gang. He knows every station agent and operator and he inculcates in them his own genuine affection for that sometimes unfriendly looking country. He will tell you there is no other country like it! And he means it.

To my way of thinking that is the sort of man and the sort of spirit we need and must obtain for all parts of Canada to "anchor" our "boomers."

THIS brings me to the third point I had in mind when I began to write: i.e.—*esprit de corps*, or, to use the modern and better word, *morale*. It is high *morale*, let me say at once, that produces from the labor of certain railway employees in Canada, a higher return to that company than any other industrial organization in my acquaintance obtains for the same amount of pay—but of this more presently.

An engine with boxcars loaded with supplies for snow-bound and starving settlers in a certain part of Canada, was "stalled" twenty-miles from its destination. A severe blizzard was blowing and it had taken the utmost effort on the part of the fireman and engineer to keep the engine steaming. The high wind and bitter cold absorbed the heat from the engines almost as fast as the fires generated it. With difficulty the engine was kept moving.

Finally the tubes which carry the heat and smoke through the boiler and out via the smoke box began to leak at the joints. It became increasingly difficult to "keep" the engine in steam. In the end the engine failed altogether.

In these circumstances the crew might readily have given up the fight, wired back for help, and waited to return to their homes with the heroic glamor upon them of men who had tried the impossible and been honorably defeated by superior forces. This was not, however, the course they chose. They drew their fires, laid slabs of wood on the still hot grates of the firebox and crawled in, in the intense heat, to caulk the leaking joints. It was awkward work and fires had to be raised again quickly to keep the huge but fragile machine from freezing solid. It was done. The train won through, and what might have been a tragedy became merely one of many an episode in a snow blockade.

That is the sort of thing I mean by *morale*. The incident was by no means exceptional in the service referred to.

Any railroad man could recount to you others equally stirring or even more so. For example I remember a certain crew that took upon itself to *rebuild*, in 25-below zero weather, a bridge that had been burned down. They worked steadily for thirty hours. They made a rough trestle and "carried on" when to stop meant tying up an already-congested link in the transcontinental chain. Every day little things of vast significance are being done by men who expect no reward, but who have the honor of the service at heart. Many a conductor, trainman or engineman suffers frostbite in the efforts to keep your comfortable sleeping car moving on its way through the night from Toronto to Montreal or Winnipeg to Regina—or in a score of other winter runs. *Morale*, in short, is what makes or breaks a railway and, as we know from the example of Germany, makes or breaks a nation.

To my way of thinking it is of the utmost importance, then, to anchor our boomers, to achieve a tentative national plan or policy, and build up national *morale*.

Injustices Must Be Righted

IT cannot be built—let me say at once—so long as we perpetuate injustices and wrongs in our social and economic arrangements. If the railway workers in Canada have a higher industrial *morale* than the workers in other industries—and within the limits of my experience, I think that is the case—it is because they have gradually won better working conditions than in other trades and because the ability to handle men has been recognized by railway executives as a first requisite in certain officials.

We are all selfish—of course. We must steer our own course toward our own post, else the world would be full of confusion. Capital has too often been absorbed with its own point of view and thereby done itself an injustice. A wise selfishness finds that the fair method pays. Perhaps because so many railroad officials were themselves workers in the ranks at one time, railway employees have, on the whole, been better handled than most of the rank and file of industrial labor.

Selfishness has led managements to

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hold down the men: Selfishness led the men to make exorbitant demands. But a *via media* has been found and it works to mutual advantage. Contented men, men who see open to them the goal of ambition if they can earn it, are the men who give good service, and who manifest and stimulate *morale*. It is true in railroading. It is true in national life.

The old-fashioned methods of handling men were bad. They have gone, never to return—at all events never in general practice. There was a time when the "sharp" official was supposed to be the successful man—always harsh, maintaining discipline on the German methods which proved so disastrous to them, who always nagged, indulged in fines, and kept men under suspension for long periods, in anxiety as to whether or not dismissal would follow.

That is old style man-handling. Today, under the Canadian Railway War Board, any complaint from a company or from an employee which is not settled locally is heard by a jury of twelve men, six managers and six labor union officials. The verdict of that court "goes." It is invaluable in keeping up the *morale* of the railway men of Canada.

So in National affairs I believe we have got to get down to justice and a square deal for our citizens, high and low, intelligent and less intelligent. The state that allows its weaker people to be maltreated or exploited by the stronger cannot develop a real, lasting, indigenous *morale*! I believe in labor unions, in the eight-hour day and in fair wages—wages sufficient to buy even the

poorest class of worker the necessities and at least most of the comforts of life.

"*Morale*" is a wonderful thing and I could tell many stories to illustrate what, in my experience, makes it and breaks it. How the big executive, for example, can "keep after his lieutenants" without breaking their spirit or lessening their self-confidence; how a certain high officer of a certain road maintained his own intelligence department, not to act as spotters and tale-carriers, but to enable this officer to verify from time to time the reports from his assistants. I recall, as a junior official, being mystified by the precision of a certain senior official's knowledge of my work—and I was helped by his constructive criticism. Had I trouble in a round house he knew more about it than I did and wrote me accordingly. Were my trains running past signals or exceeding the authorized speed—he knew it. In time I learned his secret, and thereafter I knew before he knew and thereby—but this is a diversion from my theme.

To build up and maintain the *morale* of our Canadian people we must have equitable treatment for all citizens. We should be quit of the exploiter of low-class labor and the speculator in necessities of life. We should see that working conditions and living conditions for our people are right. Sooner or later we shall thus be enabled to wipe out the "boomer" tradition in Canada, and create a national consciousness capable of formulating plans for our future as a nation.

Lend Me Your Title

Continued from page 13

"My looks? Oh, I don't know. I bet even in your finest days you never made as distinguished a looking Jap as I am. But to resume: Let's get down to more musical phrases. 'Sayonara!' Ah, sayonara! What a bird of a word. Means — 'If it must be!' Not with me, old man. It's too pretty to be wasted for any such use as that. I shall use it thus, looking deeply meanwhile into her eyes, Taku. Thus, with a sort of romantic version of the Japanese hiss: 'S-s-s-s— Say—o—nara!'"

"'Nuruhoda!' Fine. Has a dignified sound. Good to use when introduced to any one of importance. Means: 'Well, I never!' That's all right. I never!"

"Danna-san, hi no de! Humph! 'Master, here is the sun!' Say, you've chosen some pretty good phrases for me all right—oh! Taku! Now I intend to use that when the real Sun — my Sun, Taku, enters the room!"

"Now, let's see. I like those words ending in 'ura': 'Sakura! Numura! Popura! Loveura! I tell you I'll make good use of 'em all right. And another thing, the names of the gods are all right."

"What do I care? Nothing sacrilegious about it. They come in handy, I tell you. Whenever I'm at a loss for a word, it's the easiest thing to remember the heathen gods and goddesses. Thus: 'Two lumps, Count Ichijo?' Count Ichijo: (Holding up three fingers) 'Ama-teras O-mi-kamai. In other words: 'Honorable goddess of the Sun!' And she's all that, and more, Taku. Hum! Talk of Sun goddess. You Japs have a nerve. Wait till you see a real one — with hair the color of the actual article."

"Now let's open the book at random. What do I see here: 'Chabu, chabu, komarimasu, danna-san dozo!' Ah—h! 'What are you cackling about? Stop it, stop it. I can't hear my own voice."

"Don't you worry about my pronunciation. Imagine the effect of those pleading words on the beautiful creature when she asks me to sit down. Think of receiving an answer like this: 'Please master, a penny, I am in great trouble for grub.' Thus the honorable translation."

"You've got to do some hustling now, Taku. Get into your best duds.

Japanese, understand. Japanese clothes'll lend elegance to the occasion. I'd wear them myself if they fitted me. Now hurry. Be ready by the time I'm through with this letter from my ex-self introducing my new self."

V—A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

MY dear Mrs. Collins:

The bearer of this does not speak a word of English. Therefore I feel safe in writing to you fully about him.

Count Taguchi Mototsune Tsunemoto Tadazukasa Ichijo is a dear old college chum of mine, of whom I think most highly. He comes of one of the grandest old families in Japan — in the entire Orient, in fact — his people being Samoroos (Japanese for Kings and Princes) when the rest of the world were in barbarism.

The family seat of the Taguchi-Mototsune-Tsunemoto-Tadazukasa-Ichijos, notable for its wonderful collection of animals, is at Echizen.

Please let me commend to your hospitable attention my dearest friend, Count Taguchi-Mototsune-Tsunemoto-Tadazukasa-Ichijo. Any favors shown him will be deeply appreciated by

Most faithfully yours,

Richard Sheridan Bradley.

VI—A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

"123567 River."

"123456 River?"

"I want to speak to Miss Collins, please."

"Mr. Bradley."

"Yes, Bradley."

"Hello! Is that you, Ki——"

"Oh, good evening, Mrs. Collins."

"Yes, this is Dick Bradley."

"I'm sorry."

"One minute——"

"But I've something very important to say. It won't take a minute."

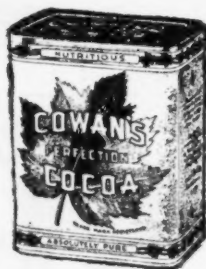
"Thank you. I'll be brief. I'm send-



START THE DAY RIGHT

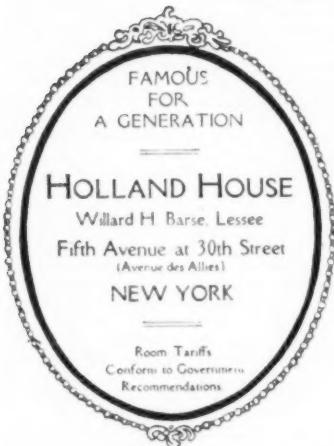
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THE BEST BOOKS

The Best Seller

"A Daughter of the Land" still ranks as best seller, with "The Cow Puncher" running it a close second. As reviews of both have already appeared in these columns we will turn our attention this month to the next name on the list. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, by Vicente Blasco Ibanez—(Dents.)

The horsemen referred to are Famine, War, Conquest and Death, which are represented as charging roughshod over humanity. The volume is a combination of fiction, history, philosophy, politics, international relations and the war, woven together in the form of a tale of the great conflict. The scene shifts from South America to Europe where the characters become participants in the great struggle. There is a vivid portrayal of the French mobilization, the flight of the French refugees, the excitement in cities and towns and later of the battlefields and the trenches. Throughout the book there are fierce denunciations of German policies and methods.

Records of New Books

FICTION

The Cross of Fire. Robert Gordon Anderson. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, \$1.50). Tells of a hero who served with the Allies, was invalidated home, and returned again to the fight and of a heroine who risks her life as an ambulance driver.

The Call of the Offshore Wind. Ralph D. Paine. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, \$1.50). The story of a young sea captain whose life at sea has been full of adventure, but who, at the outbreak of the war, establishes his father's old shipyard on a war-time basis. There is a strong love interest throughout.

Hearts' Haven. Clara Louise Burnham. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, \$1.50). The story of a village beauty and of her romance with two lovers. Later one becomes her husband while the other, as a friend, plays an active part in her life and happiness.

The Bell-Ringer. Clara Endicott Sears. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, \$1.35). Tells of Love Babbitt, whose world was only what she could see from the armchair in Lucinda Tracy's front window, and of her romance with the village bell-ringer.

The Three Sapphires. W. A. Fraser. (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50). A story combining romance, intrigue and a wonderful picture of animal life.

Echoes of the War. J. M. Barrie. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, \$1.50). This is a volume of short plays relating to the war. They are: "The Old Lady Shows her Medals," which has already been much appreciated in America; "The New World," "Barbara's Wedding," "A Well-Remembered Voice" and "The Children."

American Pep. A. Stone. (F. D. Goodchild, Toronto, \$1.50). A story of German spy plotting in the States. The scenes and incidents depicted are based on facts.

MISCELLANEOUS

Pushing Water. Eric Dawson. Lt. R.N.V.R. (F. D. Goodchild, Toronto, \$1.25). The author, who is the brother of Coningsby Dawson, gives here the story of our Patrol Boats and Submarine Chasers and describes their life from day to day.

The Gold Stripe. Edited by "Felix Penne." (J. Francis Bursill) and

published by the Amputation Club of B.C. at Vancouver, is a tribute to the men of B.C. who have been killed, crippled or wounded in the war. The volume contains some interesting articles, poems and illustrations, including selections from Rupert Brooke, Pauline Johnson and other well-known names. The price is \$1.00 and the profits are devoted to the Amputation Club of B.C.

Mrs. Private Peat. By Herself. (The Babbs-Merrill Company, New York). Are women going back to the old order after four years of work and service? Mrs. Peat answers the question by tracing the effect of the war on women in England with a vision of the new order for the daughters of America. "We who have had years of war do not presume to give advice," she says. "We retail what we have discovered, through bitter experience, for ourselves. Individually each one has to work out her own salvation in these days." Just how interesting and full of practical suggestion this "retailing of discoveries" can be, is to be appreciated only by reading the book. She describes vividly the progress of the women of England from the confusion of the early months of the war until they had disciplined and trained themselves and settled down to almost every line of work formerly handled by men. The restrictions and inconveniences in the home imposed by war conditions, the Zeppelin nights, the bereavements—how these were taken with British fortitude and loyalty make reading full of inspiration, while the way the unselfish patriotism of the women of Britain has won them a new recognition in national affairs brings a heartening message to women the world over. There are a few chapters, too, on some vital phases of reconstruction work. Altogether it is a book with an individuality and a mission.

Industry and Humanity. Hon. MacKenzie King. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, \$3.00). A book of major importance dealing with the great post-bellum problem—industrial reconstruction.

Three Times and Out. Nellie M. McClung. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, \$1.50). Mrs. McClung tells how Private Simmons, after two unsuccessful attempts, escapes from a German prison camp.

Fighting the Hun from Saddle and Trench. Sergt.-Maj. W. R. Jones. (Aiken Book Co., Albany). Describes the author's experiences from his enlistment at the outbreak of hostilities—he was No. 59 of the Royal Canadian Dragoons—to his return to Canada in April, 1918, on furlough and concludes with his return to duty in August of the same year. The author has seen some hard fighting during his three and a half years' service and gives an interesting account of the battle of Cambrai.

The Education of Henry Adams, with an introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge. (Thos. Allen, Toronto, \$5.00). A unique autobiography written in the third person. It is described by the *New York Evening Post* as being "One of the most original, amusing and piquant books ever written."

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Your magazine has become my favorite because of its Canadianism and I should wish to keep it in that place. I must congratulate you on your patriotic efforts which are fast building up a Canadian Magazine that no Canadian need be ashamed to read in public. If your publication was less worthy I should not be writing this letter.—L. R.

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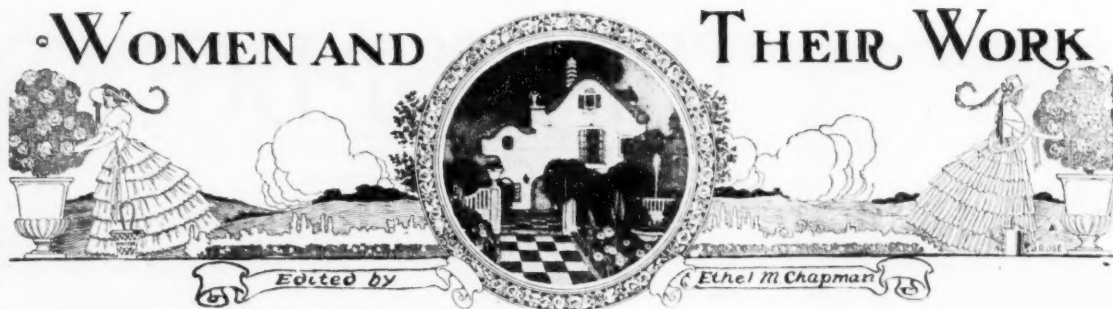
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A Woman's Reconstruction Programme

JUST what do the times require of women in the way of reconstruction work? Women individually and women's organizations everywhere are asking this question. A very clear and comprehensive answer is found in the following "unity programme" outlined by Miss Marjory MacMurchy, head of the Women's Department of the Canadian Reconstruction Association.

"Organization and co-operation in our activities as citizens, homemakers and workers should be planned and carried out with practical foresight and energy." One of the great things the war has taught women is the advantage of being organized for special lines of work. The war, in the excitement and confusion of its early days, may have called into being some impractical and superfluous organization of women; there may have been overlapping and some little waste of energy in lines that could not be turned to practical account, but it took a surprisingly short time for the women in all departments to sift the essential from the non-essential and to settle down to the immediate and necessary work of the hour. It was then that they found how slow and labored their progress would have been without the machinery of organization. They might have worked individually with just as much earnestness, but individually they could not have reached the valuable women who had not yet realized the need or found just the places they could fill. Individually they could not have raised funds to buy yarn for all the socks the soldiers needed, they could not have packed and shipped their goods economically; they could not have established community canning centres to save tons of perishable fruit and send it in jams and jellies to the Red Cross hospitals, and individually they would not have had the benefit of the combined best judgment and vision of a number of women who could look at a question from a number of viewpoints. This is another reason why we need organization—that the experience and ability of every woman may be turned to account for the benefit of the community and the nation and the world.

And in the years of reconstruction as during the war we need more co-operation. It has always been the sceptic's criticism of women's clubs and women's movements generally that women could not work together. They have proved over and over that they can, of course, but one of the first essentials to the progress of restoration work is co-operation of the closest kind, and it means learning to be broad, to be humble, to lose sight of personal interests, even the publicity or credit accorded to one's own organization over another organization working in a common cause—to have the spirit of the motto "not by whom but how a thing is done," or that it is done at all.

"**E**ducation should become to a reasonable extent occupational. The education of girls should be adjusted so that they may be prepared for the service of womanhood in the nation as well as fitted for some skilled occupation." It is difficult to get just the right balance here, but it is a thing worth working for. Instead of planning our school system along the line of the three R's the new era will demand an education in the direction of the four H's, the training

of the Head, the Hand, the Heart, and the Health. This will help both boys and girls to find their niche in life and will help to do away with the tragedy of misfits, and it will not only give the girl some vocational training by which she can earn a living and experience the joy of being one of the world's skilled, useful workers—an education especially important for the girls of this generation than it has ever been before since the war has taken in such numbers the men they might have married. The new system will turn out a girl with health and training and inspiration for home-making and motherhood. Perhaps we might even have a department of mothercraft in all our technical schools. And those who do not marry—for the war has robbed the world of many marriages that would have been—these girls in addition to their "work" will have a new vision of another phase of their responsibility, the mission of every woman to make the whole world homelike.

"The woman who carries on the race should be the first concern of the state in social legislation." We cannot afford to wait longer for Mothers' Pensions, for instance. One of the results of war, or industrial depression, or sweeping epidemic of sickness has always been an attempt on the part of organized charity to raise institutions and orphanages for the very poor children and the fatherless. Already in Germany children are being taken away from their mothers by the thousands and turned over to the barracks life of asylums, while the mothers are put to work as factory hands. Even from the established viewpoint of that country, the child first and always for the state, the policy is a bad one. Children reared in orphanages will never become of the same value to the state as home-reared children. Where the home encourages freedom of thought

and initiative, the institution represses these qualities. Individuality gives too much trouble in an institution, therefore it is crushed, and the sensitive, highly-strung child suffers intensely, though nations have always owed all that was best in their national life and progress to these sensitive souls with freedom of thought and expression and individuality and courage. No one can foster these beautiful and necessary qualities like a mother, nor can loyalty and love of the homeland be cultivated among children raised where mother-care and mother-love are displaced by machine-like discipline and routine.

But the most practical benefit, the greatest necessity of some provision like Mothers' Pensions, is the opportunity given to see that the mother herself is placed in thoroughly wholesome and favorable conditions as to food, housing and work. If there is any human being, any citizen who deserves not only the sympathy, but the gratitude and most liberal and thoughtful care of the community, it is the expectant mother of the working class before her baby is born. Next to the providing of pure milk for young children no other step can do so much to improve the vigor and healthfulness of babies and children and to lower the death rate during the first year, as the nutrition of the mothers. As an eminent French physician has said, "The best way to modify milk for the use of the child is to give it to the mother in advance."

"**W**OMEN in industry and paid employments generally should be a special interest of all women. The organization of workers is believed to be beneficial, both for themselves and the country." The 1916 Postal Census showed that in 1915 there were 514,883 persons employed in manufactures in Canada; it is reasonably safe to estimate that between 130,000 and 150,000 of these workers are women. The other large paid employments for women in Canada are: domestic and personal service, 138,879; professional occupations, 57,835; and trade and merchandising, 42,184. In her pamphlet, "Women and Reconstruction," Miss MacMurchy says:

"These figures show how close to the heart of Canadian life is the paid woman worker and how great must be her influence in the social development of the country. . . . The more closely occupations are studied, the more clearly it will be seen how tremendously they affect the homes of the people. The importance they must assume in the eyes of women who find themselves called upon to exercise the franchise with constructive patriotism cannot be exaggerated. Not only this but each occupation is joined to all other occupations. . . . Whatever harms one vitally harms all; and the well-being of one home in the nation requires the well-being of all national activities."

"Working periods, payments and their relation to the cost of living and working conditions generally should be subjects of constant and careful investigation by the state." One of the needs in national reconstruction is to provide against poverty and all the ills that follow—disease and ignorance and crime. If we are to be a democratic people there must be no "lower class"—there must be a living wage for everyone, that every child born in the years to come may have



Miss Marjory MacMurchy, head of the Women's Department of the Canadian Reconstruction Association

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

his family in decent, wholesome surroundings, that child-labor may be done away with, that every child may have an education and training in some skilled vocation. The too long hours and overtime that break down the worker's health and leave him no time for recreation and family life must be made illegal if we are to conserve the most precious things in our national life.

"Human factors are of supreme importance." This is one of the places where women can help very materially through their individual lives, their organized work, their influence in creating the right public sentiment and their use of the franchise. Women have always been interested in the welfare of people rather than the interests of property or profit. Their closer relation to the home and family life has given them the advantage of seeing the effect of things on people. Their judgment should take the right direction in public questions.

"THERE should be a great increase in public interest in employment, housing and the welfare of returned soldiers and sailors and their families. Women will fail in their duty as citizens unless they take an active part in the study and solution of these social problems." Here again the woman's influence on public sentiment and in national legislation will be a large factor. It must be an intelligent as well as well-intentioned influence.

"There should be co-operation between the Dominion and Provincial Governments in Education, Health and Child Welfare." It is felt that the lack of this co-operation is one of the greatest hindrances to progress in these departments. Especially in our child welfare work we have been slow, and this is where the interest and support of women should be strongest. Apart from the philanthropy side of the question society is very short-sighted when it falls into the error of considering the neglected children impersonally, as though the head were to regard blood-poisoning in the hand as very regrettable, but not personally important. Many a mother feels a lump in her throat as she reads of children robbed of health and happiness, but is soon soothed by the contentment of the thought that her own children, thank God, are safe from such dangers. She has forgotten for the moment that it is with the neglected child that many of the evils that menace her own home arise—disease and depravity and vices that may find their way into the most protected homes. It is a question which even if it did not appeal to a woman's sympathy could not be overlooked by her common-sense.

"PRODUCTION of wealth to the extent of our national ability in agriculture, manufactures, forests, mines and fisheries is an essential of national safety and national progress, as well as a condition of social reform." To quote again from Miss MacMurchy's report:

"It is evident that the natural resources of Canada should be used, not only in the war, but in the future after the war, for Canadian well-being and civilization. They should be developed in our own country by means of our own capital and our own labor. By doing this, we will not only serve ourselves, but we will add to the strength and safety of the British Commonwealth and the league of civilized nations. Every country owes to itself and to other countries that it should grow to its full economic strength. We cannot do this unless we develop as far as possible our own natural resources within our own borders. This problem is of tremendous importance to the womanhood of the country, and is a part of reconstruction which will require all the genius, leadership and energy of experts in finance, manufactures, agriculture, construction and transportation, and the gifts, initiative and energy of our workers.

"National trade and finance and economics should become subjects of study by women." The problems of labor and capital for instance will have now a new meaning to women voters. Difficult and complex as they are, there should be a helpful angle from which women may study present conditions so

that they may make a fitting contribution to the reconstruction of Canadian life. Labor can never be dissociated from the human factor. To deal with labor means dealing with human beings. On the other hand, capital is a source of potential action from which energy must be drawn to maintain the occupations which support the homes of the country. Capital is something to be used and it is indispensable. To bring about a better understanding of the great possibilities and value in the aspirations of labor, and of the use and characteristics of capital, is one of the main efforts of reconstruction. The woman voter must realize that the more intelligent, stronger and highly developed each element in the life of a nation is, the better it is for all classes. This is certainly true of the womanhood of the nation, just as it is true of manufactures, agriculture, labor and capital. The intelligence of the organized homemakers among the country women of Canada has won the admiration of every one. It is impossible to believe that these women, and all other Canadian women, will not study the whole field of Canadian affairs and work for the widest opportunities for their sons and daughters, exercising the sense of justice and fair play, and the devotion to common national ideals which are the safeguards of national politics.

"The spending of money is one of the surest tests of patriotism. Standards of living may be endangered and depressed by wrong spending. The service of money in war is not more powerful than in peace. We may rob the country of strength and happiness through waste and luxury." Even the very mild restrictions imposed, and the economies taught by the needs of war years, have done a good deal to inculcate a new spirit of thrift in Canadian people. It will be one of the phases of reconstruction to see that this spirit is fostered, and our prosperity safeguarded.

"Reconstruction is required in the work of the home; in household management and accounting; in the training of girls for homemaking; in co-operative community household work and buying; in the recognition of the domestic worker; in realization of the value of the home employments and in the community spirit in individual homes."

"Women with opportunities and fitness should engage definitely in training for leadership." The life of the average woman may be divided into three periods, the first twenty or twenty-five years when she is learning to live, the next twenty or twenty-five years which she usually must devote to her family and the next twenty or twenty-five years or the rest of her life when she might do some very valuable work for the community or the state. It is important that she have some training for leadership, which, with the experience and broadened vision the years have given her, would enable her to give her very best. If it is impossible for her to take any definite special training, she will find that belonging to some fine woman's organization, even during the years when her other responsibilities do not allow her to take an active part, will be a most valuable education. College women should make a training for leadership one of the important features of their course.

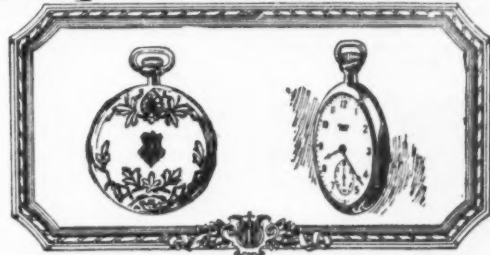
"There should be representation of trained and competent women on Government commissions and public bodies generally." Only with this co-operation can we have a broad viewpoint and balanced judgment.

"The process of securing legal justice for women should be completed." Women all over the country who have thought about it at all, are not satisfied with some of our existing laws, some of our police court proceedings. They resent, for instance, the way the effort on the part of organized women to have the age of consent raised has been handled by the Government. They are not going to rest until such injustices as this are righted.

"The history of the war has demonstrated the importance of co-operation of women with men and men with women, of citizens in a nation, and nations with nations." United action will

Continued on page 80

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CAN WE AFFORD IT?

How the Family Budget Helps to Establish a Standard of Living

By HENRIETTA SMITH



There are two ways of spending: the one without forethought, the other after a family council.

ONCE knew an unworldly-minded man who built himself a house. The desire of his heart was to have a spacious entrance-hall, one that would sound a key-note of hospitality and give an air of spaciousness and taste. When he got to planning the house, he found that he would have to build a large living-room to justify this much-desired hall. He had never a thought of a library until he saw that one was needed across the hall to balance the living-room. The library was added. The dining-room and kitchen were made to correspond. Ground-floor additions involved rooms over them. Lastly, this gentleman of taste, but not of forethought, discovered that these spacious dimensions required in-laid floors and other expensive furnishings. These he ordered, and instead of spending six thousand dollars, as he had intended doing, he spent twenty thousand, and went bankrupt before he had passed a night in his new home.

This is not a parable. It is the true story of a real man who spent his money before making careful and well-proportioned plans.

I know a lovely middle-aged couple who own and occupy one of the finest farms in their county. These people have more than enough for comfort, but their early days were fraught with difficulty. The saving habit so necessary to their early life still controls them. Amid plenty, they still anxiously count every penny. Pure-bred chickens are a hobby with the man. From them he derives not profit, but legitimate pleasure. For several years, despite her husband's advice that a new one be procured, the wife had used an old, leaking, inadequate refrigerator. One spring she told her niece that she was planning to have a really good refrigerator put in, but at the next visit the niece found the old one still doing duty. She knew there was plenty of money, she knew how exasperating the old ice-box had been, and she was curious to learn why the new one had failed to appear. When asked about it, the wife pointed to some fine Leghorn hens, remarking, "Samuel went off to a poultry show last winter and paid seventeen dollars for three chickens, so I thought we couldn't afford a new refrigerator." Spending in this family was, to say the least, non-co-operative.

TWO little girls of ten and twelve years returned from school one day and ran hopefully to their mother to ask permission to buy tickets to a travel-lecture to which their class was

going. The tickets were one dollar each, and many of their little friends already had them. It happened that the arrival of the little girls found their mother much perplexed over the cost of a dinner and card party she was planning. She was trying to provide too many courses for the funds in hand, so she felt very poor just then, and told her girls that she was very sorry, but she could not afford to buy the tickets for them. She hoped they wouldn't mind very much. Ten days later, when her daughters saw the company dinner, it is just possible that they may have questioned their mother's sincerity in telling them she could not afford to buy the tickets for which they had asked.

These and many similar cases have their roots in one common evil, the lack of a standard of living. There are two ways of spending household funds; to use the money as long as it lasts for the needs as they appear, or to make each expenditure fit into a general scheme that aims to adjust family needs to family income. In each case which I have cited a standard of living and the application of business principles would have gone far to correct the mistakes.

When the successful man goes into business, he counts his capital and studies in detail the needs of the various departments of the business, the success of which depends very much indeed upon the way he co-ordinates these departments. He is guided by certain business principles and by information made available through an adequate system of cost-keeping. Competition forces him to consider all the questions related to his business, with bankruptcy as the probable alternative.

THERE being no competition in home-making, the woman can commit fearful financial errors and yet keep right on—unless, perchance, she gets to the divorce court. There should be no very considerable difference in the business methods employed by the man who earns and the woman who spends. To quote Ellen H. Richards: "The reason a young man fears to marry is not because of the present cost of a house but because he cannot estimate the future cost of running it. He has no rule to go by. In most newly-established homes there is no governing principle at the foundation, to which both man and wife are committed and for which both are willing to make sacrifices."

Notice that she speaks of a "governing principle at the foundation, to which both the husband and wife are committed and for which both are willing to make sacrifices." This governing principle is the standard of living. Physical comfort has its honorable place in

a home, but it should not be allowed to crowd out mental health and spiritual welfare.

Operating a home may seem simple in comparison with operating a factory, but those engaged in home-making know that it is a complicated operation, made up of various activities, all of which must be carefully correlated if a happy home is to result. Is there anything that would be more nearly a "first aid" to a perfectly healthy family life than to establish a sort of Round Table or conference? This conference should be held regularly and be used for the solution of family-life problems. What directors' meetings or managers' conferences are to the welfare of a corporation, the family conference should be to the home life. In it the standard of living should be formulated and encouraged. Questions relating to every department of the home—the ideals of the family, the duties of the family to society, the financial assets and liabilities, should be all discussed and determined. A satisfactory system of spending is greatly needed by the modern American household. Therefore budget-making would be one of the chief tasks of the Round Table. If one works out the best possible budget for his family, he goes far toward making possible our ideals of a wholesome family life. The ideal home can approach its standards only when the details of living are harmonized and related.

IT is very easy even for a well-intentioned person to fall into the habit of spending independently the money which should be used to promote the happiness of the whole family. If I spend a disproportionate amount for expensive bulbs, or choice perennials, or new clothes, you may, from necessity, be spending too little on your individual interests. But let us draw our chairs close together, and in a cozy evening hour let us discuss our needs and our desires. If there is not money enough to do all we would like to do, let us compromise, let us endeavor to spend for each thing only in proportion to our income, and let us see that the amounts necessary for the different departments of household expenditure fit one another. For the motto of our Round Table should be, "The Good of All." There is no place in the home for disproportionate gratification of the individual.

After free discussion, many mistakes, and much experimenting, a standard of living may, in most families, be approximated, though from time to time



By taking stock of her clothes one woman saved enough to pay a dentist's bill from her clothes account. Another might have saved it differently.

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changes will be needed. At this point the home-makers need to summon all their resolution and determination. They must drive out a certain little imp who will sit at the Round Table, making his worthless but powerful appeal—the little imp, "What-Your-Neighbors-Do." He will be there to influence them; will, unless the family is watchful and resolute, unfortunately influence many decisions. He will lead them down the road to debt, point the way to various expenditures which bring no adequate return, interfere in a hundred ways with the peace and happiness of family life. If you want your home to be your own and not a reflection of a neighbor's, eject this imp and bar the door on him.

A general scheme for household expenditures is a sort of bar of justice. The judge is The-Bounds-of-Your-Circumstances. Each plea for an unexpected expenditure must be tried before this court, and if it does not comply with family law, it may be rejected. If the money is in hand, it will often seem justifiable to buy, but to make sure that it would not be better policy to buy something else, the general scheme should be consulted. If one per cent. is taken from one department of expenditure and added to some other department, a change takes place. Does the change help toward the best ideals of family life? That is the question to be decided.

THERE are many excellent plans and systems of budget-making for the apportionment of household funds. I shall speak here of only one, that outlined in a little book entitled "The Cost of Living," written more than a decade ago by Ellen H. Richards. I have chosen this book, although it is now somewhat out-of-date, because I have observed its usefulness to the family of a young professional man. This family, consisting of husband and wife and two young children, lived in an Eastern city and spent fifteen hundred dollars a year. With the prices then current, Mrs. Richards' suggestions proved to be a great aid. The couple had set up house-keeping a few years before with less money than they needed to supply their indefinite wants. Every expenditure was settled by a kind of guess-work process, the results of which were unsatisfactory. It was too much like the house-building operation of the man mentioned at the beginning of this article.

At this point the great service of Mrs. Richards' budget was that it indicated for that young couple a rational system of spending. By an application of its principles they managed to spend only three-fourths of their income for food, rent, operating expenses, and clothes. The remaining one-fourth was used for less material things, such as insurance and other investments, church, charity, education, books, pictures, periodicals, music and lessons, lectures, membership in societies, vacations, entertainments and athletics.

A danger arises when one gets down to the point of using definite figures, such as Mrs. Richards' twenty-five per cent. of one thousand to fifteen hundred dollar income for the higher life. Prices have risen since she wrote her book. Besides, no set of figures can be applied by everybody. Fluctuations in price and varying local conditions affect statistics, but the vital principle remains constant, that money for amusements, education, and investments must be provided whenever possible.

In the last decade price increases in nearly every item that enters into home-making have made it impossible to follow blindly the old standards. The family that set aside for the higher life one-fourth of the husband's salary of fifteen hundred dollars could not do so to-day without impairing its efficiency; it would live in a less desirable house and have less to eat and wear. On the other hand, if such items as food, rent, clothes, and operating expenses are not reduced, the amount that may be used in the interests of the higher life will be almost negligible. The price increases and their influence on the budget are approximately as follows:

Mrs. Richards' Budget.	Mrs. Richards' Per Cent. of Increase in Plus Cost Last Decade, Increases.	
	25%	40%
Food	25%	40%
Rent	20%	15%
Operating Expenses	15%	10%
Clothes	15%	15%
Higher Life	25%	25%

These increases, if allowed, reduce to 8.25 per cent. the sum that may be used for things not purely material. This, of course, almost wipes out the very thing for which we plead a definite allowance for the higher life. No matter what shoes and eggs cost, granted a reasonable income, we should not cease to strive also for the less material elements of life. These are what lift one above the dead level of mere physical existence and enable a family to grow and develop both as individuals and as a social factor.

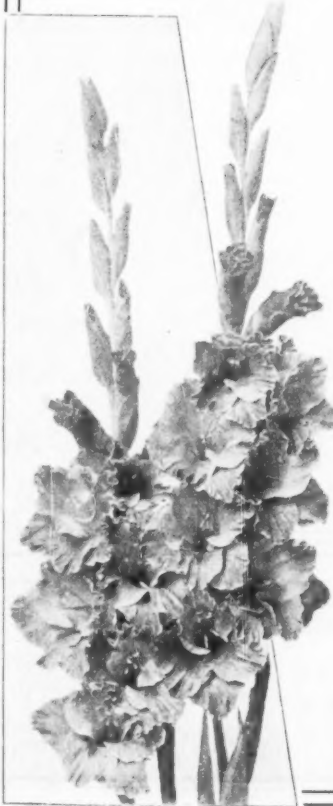
IN the family of the young professional man, the difficulty was met in two ways. In the first place, his increasing efficiency resulted in a larger salary; in the second place, by management, economy, and substitution, the normal increase of expenses was kept down. For instance, the food-costs in that household have not increased the forty per cent. which is the statistical average. It is in meats that there has been the greatest increase in price. This family has curtailed its use of meat, having almost entirely omitted the higher-priced cuts. Both meat and butter are being partly replaced by peanut-butter and other fats which supply the same nutriment at a considerably reduced cost. Wholesale purchase of groceries is also resorted to, with a saving of from ten to fifteen per cent.

Everyone knows how easy it is to spend twenty-five per cent. of any income for the higher life. To spare that sum from the other departments of expenditure, however, requires much thought and a considerable amount of that ingredient of human nature commonly called backbone. When the family income increases, care must be taken that the surplus is not absorbed by the grocer, the baker, the candle-stick-maker. The tailor and the landlord stand ever-willing recipients, but let them not have disproportionate amount.

Full gratification in the matter of rent and clothes usually means pinch somewhere, and too often the pinch comes where it is least advisable to have it. No one can afford to regulate his expenditure so that his sympathy is dwarfed, his intellectual and spiritual nature are stifled, or his children go hungry for books and music, though their bodies are clothed in fine linen. This is too often seen where expenditure is made without plan and in response to single and unrelated temptations.

THE following true incident indicates that the family budget may be altered to suit local inequalities. The mother of a family had to plan to pay a large dental bill. No additional funds were to be had, so she was obliged to make the regular income suffice. She settled herself comfortably one afternoon, pad and pencil in hand, and studied the problem. She found she could not cut down the already plain though nourishing bill of fare; rent would remain stationary, and service must be had as heretofore. She determined not to reduce her allowance for the higher life except as a last resort, so she attacked the problem of clothes. She wrote on her pad a list of her gowns, wraps, and hats, and opposite each the kind of occasion upon which she could expect to wear it. She then picked out the occasions least plentifully provided for and for these she planned clothes to be made over from dresses and materials already on hand. It is sometimes surprising when you take stock of the clothes you have, how many new things which you thought you needed can be done without. She saved the amount of the dentist's bill from her clothes account. Another woman might have saved it differently.

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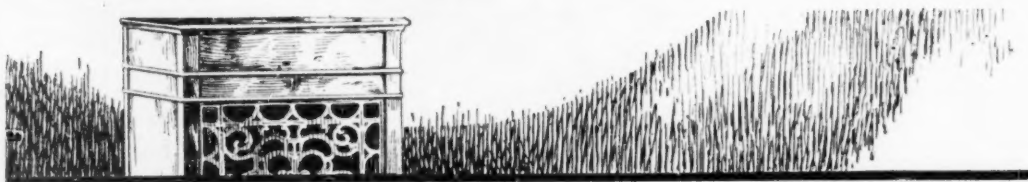


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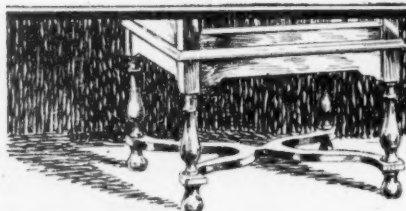
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Hundreds of tone tests conducted in public have proved the truth of the great scientist's claim. The New Edison *does* RE-CREATE the artist's voice or instrument with such fidelity that the two renditions are indistinguishable. And now you can have in your home at the cost of but a few hundred dollars, the Official Laboratory Model, encased in a beautiful Chippendale or William and Mary cabinet:—the instrument which cost \$3,000,000 to perfect.

Ask for a copy of "Along Broadway," the Edison Musical Magazine, and other Edison Literature.

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A Woman's Reconstruction Programme

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be one of the first essentials to progress in every phase of reconstructive work.

"The need of the world for food makes it a first duty of every woman to aid in the production of food to the extent of her opportunity and to save food as far as possible." The world will still be hungry for some time. It is to be hoped that the effort on the part of almost every family to produce as much as possible for themselves will not slacken next spring just because the war is over. If this custom of home production and conservation of food becomes established perhaps the time will not be far off when there will be so much to go around that even the poorest family will have enough.

"Women in urban and rural communities should establish a co-operative exchange of ideas and services." A clearer understanding between the town and country will go a long way to hasten a concentrated, national unity of effort for the things of interest to all women.

"Aliens already in Canada and incoming immigrants should be Canadianized so that they may respect and love our national ideals and share fully in the future of the nation."

"Children should be taught to love the land of their birth and to honor the immortal dead who have given their lives in the war; and men and women alike from boyhood and girlhood should be trained and taught in national service."

"The duty of steadfastness and confidence should be impressed upon us all, especially during this time of restoration and reconstruction."

"The earnest attention of all women war workers is asked to these services which they can render Canada in Reconstruction. The increased capacity and united effort for service which have been called forth by war should be maintained and even strengthened in Peace. Otherwise we shall sink back upon a lower level and mark ourselves as unworthy of the Victory bought by unprecedented sacrifice and heroism."

Bank Stocks and Victory Bonds

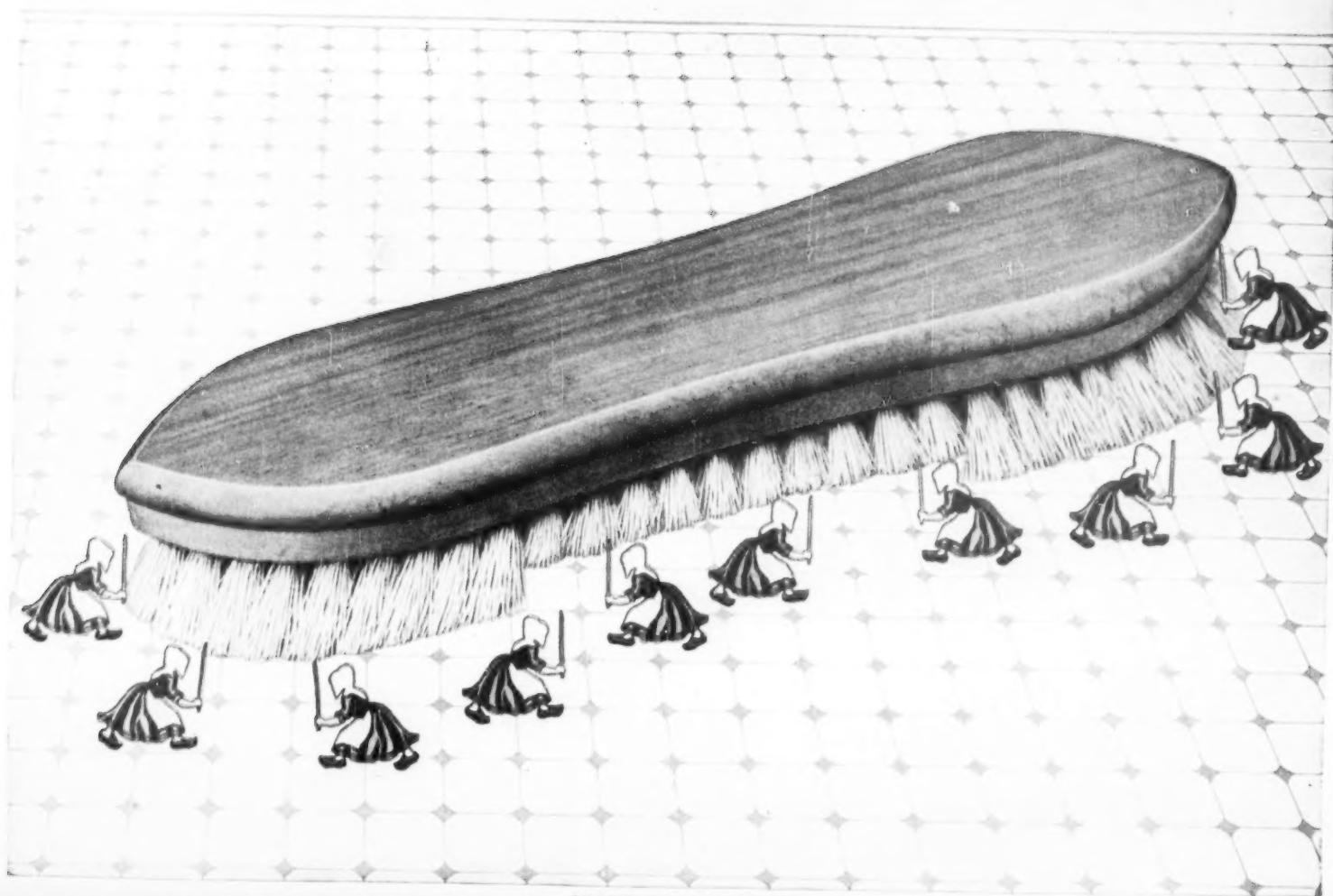
Continued from page 6

year ago when we were discussing how the 1917 issues could best be handled, I urged that they be listed at once on the stock exchanges. I had no doubts as to how they would sell; I had no fears lest there should be so many offerings that they would fall far below the price the public paid for them, and, on the other hand, I argued that if they were left free, without artificial support from the Minister of Finance, and held up from their own value, that this would be the strongest kind of a demonstration of confidence on the part of every class in the country, that things were well, I was overruled, as some feared the risk. The experience we have had with the 1917 issues since they were listed, however, shows that there would have been no danger one year ago, and the test of the Victory bonds in the open market now provided should provide one of the best stimulants to confidence, not only in the war issue of bonds, but in the whole fabric of business throughout the country." With this few will disagree. It is one more proof that the disintegrating forces of wartime are being dislodged in this country. Just as this article is being closed the special committee in control of the 1918 Victory bonds, not yet listed on the Exchange, raised the price of the 15-year issue, maturing in 1933, from \$101 to \$102, a straight advance of two dollars for every \$100 bond since the campaign closed. On the Exchange the 20-year issue, bought originally for \$98.66, is selling readily at \$102.50, while the ten-year issue goes at \$100 to \$100.50, and the five-year at \$98.50 to \$98.75, all of them above the original price, but illustrating the soundness of the advice to invest in a long-term issue rather than in a short-term one.



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Efficiency

Digs in —
Gets all the dirt
and gets it quick
Leaves no slimy film
on surface cleaned



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The new steam treatment for pale sallow skins

WHEN your skin is pale and colorless, "pasty," it means that your pores are clogged and unable to throw off all the waste matter that they should.

Try this treatment one night a week. After the very first treatment your cheeks will begin to show a fresh, new color.

Fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. This opens the pores wide, stimulates the tiny

blood vessels of the face, and brings the blood to the surface.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse well with warm water, then with cold. Finish by rubbing for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and daily cleansing. For sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

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